



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }
Vol. VII., No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

From the British Quarterly Review.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD.*

[DIFFICULTY OF THE PROBLEM. BASIS OF A WORLD HISTORY. The Theology of History. The Vertebrate Structure of the Earth. The Mediterranean of the World. Westward Ho! Science and Revelation. The Birth of History.]

ONE of the greatest works in English literature, almost the masterpiece of our greatest age, is a History of the World. Raleigh, in the dreary cage, to which, in the judgment of Prince Henry, none but his father would have been fool enough to commit 'such a noble bird,' under the inspiration of the sympathy and friendship of that princely heart, composed the work which would alone immortalize his name. It is a book more charged with wide and curious learning, profound political wisdom, and noble religious faith, than perhaps any other work of that grand intellectual time. It would have been a marvellous

life-work for a man of ample leisure and entire freedom, and might well have occupied the prime of any man's power; but, as the work of a captive, broken-spirited old man, whose life had been spent in courts, in camps, and in maritime adventure, it stands alone in history. Prince Henry inspired it, and with Prince Henry's death the inspiration failed. Very touching are the last words of Raleigh's work: "Lastly, whereas this book, by the title it hath, calls itself the first part of the general history of the world, implying a second and third volume, which I also intended, and have hewn out; besides many other discouragements persuading my silence, it hath pleased God to take that glorious prince out of the world to whom they were directed, whose unspeakable and never-enough lamented loss, hath taught me to say with Job, '*Versa est in luctum cithara mea, et organum meum in vocem flentium.*'" How different this from the calm triumph of Gibbon's last touch to his great masterpiece, as he laid down his pen, and "took several turns in the *berceau*," in his

* An Ancient History, from the Earliest Time to the Fall of the Western Empire. Forming the first period of "The History of the World." By PHILIP SMITH, B.A., one of the principal contributors to Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary. (London: Walton & Maberly.)

garden at Lausanne. Mr. Philip Smith treads in the footsteps of one of the most august forms in our political and literary history, in enterprising that which overtasked Sir Walter Raleigh's power. But he brings to his task learning and culture of no ordinary measure, and an earnest feeling that he is about sacred work. As one of the most able and voluminous contributors to the classical dictionaries which his brother has edited, and which are of world-wide fame, he has established his claim to be regarded as one of our foremost scholars. Indeed, there are articles of his in those dictionaries which betray a very rare critical and historical insight; while from another and quite higher source, he derives some thoughts about man, and man's relations and destinies, without which we hold it to be simply impossible that any man could write, in any high sense, a history of the world.

But Raleigh had his task ready to his hand, within limits far more manageable than those which the historian must set to himself in these critical days. The Encyclopædic men, who know the whole circle of human learning, are, of necessity, age by age, becoming more rare. The critical faculty has destroyed them. Two centuries ago, men read with lively faith the wildest statements of old historians; they digested, with but slight effort at discrimination, the testimony of the authorities, and reproduced the facts pretty much as they found them; enriching their narrative by weighty reflections or apposite illustrations, which their learning enabled them to gather from fields afar. The chief authorities recognized in those times lay fairly within the compass of the power of one brain and one lifetime, and men who seemed to be masters of the whole learning of those times were not rare. The development of historical and scientific criticism has effected a complete revolution. Men have to spend their time, not simply in listening to the words of authority, but in testing them; they have to submit to the most searching scrutiny, statements which, in Raleigh's time, it would have been almost impiety to question, and have, in a measure, to re-write the authorities from which history has to be composed. The

horizon of knowledge has widened immensely all round. Avenues are opened in every direction, some of them dark and difficult as the passage into an Egyptian pyramid or a Nimroud mound, which it is impossible that one scholar can completely explore. Great scholars have to content themselves with greatness in special departments of knowledge, and the writer of a comprehensive work like this has a thousand different questions to consider and settle which were yet huddled down in the good old days.

Further, the Bible held forth to our forefathers no uncertain or questionable light on the pre-historic ages; but now, those who hold it to be a light still, have to fight hard for every statement, document, and narrative, against the keen and accomplished critics of these sceptical days. It is not enough to state a fact in history or ethnography which is beyond the pagan historic records, on the authority of Scripture. The Bible has to endure the same tests, and its statements of facts are admitted only after the most rigid criticism. Ethnological, archaeological, and philological researches have furnished our scholars with a most formidable *apparatus criticus*, by which the truth of the early Mosaic statements is capable of being tested; and the things most surely believed among our forefathers, on the ground of Divine testimony, have now to be established by stern argument, and to prove their right to a place in the historic records by their consistency with the known facts and conditions which scientific investigation has laid bare. Just as we have learnt to read the records of the rocks, and to gather from dumb stones their testimony as to the genesis and growth of the earth on which we tread, so we have learnt to decipher the human documents which the sanctuaries and the graves, the buried habitations, the tools, the implements, the very dirt-heaps of primeval peoples deliver to us; nor have we yet fairly mastered the wonder with which we find ourselves face to face with a primitive condition of man, which raises keen argument as to its consistency or inconsistency with the ideas of the genesis and early development of mankind, which we draw from the notices of the Word of God. The key to the harmony between

the Scripture and the vast mass of primeval facts which patient intelligent research into these mute records is year by year unfolding to our view, will not be hastily discovered. Much has to be learnt yet about the earth and man, and about the Bible too, before the harmony can be established; but we can sustain ourselves with the calm certainty that the patient, cautious, candid search for it will issue in a richer revelation of the fulness of Biblical truth. There is a great cloud of questions surrounding the early history of our race, with which a history of the world, such as may be fairly written on the basis of our present knowledge, has but little to do. And there is a larger question behind, which is theological rather than historical, of which, however, the complete history of the world would furnish the solution. It concerns the nature of man and the purpose of his creation; his essential relations to the orders of creation beneath him on the one hand, above and beyond him on the other; his place in the scheme of the great universe, and in the future of all those shining worlds which may be awaiting his habitation—a question the whole circumference of which our present knowledge of man and the universe can but very imperfectly explore. But within this wider circle there is an inner sphere of light which the Bible illumines for us, and within which it is possible to lay down some intelligent scheme of the history of mankind.

The basis of a world history, in any high sense of the term, is the organic unity of the human race; unity of origin, unity of nature, unity of end—a starting-point from which all proceeds, a goal to which all is guided by a higher Hand; leaving between the extremes room for an almost infinite variety of condition and culture, for experiment of powers and possibilities in every conceivable form, tending to the discovery and establishment of the most perfect forms of human relation and life. It is essential to a world history, as Mr. Philip Smith conceives of it, that the life of each particular people should be regarded, like the prophecies of old, as "of no private interpretation," but rather as an essential, though possibly obscure, part of the development of the whole race; an organ of the great body,

possessing, it may be, but slight independent beauty or worth, but having an important ministry to the symmetry and growth of the system, and a share in the power and dignity of the head. If the buried and almost forgotten nations have dropped off from the human tree like the dead leaves of autumn, they dropped not until they had secreted their most vital juices, and returned them to the root, to rise again in the greenness and the fruitage of the coming years. The business of the world historian is to discover to us the special function of each race, nation, and form of civilization, in its relation to the great human family; and to tell the tale of its experiences, its efforts and failures; its sorrows, struggles, and triumphs; its growth and decay; so as to bring forth with special prominence the function which it has to fulfil in the harmony of the whole. The wisest and ablest historian can hope for only partial success in the endeavor. In every complex organic structure there are functions and organs whose use is utterly obscure. There are organs which stand out with the clearest purpose marked on them—who so runs may read them; and these, in skilful hands, will be made the means of illustrating the uses of those which are more obscure. It is thus, too, in history. Certain great races, peoples, and forms of civilization, have a clear bearing on the culture and progress of the race, which it would be hard to miss. The successful world-historian is the man who, while tracing with firm purpose the history of the peoples which stand for the leading organs, can work the more obscure intelligently into the framework of the whole.

Mr. Philip Smith seems to start on his great enterprise with a very strong grasp of the central truth of his subject. He believes firmly in the organic unity of humanity; in Him who created it, and who guides its development; in the ordained ends to which He conducts its course, and the Divine idea which it is born to fulfil. To consider the nature of this idea would be to theologize. It is the old method. Our fathers held the theological aspect of human affairs to be supreme. The mediæval chroniclers, almost to a man, traced history up to its divine springs; they treated

it as a stage on which they had to set forth the action of a divine drama, the highest interest of which concerned the relations of God with man, and man with God, which relations they kept ever carefully in sight. And to this, in the end, history must return, despite the Positivists. Theology and history will be completed together; the more deeply we look into the meaning of any era of history, the more plainly are we set face to face with the manward thoughts and purposes of God. But the narrowness of man's theology has, in all ages, reacted on his view of history. Not Divine thoughts, but often very poor and narrow human thoughts about God, were exhibited as the centre and marrow of historic truth. A study of Raleigh's introductory chapter will furnish one of the noblest instances of the method which, in weaker hands, has been the means of grievously darkening the ways, of God in history. Free inquiry, enlarging man's historical vision, was dreaded, lest it should imperil his theological judgments; and the Muse of History had to burst the bonds of the theologians, and to assert her right and her power to search the regions of historic fact for herself, and for her own simple end, historic truth. A school of scientific historians has succeeded the theological. The facts of the past, and its buried records, have been searched as by the scalpel of the anatomist, and all their hidden structure has been laid bare; but the higher relations and functions of the varied forms of human development of which the historian treats have been suffered too much to die out of sight. The men of scientific habits and tendencies have got so thoroughly impatient of the way in which history has been bound and distorted by the narrow ideas of religionists, that now they will hardly allow that it has either a beginning or an end in the unseen world. They will keep wholly within the sphere of the visible and the scientifically demonstrable, and leave facts as they are to explain themselves as they can. We recognize most fully, not the acuteness only, but the substantial truth of Comte's law of development, as far as it goes. History has passed through the theological, and has reached the scientific era; what is hid-

den from him is, that when Science has done her work, and restored the records of the buried past, the higher genius will once more be called in to interpret them—the chain dropped from heaven to earth will be taken up into heaven again; for we cannot admit that the "Religion de l'Humanité" or "La Morale" of Comte are a genuine adaptation of or response to the religious instincts of mankind.

We hail this work of Mr. Philip Smith as an honest and able endeavor to reconstruct this harmony. He has written, not a philosophy of the history of the world, *more Teutonico*, which would concern itself chiefly with the joints and bands connecting the several parts, and the organic structure of the whole which they compose, but an honest, solid history of all the peoples in the ancient world who have a history; while he has exhibited them as several parts of a great unity, to which they had precious ministries to offer before they were suffered to wither and be buried out of sight.

The following passage from the introductory chapter will convey to the reader the author's conception of the spirit and purpose of the book:

"This discussion must not be closed without a few words on the relation of history to Theology, the science of sciences, the highest branch of human learning. The world is God's world; and its true history must begin and end with God. The division of history into sacred and secular, civil and ecclesiastical, however convenient, is arbitrary and unreal. Could we see each event in its true light, we should see all bearing some relation to the Divine purposes and plan. But as those purposes are only revealed in their broad outline and great end, as the details of that plan are unfolded but slowly and obscurely, any attempt to regard all events from a theological point of view must defeat itself. So long as the historian writes in a spirit sincerely but not obtrusively devout, he may safely leave the religious lessons of the story to the devout reader. Nor will a wise historian abstain from any course more carefully than from gratifying his own zeal for the truth by offending the opinions of candid and temperate readers.

"But the external facts that have sprung from the profession of religions, whether the true or the false, belong essentially to the province of the historian. No source has been so fruitful of events that have changed the fate of countries and the destiny of nations. In what spirit, then, should these incidents be

related? The profession of calm indifference has proved but a veil for sarcastic incredulity. No man with a sound head and a warm heart can relate the call of Abraham, the legislation of Moses, the conquest of Canaan, the story of Pharaoh, or Nebuchadnezzar, or Cyrus, and the exploits of the Maccabees, and yet reserve the question whether the Jews were in truth God's chosen people. A Christian historian cannot but write of Christ as the Divine Redeemer, and of Mahomet as the false prophet. Nor can a Protestant conceal his opinion of the apostasy of the Roman Church, and the blessings of the Reformation. But the historical and the controversial treatment of such matters must be kept altogether distinct. The controversialist has to make out his case by all fair means; but the historian is bound to render impartial justice to the motives and characters of the actors on both sides. Never must he depart from this course on any ground of supposed policy, or even of zeal for what he deems religious truth. What concerns him is the truth of the facts, not their consequences to any system of opinions. Candor and toleration are the vital breath of historic truth, and are never violated with impunity." Vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

The promise here given is amply redeemed. The author rarely moralizes, and still more rarely theologizes; but he tells his story as one whose faith in the great Divine purpose to which the Bible furnishes the key, tinctures his whole treatment of the subject, and with the conviction that the fundamental theme of history is the spiritual progress of mankind.

It has always appeared to us that one of the grandest arguments for the unity of man's history is to be drawn from the physical structure of his world. It seems difficult to contemplate closely the structure of the earth without regarding it as the prepared theatre for the development of the civilization of mankind. The Apostle Paul lays down the fundamental principle of the history of the world, in that wondrous discourse to the most intelligent and cultivated audience which the world could furnish. "*God, that made the world, and all things therein . . . hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being.*"

This not only implies that the pagan ages and the pagan peoples were comprehended within the harmony of a Divine plan for the spiritual education of mankind, and that the leaving them to feel after God was as much a part of the Divine counsel as His self-manifestation to the Jews, and as essential as Judaism to the working out of the large scheme of human education which he had planned; but it implies also a distinct Divine purpose in the distribution of the races—a relation between the peoples of the earth and the homes to which He guided them, as real and as vital to their development as the relation of the eye and the light, the ear and sound, or any other of those myriad concords whose keys yield the music of life. We can but glance at a great subject like this in a brief review of a history of the world; but it would be interesting to trace, did time and space allow, the unity of purpose which is manifest in the physical organization of the earth as the theatre of human development, and the exact fitness of those portions of the earth which have become the homes of the noblest nations, to stimulate and educate to the highest point their noblest powers.

There is a distinct unity in the structure of the land mass of the globe. It has a form of its own as marked as the structure of man. Land and water are not distributed at random over the surface of the sphere. The land in its main masses is gathered closely around the Northern Pole, the waters around the Southern. A few miles south of Falmouth lies the point which is really the pole of the land hemisphere of the earth. New Zealand is the centre of the world of waters. The land holds itself together, as it were, in a citadel, which the waters—and this is no mere image—are ever besieging with their wanton, enervating breath. But the land is dual, like man. Two great systems of continents, in whose structure and climate it is not difficult to trace the masculine and feminine forms and temperaments as respectively predominant, hang together to a common centre; but they sweep away from each other into forms and climates which present very marked contrasts—and strong contrasts within the dome of an overarching unity are the conditions of all the nobler developments of life.

The old world, with which alone in these volumes Mr. Philip Smith concerns himself, forms in the main one grand continental mass, whose citadel is the lofty central desert plateau of Asia, from which the land-slopes, supported by ribs of mountain, sweep down with infinite variety of form in every direction, until their shores are clasped by the all-embracing sea. But the ground plan of the old world is not a simple central mass, with sweeping slopes, whose physical structure and temperament show a tolerable uniformity. If it had been so, man would have had a widely different history. A close study of the great continent, Asia-Europe-Africa, will show that its form approximates to the vertebrate. A vast mountain chain divides the great mass into two unequal portions, a southern and a northern slope; the southern, the shorter, sweeping down toward the equator, and beyond it; the northern, and by very much the longer, sweeping down to the Polar Sea. This huge mountain-range stretches in one continuous direction—with breaks in its continuity here and there, which have had a very important influence on the history of civilization—from the extreme north-east of Asia to the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Palgrave has shown how the line of the great chain is carried on south-westwards through the rocky plateau of Arabia, and Baron von der Decken has indicated the prolongation of its course through Africa, by establishing for Kilima-ndjaro a height of 22,814 feet above the level of the sea.* At the extreme point of Africa, it sinks suddenly into the great depression, through which the Atlantic carries the oceanic influence and temperature right into the heart of the main land-mass of the world. At Cape Horn, it emerges again, and the same structure repeats itself, with important modifications, in America. By the Andes and the Rocky Mountains, the great chain passes back to its birthplace, and, through the north-western angle of America, completes the rocky girdle, or rather backbone, of the earth. And this essential principle of the structure of the land-mass of the globe repeats itself in subordinate forms. The great mountain chain divides itself

about the lofty table-land of Iran; while the main mass, as we have seen, sweeps south-westwards, a branch strikes off due west through the Caucasus, the Balkan, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and repeats in Europe, on a smaller scale, precisely the form which we have already traced—a central mountain column, with northern and southern slopes of very unequal dimensions—which constitutes the broad feature of the structure of the world.

The main point in this distribution of the land and water masses is the action and reaction of the continental and oceanic climates. The climate of the ocean is mild and equable; that of the land is varied, and subject to extremes. Land heats and cools more quickly than water; and the level of land is varied—it can lift itself into the clear regions of intense cold. The oceanic climate, mild and enervating, nurses splendid though gross forms of vegetation, and feeble, unenterprising, unprogressive men. The South Sea Islands enjoy it in perfection; what man becomes, what Nature becomes, under purely oceanic influences may there be read. The continental climate is dry, tonic, and, where pure, intensely stimulating; but when tempered, as in earth's most favored regions, with the softer oceanic influences, it nourishes the freest, compactest, and most noble forms of vegetable, animal, and human life. The rose, the gazelle, and the Caucasian man, belong to the same region of the world. The headquarters of the continental climate must be sought in Central Asia; there you have the complete contrast to the climate of the Southern Seas. It is subject to intense extremes of heat and cold. At Barnaul, in Siberia, in the latitude of Penzance, the summer and winter temperatures differ by 55·3°, while at Penzance, they differ but by 15·8°. At Yakutsk, in the latitude of the Faroe Islands, the mean heat in summer is 68·3°, while in winter the cold is—40·9°, the difference being 109·2°. In the Faroe Islands, the difference is but 18·2°. There are many subsidiary reasons for this striking contrast of climate in places having the same latitude, but altogether the predominating cause is to be found in the fact, that Penzance and the Faroe Islands are fully open to the oceanic

* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. XXXV., p. 21.

influences through the North Atlantic, while Siberia is more completely excluded from them than any region of the world. These extremes of the interior of the great continent are intensely trying to man and to nature. A pure continental climate would dry out, just as a pure oceanic climate would sponge out the energy of our race. It is the mixture of the two which forms what Humboldt calls the maritime climate, which is the fair dower of the lands to which an unseen hand has led the strongest and most industrious peoples of the world. Of the three great continents which have been the theatres of history, Asia has the continental climate, America the oceanic, and Europe the maritime; and the maritime has hitherto been the climate of civilization, where the stimulating and the relaxing, the soft and the stern, the masculine and the feminine influences meet and blend in happy proportion, and where man seems placed under the most genial influences for the culture of all his noblest powers.*

The great secret of a high development is this blending of diverse elements and influences. Commerce, circulation, the interchange of gifts and influences, is the secret of all high forms of life and power of progress in the physical, social, and spiritual worlds. The country, the race, the man, in whose constitution the most diverse elements blend in fair proportions, and whose culture has been the subject of the most varied influences, will press to the front rank in the scale of civilization and the path of progress. Monotony is mulish and barren; a rich variety of organs, qualities, and influences, is the condition of all high forms of development in man, in peoples, and in the countries of the world. Let us see how and where in the structure of the earth this condition is fulfilled.

The great mountain chain in Asia-Europe divides the continent into two very unequal portions. The longer slope lies to the North Pole, the shorter has a tropical exposure, and is open to the Southern Seas. The comparative length of the slopes is remarkable and instructive. It displays throughout a unity of

plan which has had an important bearing on the history of civilization.

The following table will present the comparison on some few lines. The list might be immensely extended, and would illustrate everywhere the same great law:

	Northern and Eastern Slopes. Miles.	Southern and Western Slopes. Miles.
From the Frozen Ocean to the Ganges	2,600	400
Asia Minor on the Meri- dian of Cyprus	300	50
From the Baltic to Lom- bardy	450	100

In America the same structure prevails, but with an important difference. The north-eastern slope is the whole continent, the minor slope being chiefly precipitous through the greater part of the range; a fact which has had a most important influence on American civilization, the reason and results of which it would be most interesting to trace. But America lies beyond our present sphere. Confining our view to Asia-Europe, we shall find that the southern slope has marked characteristics of its own, and betrays a singular unity of plan from China to Spain. Lord Bacon noted that the continents terminate towards the south in sharp points. But it has since been more clearly noted that all the southern lands tend to this pointed form, which, exposed as they are to the fierce rays of a southern sun, gives them an immense seaboard in proportion to their mass, and confers on them, through the oceanic influences to which we have referred, a softer, richer, and more varied climate than they would otherwise enjoy. These southern slopes seem to have been ordained in the ground plan of the world, to be the theatres of the earliest development of civilization, fitted by their luxuriant fertility and beauty to nurse it in its infancy, and then hand it on, when mature, to the harder peoples whom nature was training by a sterner discipline on the northern flanks of the spinal column of the world.

But this northern slope is not shut up to the influence of the dry, hard, continental air, with such tempering breath as it could suck from the ice-fields of the Polar Sea. It will be seen that at almost regular intervals there occur great breaks in the mountain chain; vast de-

* The physical conditions of the Americas, and their influence on the people who inhabit them, are beyond our present scope.

pressions like the basin of the Caspian, the Euxine, and the Gulf of Lyons, through which "the breath of the sweet South" passes up to temper the rigors of the northern climate. Through these channels the north and the south maintain a physical commerce; the northern regions get some softness, the southern some strength by the sweet exchange. But the grand instrument in this mixture is the Atlantic Ocean, which is a vast Mediterranean valley carried right up into the heart of the land mass of the world. Winds, currents, and some quality of air which needs finer tests, are borne up by the Atlantic into the heart of the great continent, which, but for their genial tributaries, would be a dry, bare waste. The whole influence of the Atlantic in tempering the rigor of the climate which would reign, were the great plain of Asia-Europe, which is unbroken by a ridge more than a few hundred feet in height, from Hamburg to Kamschatka, carried on toward the American prairies, it would be instructive to trace in detail, but space forbids. The climate of Spain, Italy, Greece, France, England, and in a measure of Germany, reveal it. What the Atlantic, with its warm south-western drift of air and water, does for Western Europe, may be estimated by a comparison of mean temperatures on the western coasts, and in the heart of the continent, and on the eastern shores. A glance at the isothermal lines on any good physical map will afford ample demonstration of the mildness of the western European climate, as compared with that of the interior of the continent and its eastern seaboard. A Russian army has perished by cold of 20° below zero in Central Asia, in a latitude in which in the Azores there reigns perpetual spring. Splendid wine is produced in Astrakan in latitudes in which at the mouth of the Loire, in France, the vine will hardly flourish but where the winters are genial; while in Astrakan, the vine-dressers have to bury their vines in winter several feet deep in the earth, to preserve them from being killed by the cold.

Europe, of all the continents, is the subject of the richest varieties within moderate limits; and in it nothing runs to extremes. The Atlantic—with some

help, no doubt, from the Sahara—drives the line of perpetual ground frost round its North Cape, while its Southern is not beyond the limit of winter snow. Europe has a real summer and a real winter everywhere, and neither have absolute reign; while its climate is most adapted to the growth of all natural products which are needful for the nourishment of the higher forms of human life. Moreover, Europe enjoys in the richest degree variety of structure and influences. No continent can compare with it in the large proportion of its coast-line to its mass.* This means that the maritime influence penetrates it everywhere, but nowhere in such force as to master it. It is more full of mountain chains, plateaus, plains, deserts, islands, promontories, and peninsulas, than any other region of the world. But all of them are moderate in measure, and within easy reach of influences which temper their special character, while it is everywhere cut by rivers, and has lakes in abundance. In short, the blessing of old Palestine (Deut. viii., 7-9) seems to rest upon it; it is the Palestine of the earth, the home of its noblest races, and its richest life.

What Europe is to the world, the Levant is to Europe. The Mediterranean, which is but an Atlantic on a smaller scale, carries the genial oceanic influences into the inmost recesses of lands which, while they lie within the belt of a temperate climate, have an exposure to the southern sun. There lie the lands which were the cradles of the young European commonwealths and kingdoms, just as the vaster but kindred regions of Egypt, Mesopotamia, India, and China nursed the young despotisms which have given the character to Asiatic civilization. The Levant is a land-locked sea, with innumerable roadsteads, harbors, and islands, at frequent intervals, to tempt the young sailors to adventure and commerce, and train them to buffet the billows of the great Atlantic in time. If Europe has the most varied coast-line of the continents, the Levantine seaboard is the most richly varied in Europe; there, as far as we can trace the physical influences which

* Europe has for every mile of coast-line only 156 square miles of area; Asia has 459; Africa, 623; Australia, 290; North America, 228; South America, 376.

act on nations, all the conditions are concentrated in rich profusion, which are fitted to develop to their highest strain, in the earlier and less hardy stages of their culture, the noblest and strongest races of mankind.

This dual slope on either side of the central chain, which stretches on the one hand from the Amoor to the plains of the Loire, and from Corea to Cadiz, is one of the main factors of civilization. The major axis of the continents Asia-Europe runs in the direction of the parallels of latitude—that is, through tolerably even belts of climate; men in their wanderings, following mainly the direction of the major axis—that is, the direction in which there is most room—would find tolerably uniform climates. There is no severe transition from the highlands of Western Asia, where our eye first falls on the great Saxon race, to the climate of England, their chosen home. In America, the major axis runs in the direction of the meridians, that is, through every variety of climate from the Arctic Ocean to the Equator. This contrast is full of significance with relation to the place which America holds in the action of the drama of civilization; but that is not a matter which can be considered here. The main point at present is, that everywhere in Asia-Europe, you have northern and southern climates, peoples, civilization, habits, and tendencies, separated from each other by a thin though lofty mountain barrier, strong enough to make intercourse difficult and to maintain a certain isolation, but not strong enough to prevent fruitful interchange of gifts and ministries; furnishing too, an eyrie from which hardy northern peoples gazed down on the splendid lands of the palm, the olive, and the vine, whence beauty seemed ever to be wooing valor to dare and win.

The breaking in of these northern races on the rich homes of a high and luxurious civilization, which stud the southern slope of the mountains from China to Spain, and the reaction of the southern civilization on the invaders, provoking new northern floods, have been main facts in the history of human progress in all ages of the world. Commerce, the interchange of influences, products, ideas, between diverse and distant peoples, is the mainspring of civilization.

We see a great scheme of human history already mapped out, in the provision made by a Divine hand for this commerce in the structure of the world.

Very notable is it, that just at the point where the two axes of this great continental mass intersect, lies the tableland of Iran—the cradle of our race. It is, perhaps, on the whole, the fairest region of this earth. The lands which grow the Caucasian man, produce likewise, as we have already noted, not the largest, but the purest and finest forms of the animal and the vegetable kingdom. It is the region where Nature works with freest hand and finest finish; and there, in the heart of it all, God nursed the infancy of his masterpiece, man. Around that centre, all the early development of society was carried on; and there during long ages, the germs of civilization were matured. Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, with the Scythian hordes hanging around the northern borders, and Judæa in the fore-front: these for ages continued to act and to react on each other, and to prepare civilization to start on its western path. For there in the west lay the continent which was prepared to be the theatre of the highest action of the drama; and there too, beyond it, all unknown, though not unguessed, in the far distance, lay the vaster region, which, when the culture of the western European races had been carried to its highest point, and was panting for a new and wider sphere, would receive their noblest representatives to complete the human conquest of the world.

Is there no vision of a great Divine plan of human history in the fact, that some hand set the leading races of mankind on a westward path, settled the greatest nations around the Mediterranean seaboard, ordered it that civilization on its north-western course should find ever stronger and nobler peoples to include within its sphere, and at last planted the most daring, strenuous, and enduring race which the earth nourishes on her bosom, in the north-western corner of the old continent, face to face with the grandest problem ever propounded by Providence—the settlement of the new world. Verily, *"God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath de-*

terminated the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation." The veil is but a thin one which hides here the Divine hand.

Thus much on the organic structure of the earth as the theatre of history. It is a subject of deep interest and great importance, on which we might dwell more largely did our limits allow. But it seems to us the true prologue of the history of the world; and some conception of its nature and bearings must be grasped by those who would discern the organic wholeness of the history of our race.

Mr. Philip Smith, as becomes an earnest believer in Revelation, makes Paradise his starting-point. The creation of the first man, dual, in the Divine image, the fall, the promise and purpose of redemption, he looks upon as the fundamental facts of history. These eldest facts of Revelation are the key to all the complex phenomena of our development, and reveal the Divine plan which underlies the constitution of man and of his world. Thus, in the view of our author, history has an organic unity, the core of which is the redemptive purpose of God; rather this is the backbone of the structure to which all its limbs and organs attach themselves by vital bands, from which they derive their form and cohesion, and by which they present to the eye of God the image of an organic whole, which will be apparent also to other eyes when the work of reconstruction is complete. Mr. Philip Smith traces with judgment and freedom the early stages of history after the early chapters of the Word of God. He accepts the doctrine of the unity of the race, the history of Eden and the temptation, the murder of Abel, the birth of antediluvian civilization in the family of Cain, the intermarriage of the Cainite and Sethite races, and the Noachic deluge, as simple history, without perplexing his readers with what must be, at present, comparatively fruitless speculation, as to the reconciliation of these historic records with the new world of facts which is being daily discovered, and which, at first sight, seems to place in new and startling lights the primeval history of mankind. The conclusions of science are not yet in a sufficiently indisputable stage to render the discussion

profitable. It is the advancing question, and when the time of settlement comes, it will but help us to see in a clearer, stronger light, the true function of the Divine word, and to understand more fully the inestimable worth of the guidance which it offers to man. Passing lightly, but clearly and firmly, over the antediluvian era, under the guidance of the Scripture narrative, the author sketches rapidly the early postdiluvian history, and, in an able and interesting chapter, he endeavors to reconcile the soundest ethnological judgments with "the book of the generations of the sons of Noah." Again, we venture to think that the harmony is premature, and therefore immature. Science has much to learn and to teach about the facts whose bearings we are called to estimate, when we compare its deductions with what we take to be the statements of Revelation—we wait with Goethe for "more light." But nothing can be more clear in point of method and statement than this ethnological chapter. Here, as elsewhere, the author gives us, with great brevity and clearness, an admirable digest of the best knowledge of the time. He has studied the chief and most recent authorities, and he has the art of placing before his readers, briefly and clearly, and not without eloquence where needful, the results of his studies in a form which will convey an intelligent notion of the true order and relation of things to the least learned of them—which we imagine is a faculty of primal importance in an author who aspires to write a history. Emerged from the confusion in which, beyond the brief outline of the inspired record, the pre-Abrahamic period is buried, our author addresses himself fairly to his task, and opens the tale of the history of the world with a sketch of the patriarchal age, as illustrated in the life of Abraham and his descendants, down to the close of the Egyptian captivity. His reason for setting the life of this family in the forefront of history, we give in his own words, as they lay bare, in a few sentences, the method of the book.

"The precedence given to Abraham's call has that moral significance which forms the true life of history. It is the next event after the confusion of the Babel builders, in which

the direct action of God's providence is seen, and the first step in that course of moral government, to which all the affairs of the surrounding nations are secondary. Following the same order, we shall take up the history of those nations as they come in contact with the main current of the story of the chosen race." Vol. i. pp. 58, 59.

Hegel has no patience with the history of the race before the state gets fairly organized, and political communities appear upon the scene. Von Bunsen holds that history was born that night when Moses led forth his people out of the land of Egypt. We believe that our author shows a truer appreciation, in recognizing in the call of Abraham, and the life of the Hebrew herdsmen on the wolds of Canaan and in the pastures of the Delta, the true beginning of the higher life and progress of the world. There is a grand truth, no doubt, in Von Bunsen's words. The tale of human experience and activity began to have cohesion and continuity from the hour of the birth of Hebrew nationality. We can see from this far distance how, around their national life, all the vital activity of the old world was concentrated, and how from them came forth the influence which has been the formative principle in modern society. Their life, from the separation of Abraham, as a man taught of God the lessons of righteous living, down to the establishment of their synagogues in every great city of the civilized world, to be the *foci* of the light and living power of the Gospel, is the vertebral column of history. Not without profound meaning is the progress of civilization set forth in Daniel under the form of a human image. The backbone of that image is the Jewish and Christian Church. In truth, by very much the completest history of the middle age in our language is Milman's History of the Latin Church. That is the very centre and focus of all the great movements which have shaped society. He who would truly understand the growth of civilization must follow the thread of the history of the Church. This thread Mr. Philip Smith takes in hand at once as the clue to guide him through the labyrinth; he traces briefly, but with sufficient fulness and graphic power, the fortunes of the chosen race, until Egypt

receives them, and their history becomes interwoven, for the first time, with the destinies of one of the oldest and grandest of the monarchies of the world.

Egypt, Palestine, and Mesopotamia—the real focus of the Assyrian empire—are the three main factors of the earlier civilization of our race. For ages, all its vital interest is centred in that south-western nook of Asia—for Egypt is Asiatic rather than African in everything but name—which is itself the physical centre of the continental mass of the old world. The north-western corner of Europe is, as we have seen, in like manner the centre of the whole terrestrial mass, including the Americas. It has succeeded to the inheritance of South-Western Asia, and, since the discovery of the new world, has been the head-quarters of civilization. Palestine is the highland country of that region of the East, the fit mountain home of a free and hardy race, flanked by vast plains, the seat of the most ancient despotisms, on either hand. Looking at the physical features of the region, we see that the valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile are the natural home of great despotisms, while Palestine is as fitted to nourish adventurous and progressive peoples. The first self-impelled movements of men led them into the vast luxuriant oozy plains of Mesopotamia, where nature was lavish, where life would be easy, and where there was room for the congregation of great herds of men. The reason which led Lot down to the plain of Sodom was the reason which led man down to the plain of Shinar; a speedy relaxation of the moral bands of social and political life was in either case the result. Abraham, apart there, on the wolds of Hebron, with the rich plain on either hand full of wanton, lustful life, is a prophetic picture. It is the position which his race was destined to occupy in the mountain citadel, which was the barrier between two great empires, and which commanded their highways. This tendency of men to settle in the great river basins was natural and inevitable. It needed a Divine call to guide Abraham to the comparative barrenness, or at any rate the modest fertility, of a mountain land. Equally natural and inevitable

was the rapid progress of arts and industry on the one hand, and political and social organization of a low type on the other. The causes we have not space to analyze, but the fact is clear—that the peoples settled in the lavish alluvial plains of the great southern rivers, sank rapidly into mere herds of helpless subjects of powerful despotisms, mighty for a time in arts, industries, and war, and in all that makes the well-being of man's animal life; but destitute of that spirit of personal freedom, and that power of self-government, which have marked the peoples who have done the greatly notable things in the history of mankind. Egypt and Assyria offer the two most conspicuous instances of this which the old world affords, chiefly because they lie fairly within the sphere of history, and we are able to trace their development with some tolerable clearness, while the early history of India and China is in great part hidden from us still.

To Egypt our historian awards the palm of antiquity. We question the dictum; though there is no difficulty in believing that the peculiar physical conditions of the Nile valley secured a more rapid and uninterrupted development to the civilization which was borne thither than was possible in the larger, freer, and more unsettled region of Shinar. The best Egyptologists are of opinion that there is no trace of any great disturbance of the political state of Egypt until the Shepherd invasion, which, whatever the exact date may be—and the best authorities differ—must be placed some way on in the second millennium before Christ, and many centuries after the foundation of the State. Favored by its isolation, the simplicity and constancy of its physical conditions, and its extreme fertility, society in Egypt would make early and rapid progress; and there can be little doubt that the higher forms of political organization first developed themselves in the Valley of the Nile.

Mr. Philip Smith allows himself more room in dealing with Egyptian affairs than he can allot to any other of the elder nations of antiquity. His chapters on Egypt are, in fact, an admirable digest of all that the most accurate and recent research has brought to light.

He commences his narrative with a valuable caution:

"We prefer to give the history as told by the ancient authors, and by the most diligent modern students of the monuments, leaving its value to be settled by criticism, based on more extensive knowledge than we have yet acquired. The statements we proceed to make must, therefore, be understood, not only as the mere results of inquiries too elaborate for us to trouble the reader with, but as results that only express a certain state of opinion, which cannot be regarded as placed beyond dispute."—Vol. i. p. 81.

(To be concluded.)

Blackwood's Magazine.

CONVERSATION;

or,

CONVERSATIONAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

CONVERSATION has been said to be one of the lost arts—an assertion for which Talleyrand has been made responsible. Remembering, as he did, the brilliant salons of France in earlier days, he might be allowed to bewail the degeneracy of a duller generation. The sarcasm may be partly true. Yet we must not forget how common it is, even for those who have little of the great Frenchman's ability, to extol the glories of the days gone by, when, intellectually if not physically, there were giants in the land.

Undoubtedly in these modern days the art of conversation has some peculiar difficulties. We are all too busy, one way or the other—the movement of life, whether with or without an object, is too rapid—to allow us to spend as much time in talk as is required to perfect the accomplishment. People meet to eat and drink, to dance, to flirt, to act comedies or dress for *tableaux*, to play croquet, but not for conversation. Such talk as there is we do rapidly, with as little expense of thought or of words as may be. It seems to be admitted generally that talk is an effort, which a busy person cannot be expected to make without an adequate motive, and which an idle person cannot be expected to make at all. Long words are abbreviated, as too troublesome to pronounce. Short recognized formulas, and handy condensed phrases, are made to serve, with very little variation, to express such few ideas as it is considered absolutely necessary

to communicate; and the desired piquancy is sought in fashionable slang. Then, again, we all read a great deal more than our forefathers did, and therefore seem to have less need of talk as an intellectual exercise. We pay people to talk for us, in fact, just as the Orientals prefer hiring dancers to going through the exertion themselves. It is true that such trash as is commonly written and read is a very poor substitute in this respect for even the most ordinary conversation; for surely no real talk that ever was talked can come up to the inanity of dialogue and sentiment which fill the pages of three-fourths of our modern novels. Still, these do form the staple of mental entertainment to an unfortunately large number of people; and they seem quite content with their fare. To be sure, the talk of such persons can be no loss to society under any circumstances; and it may be better that they should exercise themselves within the pages of their green and yellow favorites than inflict their tediousness upon others. The purchase of a worthless volume at a railway stall may be very far from helping to improve the mind of the purchaser, but it may contribute very materially to the comfort of his fellow-passengers.

Some transcendental thinkers have imagined that all talk is at best a weakness. Mr. Carlyle's contempt for it is well known. He looks upon it for the most part as "sinful waste;" but such an opinion might be expected from the cynical philosophy which holds mankind to be "mostly fools." Others besides him have suggested that, inasmuch as speech must have been originally invented to express our wants, and even the existence of a want of any kind implies a state of imperfection, all articulate utterances are in fact nothing better than developments of the natural cry of an animal for food, and therefore really connected with our lower being. There is a passage in a letter of Frederick Robertson's (of Brighton) which is not without some truth and beauty, as indeed few of his recorded thoughts are. He suggests that the most perfect communion between two friends may be when they sit silent together, and "hour after hour passes, each taking it for granted that all which he desires to say is understood." He goes on as follows:

"If we had perfect fulness of all things—the entire beatitude of being without a want—should we not lapse into the silence of heaven itself? All the utterances of man, his music, his poetry, are but the results of a loneliness which coarser and blunter spirits had been fortunate (or unfortunate) enough not to feel, and which compelled them to articulate expressions, in moans or cries of happiness, as the case may be." *

All conversation, according to this theory, must be between dissatisfied people, just as it has been said that all the great works in this world are done by discontented men. If none of us wanted anything, and we were all contented with things exactly as they are, we should say nothing and do nothing. It is almost needless to add by way of illustration, that Mr. Robertson was, as Mr. Carlyle is, a fluent and excellent talker, and that both might claim a fair share of that grand discontent which is said to be the heritage of genius.

The Orientals retain something of this idea, that all talk for mere talking's sake is inconsistent with the dignity of man. The old Persian rule was, that every man should sit silent until he had something to say that was worth hearing. The social code in English or French society would enjoin almost the very opposite—that it would be better to say almost anything than not to talk at all. The most desperate plunge into nonsense, boldly made, is welcomed if it does but break one of those embarrassing pauses which we abhor as nature is said to do a vacuum. A silent member has his value in the House of Commons, but he is at a discount in any other society; he seems hardly to come up to the old Homeric definition of his kind—to belong to the race of "articulate-speaking men." It may be that this demand for talk at all hazards has helped to demoralize conversation; that the finer quality is no longer encouraged or appreciated, and therefore seldom produced; just as in the parallel case, the overwhelming influx of printed trash has made the cultivation of a true literary taste hopeless in the majority of readers.

It may be shrewdly suspected that, after all, the vaunted excellence of the conversation of older days has been con-

* Life, vol. i. p. 272.

siderably overrated. It has been asserted of our modern parliamentary eloquence that it does not come up to the great powers of Fox and Sheridan. We have no Hansard of those days to refer to; but we know enough to feel sure that the popular reports of such things are never to be much depended upon. If Dr. Johnson could be accommodated under the gallery of the present House of Commons on the night of some great debate, he might have no occasion to complain of the degeneracy of real eloquence amongst our legislators, though he might miss some of the stately periods in which he thought proper to dress the speeches of his own younger days. So, also, we may venture to demur, on some points, to the eulogies which have been passed upon the talk which prevailed in the drawing-rooms of our great-grandmothers. If it was high art, it was certainly not the highest; for the art seems to have been nearly always patent—anything less like nature it is not possible to conceive. Elaborate and fulsome compliment, childish badinage, *double entendre*, and profanity, made up a great part of it. Impromptus which had been carefully studied, remarks which passed for naïveté, but which were really consummate artifice, clever blasphemy, and the grossest thoughts veiled in the politest clothing—this is what we find the tone of good society a hundred years ago, what we are told we are to regret, and what, in those of its features which are most easily copied, it is said that in some circles there is a tendency to reproduce.

Such conversation as was not indebted for its piquancy to some of the ingredients above named, and which affected a higher intellectual range, must sometimes have been boring both to talkers and to listeners. It would certainly be so now, if we gather a fair idea of it from such notices as survive. People made believe to enjoy it, no doubt, as they do with many fashions of the present day; but they must sometimes have had to "make believe very hard." When Lady Mary Wortley Montagu first met with the man who, as they were both aware, was meant to be her future husband, they talked together, of all things in the world, about "the Roman heroes." Mr. Montagu mentioned some classical author, and she

regretted that she had never read his works. The conversation of modern fashionable lovers would probably not make a very lively or instructive chronicle; but at least it can hardly be less natural than this. So in the days of that world-renowned circle of *Précieuses*, who met at the Hotel de Rambouillet, and who have the credit of having reformed and polished the French language itself, we are told that they talked classics, discussed the private life of the Romans, and composed and read aloud for each other's edification sonnets and epigrams. At those Saturdays of Mademoiselle de Scudéri, where so much of what held itself to be the wit and intellect of the day met for the purpose of showing what clever talk could be, the notion was much the same. Does one wonder that after such an evening a French wit of the day seized his companion's arm as they withdrew, and said, "For heaven's sake, my friend, come and let us talk a little bad grammar!" or that Talleyrand, fresh from the *Bureaux d'esprit* (as they were called) of a later generation, in spite of his admiration for his fair countrywomen's fine talk, should have said that "he found nonsense singularly refreshing"? We are told of one of the Scudéri evenings in particular, which was styled "La Journée des Madrigaux," when the hostess and all her party set to work to compose verses—which of course were to be full of point and liveliness, and which were the subject of mutual praise and admiration. The spirit of the hour extended itself even to the kitchen, and squires of the chamber, footmen, and ladies' maids caught the poetic fury, and disported themselves with this literary "High Life below Stairs." Collectors of literary curiosities have reason to regret that no copies of this genuine domestic poetry have been preserved. But such performances as these are not conversation in any sense; rather, they show that in the case of those who have recourse to them, either the powers or the charms of conversation are insufficient. Modern attempts of the same kind have been made even in English society. The Della Crusca Academy and the Blue Stocking Club are well known, and had their day of popularity, though we remember them now only to laugh at their pretensions. If we may estimate

the quality of their talk by the samples of their written compositions which have survived, it must have been poor enough. The tales and poetry of the "Florence Miscellany," for instance, which the amateur authors mutually praised and admired, would hardly be admitted now into the pages of a school magazine. The same kind of thing has been revived continually from time to time, and goes on still under various designations. It befell the present writer, on one occasion, to be introduced in the character of a visitor to one of the evening meetings of a very exclusive and mysterious body, whom (not to be too personal) may here be called the Literary Rosicrucians. A subject was given out some fortnight beforehand for treatment: and on this theme every member, lady or gentleman—happily the tax was not exacted from visitors—was expected to contribute either a short tale, a poem, or an original sketch in pencil or colors. The latter productions were laid on the tables at the monthly *soirée* of the club, and examined, with a criticism more or less friendly, by the assembled members. The artists were supposed to be unknown, and so had the advantage of listening, if they pleased, under this conventional incognito, to the opinions expressed. The literary contributions (also anonymous) were collected in some way by the secretary of the evening, and by him read aloud in succession. This was the trying scene in the evening's performances. Some, of course, were intended to be grave, and some to be humorous; but it was not always easy to distinguish, at least until the reader (a bad one of course) came to an end, which was which. And, as a rule, the production which was most clearly meant to be facetious was exactly that at which it was impossible to laugh, while the pathetic pieces were those during which it was most difficult to maintain one's gravity. A mere outsider had naturally that kind of excuse for preserving an impassive demeanor throughout, which was pleaded by the solitary hearer who remained unmoved during a sermon which threw all the rest of the congregation into tears—that he "belonged to another parish." But for one of the sacred band, who felt that he might be sitting next to the author of the hour, and yet was unable either to

laugh or cry in the proper places—or for the authors themselves—the situation did not appear a pleasant one. If *Made-moiselle de Scudéri* or *Mrs. Montagu's* evenings were at all like this, we need hardly regret that we did not live in that Arcadia. The thing ended with a supper, which was decidedly more artistic than any other part of the entertainment (the kitchen, fortunately, not having caught the literary infection in this case), and which appeared to bring great relief and refreshment to many of the initiated, as well as to the profane guest who had been for once admitted to their mysteries.

Much complaint has been made of the conversation of men of acknowledged literary powers. Authors are accused of proving, in ordinary society, either positively dull, or unworthily frivolous. Probably instances enough might be brought forward in support of the accusation. The faculty of expressing ideas clearly and pleasantly upon paper, when the writer can take his own time for thought and correction, is not always found in conjunction with that snap-shot readiness which hits its mark instinctively, and with fair accuracy, at the moment. There may be here and there an author of whom it might be said, as of Goldsmith, that

"He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

On the other hand, we must consider from what quarters the charge comes. In answer to the cynical proverb that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, it was observed with much fairness that the fault might quite as likely be the valet's as the hero's. So, before we set down genius as a dull companion, we must consider what we have a right to expect from it in that character. The child who is shown the Queen will be terribly disappointed to see a lady plainly dressed in black; the young imagination misses the crown, the orb, and the sceptre. There are unreasonable people, no doubt, who expect to have an author always put on his war-paint, and talk in character, as it were: as *Mrs. Siddons* terrified the footboy by asking in her deepest tragedy tones for "beer." *Lord Macaulay* probably never delivered orally a supplementary chapter of the *History of England* after dinner, and would have

been extremely tiresome if he had. Mr. Dickens would most likely object to doing a little *Pickwick* in a conversational form. Many writers who contribute, in their proper place, to the entertainment of the public, might very fairly shrink, out of natural dignity and delicacy, from anything like showing off in the ordinary intercourse of society. The conversation of clever people, whether their powers have ever been tested in print or not, is likely to be more or less interesting to clever people; it does not always follow that they should be appreciated by stupid ones. One may have heard the sneer that they keep their good things for their books. In a very limited sense, and by no means the sense intended, this may be true. Most literary performances which are worth anything are the result of considerably more thought and pains, and go through a longer process of mental correction and revision, than careless readers are inclined to believe. The two hundred lines an hour which Lucilius wrote standing on one foot were, in all probability, what might be expected—very lame affairs. Much which passes for rather brilliant conversation when we hear it, or take part in it, might have a very different effect if we have to read a proof-sheet of it. It is extremely probable that an author's best things *will* be found in his book rather than in his conversation. Miss Austen in past days, Mr. Lever and Mr. Trollope in the present, contrive to make their characters talk very cleverly indeed. Does any one suppose that they had nothing more to do than to sit down and take notes of what their clever friends said in actual life?

Books have been written on what their writers are pleased to call "The Art of Conversation." But whether it is an art at all, in the sense of being subject to any rules, or attainable by any discipline of teaching, is much more than doubtful. In the same way there was supposed to be an art of poetry; the aspirant was to be fitted out with a dictionary of synonyms, and another of rhymes, and, by their help, was to turn out unexceptionable verse. Judging from what has before now been printed as poetry, this creed must have found its proselytes. But the instances are probably rare in which talk has

formed any subject of study, whether such an addition to our social education would be an improvement or not. Some of the best talkers, according to their lights, will be found among the uneducated classes, by any one who will be at the pains to draw them out. The power of telling a story well, with all due embellishment of tone and gesture—including such a disguise of the plain, prosaic truth as all good story-tellers have a license for—belongs to some of this class in perfection. Shrewd remarks upon things and persons, founded very often upon a nice discrimination of character; satire, keen if not refined; often very delicate flattery (if flattery be not too harsh a word for what is much more like real good-breeding than the smiling insincerities of higher life); and never, under any circumstances, those covert sneers under the mask of politeness, of all social impertinences the most insufferable, which pass too often unrebuked, because to resent them involves almost an equal breach of good manners, and which are the exclusive accomplishments of the gentler sex. If some of the poor had only their Boswells, what amusing volumes might take the place of some of our tedious modern biographies! But these good talkers in humble life are fast dying out. They exist chiefly among the generation who knew not Her Majesty's School Inspectors—who read the book of life much more readily than their primers, and understood the world within the limits of their own experience none the worse because they never knew which hemisphere they lived in. Learning may have done much for the village young ladies who pass in Standard VI., but at least it has not made them pleasanter to talk to than their grandmothers. Possibly their little knowledge embarrasses them. They are conscious that their natural talk will hardly bear strict grammatical analysis, and they despair, on the other hand, of reaching the exalted style of dialogue which they find in the pages of their favorite penny novelist. The consequence is an awkward affectation, which is anything but an improvement on the rough and ready converse of the more illiterate poor. One cannot help feeling that there is much truth in the quaint protest of a pleasant writer who has little sympathy

with modern cultivation—"If we had as many readers as we have books, what a precious dull lot we should be!"

There are one or two popular fallacies on the subject of conversation which, perhaps, help to make it more difficult than it need be. One of these is the outcry against "talking shop." Of course, for any two or three individuals in the company to insist on making the staple of the conversation something which can only interest themselves personally, and on which others are necessarily either uninformed or indifferent, is simple rudeness and ill-breeding. And although the name given to it assumes this to be a kind of *bourgeois* offence in its origin, it is at least as common in what affects to be very good society indeed. The fashionable "shop" with which some people will persist in boring their neighbors, sometimes with a premeditated malice, because they know that they are speaking in a sort of unknown tongue to those whose habits and interests are quite of a different kind, is a much graver social offence than any commercial or professional discussion could be. It is good, no doubt, for all of us, in the society of others, to throw off for a while the trammels of our working-hours. We should meet, as far as possible, on common ground, and try to recognize a common interest. The more confined and individual our own sphere of action is, the more wholesome it is for ourselves, and the more agreeable for others, that we should at such times step out of its contracted circle into a freer atmosphere. The business man is not to take his business out to dinner with him, nor the physician his patients, nor the parson his parish, nor the officer his regiment, nor the lawyer his briefs. But this rule has its limits. Of all vices which infest conversation, none is more fatal than talking of what we do not understand. Now understanding, in every one's case, is limited; whereas modern society very much affects universal knowledge. The result is that a good deal of nonsense is talked, of a very different kind from the nonsense which Talleyrand enjoyed—the nonsense which passes for sense. The talkers rush in with their opinions, positive and emphatic, upon subjects of the day which wiser men are at their wits' end to find the

true bearings of. Many men who would be worth listening to on some special subject, with which circumstances have made them well acquainted, insist on enlightening you on some point about which they know simply nothing. Sir Walter Scott said that he never failed to get amusement and information of some kind from every person with whom he was accidentally thrown into company. He talked to them about their special business and occupation; here at least they were on their own ground, and had something to say which might be worth hearing. Locke had, long before, attributed much of his own extensive information to a habit of the same kind; he had made it a rule, he said, throughout his life, to talk to all sorts of people on the subjects with which their own business or pursuits had made them most familiar. Very often, in what claims to be refined society, this dread of seeming to "talk shop" is carried to an extreme, and it is thought bad taste to talk of the things which every one knows the speaker must understand. It is the same sort of feeling which sometimes leads a painter to pride himself especially, not on his acknowledged powers in his own line, but upon some trick of indifferent rhyming; which makes the barrister affect the sportsman, and the scientific man the *flâneur* of fashionable life. We might listen with pleasure to an Indian officer's anecdotes of the Delhi campaign, though the political opinions which he melts down for us from his yesterday's "Times" or "Standard" are wearisome in the extreme. Even the Rector's views on the agricultural labor question will commonly be better worth listening to than his criticisms on the pictures in the last Exhibition. If he is but gifted with common observation, he ought to have something original to tell us about a class whom he has special opportunities of becoming acquainted with; while his judgment in the fine arts is only endurable when we are sure it is secondhand. A courteous and sensible host, who wishes to have all his guests show themselves at their best, never fails to remember and take advantage of their specialities. He does not allow them to flounder long in the stream of general talk, in which that which is really in them may never find an utterance; but he

draws them out upon some point on which he knows they have something to say, and the courtesy finds its own reward in the transformation of a dull and silent guest into a pleased and animated talker. To do this well, the master of the house should be himself, as they say the complete barrister should be, well armed at all points of knowledge: or it may chance that he comes to some grief himself in the laudable endeavor to lead the conversation. And since we cannot always expect to find in the host of the day these great qualifications—it would be hard indeed for society if none but modern Crichtons were allowed to entertain—it might be well if the company were permitted to elect a leader of conversation, in the same way as the ancients, at their symposia, elected an *arbiter bibendi*. As some struggling aspirants, who hang on with difficulty to the outskirts of high life, submit the list of their guests to some fashionable friend for revision, or even leave the invitations altogether to such more experienced hands; so those who are conscious that they are more hospitable than brilliant might depute some accomplished friend to direct “the feast of reason and the flow of soul,” content themselves to be responsible for the more material entertainment. Awkward blunders result sometimes from the laudable attempt of the master of the house to talk all things to all men. An Oxford tutor, a very sensible man, once invited a party of undergraduates—good fellows enough, but not the reading set in the college. With a praiseworthy desire to suit his talk to his guests, he took up the papers of the day and looked at the names and position of the favorites for the Derby, to be run next day. Among them was one rejoicing in the name of “Ugly Buck”—why so called is best known to his breeder and owner. The tutor had just been reading Hans Andersen’s charming fable of the Ugly Duck, which was much more in the line of his own taste than race-horses. To break a pause rather longer than usual, he turned to a “horsy”-looking youngster who sat next him, and bringing to bear, as he thought, his innocent “cram” of the morning, asked him, in the off-hand tone of one to whom such speculations were familiar, what he thought of the chances

of Ugly Duck for the Derby? The boys had too much respect for him to laugh—much; but he felt ever afterward that it had been safer for him to have started the most abstract literary discussion, or even confined himself to the familiar ground of plucks and passes, at all risks of his talk being considered “shoppy.”

Another protest has been raised, chiefly by transcendentalists, against the teller of good stories as one of the natural pests of conversation. De Quincey, among others, has hurled his anathema against him. But Mr. De Quincey, like many other clever men, was fond of hearing his own voice; it was disagreeable to him, no doubt, to find the attention of the circle, who ought to have been listening to some of his finer fancies, drawn off by a commonplace anecdote. But the objection is too widely taken. It is not the man who tells a good story well, but he who inflicts on us one which is tedious and pointless, or, still worse, who tells a good story badly, who is the unpardonable offender. Really good story-tellers are few. But, with all respect to Mr. De Quincey, they are very valuable contributors to the social circle, and are listened to with perhaps even too flattering attention. The clever raconteur is as popular a character now as in the days when he was the oral novelist of the non-reading audience. Only the conditions of excellence in the art have changed; for us moderns he must be brief, pithy, epigrammatic; whereas for those old winter evenings, when lights and books were scarce, and readers scarcer, he could hardly be too elaborate and descriptive. The drawback naturally is that they are apt to repeat themselves to the same audience. A good story is a good thing if you have never heard it before. Some will bear being told twice very fairly; but a third and fourth repetition is too much. There is no reason, of course, why a man should not tell the same half-a-dozen times over in different companies; but in very few cases is the narrator’s memory accurate enough to remember every individual who was present at the last telling. It would be very desirable if all who are really good story-tellers could endorse some mental memoranda upon each, as

preachers are understood to do upon their sermons, to record when and in whose presence it was last delivered. The want of some such safeguard is the real explanation of the reproaches which have fallen upon story-tellers in general of being social bores. The great art here, as in other cases, is to conceal the art, and to let the story come in naturally as an illustration of some particular point in the conversation. And perhaps the worst use to which a story can be put is to bring it out to "cap," as it were, another which has just been told. If the first was anything of a good one, the second will be apt to fall flat: especially as the capability of being amused, in the case of grown-up and grave members of society, will commonly be found very limited indeed. On the other hand, if the first story was poor, and the second is evidently brought out to beat it, the teller is convicted of what is admitted to be bad taste in any company above that of the tap-room — of purposely displaying his own abilities in the way of triumph over others.

Our gay neighbors the French are commonly supposed to be far more ready than ourselves in at least the lighter artillery of talk. Yet, if we may trust a keen observer among themselves, French society is getting too lazy to do its own talking. Alphonse Karr has laid the scene of the following amusing *jeu d'esprit* in Brussels, but we may be sure that the satire is aimed at the Paris drawing-rooms. It is a burlesque advertisement, the authorship of which he attributes to one of his literary friends:

"A gentleman who is at present in Brussels, and whose name is Baron Frederick d'A——, has the honor to inform the public that, being endowed with very distinguished conversational talents, reinforced by a course of solid study (a practice becoming more and more rare), and having gathered in his various travels a fund of instructive and interesting observations, he now places his time at the disposal of those gentlemen and ladies who receive at their own houses, as well as of such persons as are tired of finding no one pleasant to converse with.

"Baron F. d'A—— undertakes conversation both abroad and at home. His apartments, open to subscribers twice a day, are the rendezvous of a select circle (twenty-five francs per month). Three hours of each

morning are devoted to a *causerie*, instructive, but at the same time agreeable. Novels, literary and artistic subjects, observations on the manners of the day in which the prevailing tone is a piquancy which has no bitterness, with polished discussions on various subjects, politics being rigidly excluded, form the staple of entertainment for the evenings.

"His terms for conversation parties at the houses of his patrons are at the rate of ten francs the hour. The Baron cannot accept more than three invitations to dinner in the week, at twenty francs. (This does not include the evening party.) The spirit and brilliancy of his conversation is graduated according to the liberality of the entertainment. (Puns and witticisms are the subject of special arrangements.)

"Baron F. d'A—— undertakes to supply professional talkers, in correct costume, to keep up and vary the conversation, in cases where his employers do not choose themselves to be at the trouble of replies, observations, or rejoinders. In the same way he can offer them as friends to strangers or to individuals who are but little known in society." *

The professional diner-out has become a rarer character in England since dinners have been put off to such a very late hour that there is really little time for conversation at all, and the talk, such as it is, is confined to a few remarks made to the neighbors next to whom chance or the providence of the hostess may have placed you. We have almost to need the caution which the lamented Miss Jenkins of Cranford so earnestly impressed upon her young friend at a morning call—never to start any subject of sufficient interest to risk its over-lasting the ten minutes.

No wonder that, as a rule, women are the best talkers. There is no need to account for the fact by the uncourteous explanation that they have most of the small change, while men hold the weightier and more valuable coinage. The truth is, we can most of us talk, if we are pleased ourselves, and sure of a pleased and sympathizing audience. Now of this a woman is always sure, more or less: if she be a beautiful woman, only too sure; and hence arises a great deal of that silliness in conversation which is so commonly laid to the charge of the fair speakers, but of which the fault, in nine cases out of ten, rests with the listener. If you will have a woman open her lips at all hazards, you

* "Les Guêpes," iv. p. 41.

have no right to complain if that which they pour out is what Solomon expected; it is unreasonable to demand a succession of wise parables or sparkling epigrams. But the commonest chivalry and courtesy make men listen patiently, if not deferentially, to anything which a woman is pleased to say; and if she be personally attractive, this endurance is almost limitless. It is not only that the listener finds

"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books;"

but the veriest nonsense, interpreted by the light of those looks, passes for wisdom. As was said in a different sense of Jeremy Taylor—"From her lips all truth comes mended;" which is very well, so far; but not so well, when what is very far from truth comes in such pretty disguise that it is admired and welcomed. Poor Madame de Staël, famous as she was for the charms of her conversation, found to her mortification that this ceased in great measure to attract when the supplementary charms of youth had deserted her; men failed, she said, to recognize in the woman of fifty the wit which they had so admired in her at twenty-five. There was nothing remarkable in the discovery, whatever there may be in the confession.

There can be no doubt that, as a rule, the readiness of women in conversation is much greater than that of men. The renowned Mrs. Poyser, speaking as the advocate of her sex as against those "poor tongue-tied creatures" the men, thanks Providence that "when she has anything to say she can mostly find words to say it in." But in this she surely does the ladies less than common justice. So much as this might be said in behalf of a fair proportion of those whom she regards as the more helpless half of society. It is when they have *nothing* to say that women show their immense superiority in saying it. They can create conversation, which is the great social difficulty. Give a man a subject that he knows anything about, and unless he be really a fool or morbidly reticent, he can talk about it so as to make himself fairly intelligible, and perhaps interesting, to those for whom the subject has any interest. Those who are prophets of very stammering lips

indeed, in the general course of social talk, become almost eloquent when their feeling or enthusiasm is excited. Men throw off the slowness and hesitation which cramps all their powers in society, just as they throw off the physical infirmity of stuttering (which is a well-known fact) under the influence of some awakening theme or some strong sympathy. But the power of conversation in some women, and not always those of remarkable ability, is the very art of making bricks without straw. They will talk to one by the hour about nothing—that is, on no particular subject and with no particular object — and talk coherently and not foolishly, and very pleasantly, all the time. It would be very difficult perhaps for the listener to carry away with him any mental notes of what has been said: he may not be conscious of having gained any new ideas, or of having his old ones much enlarged; but he will rise and go his way as one does after a light and wholesome meal, sensibly cheered and refreshed, but retaining no troublesome memories of the ingredients which have composed it. Nothing showed the morbid condition of William Hazlitt's mind more remarkably than the confession, from a man of his unquestioned ability, that he "found it difficult to keep up conversation with women." It is very well to call the talk of women trifling and frivolous; if it is pleasant and graceful, it is all that can be desired. Conversation should be the relaxation, not the business, of life; and the moralists who require that it should always be of an "improving" character have no true idea of its proper social uses. Improving! have we not sermons, good books, lectures, institutions, æthnæums, and a complicated educational machinery enough of all kinds to improve us all off the face of the earth, if nature did not oppose a little wholesome duncehood to this sweeping tide of instruction? Must the schoolmaster still follow us into our little holiday? If the "queens of society" will only give us talk which shall be bright without ill-natured sharpness, playful without silliness—if they will show us that affectation, vanity, jealousy, and slander are no necessary ingredients in the social dialogue, but that rather they give an ill

savor to the wittiest and the cleverest play of words—if they will remember that good-humor, sympathy, and the wish to please for the sake of giving pleasure will lend a charm to the most commonplace thoughts and expressions—their conversation will “improve” us, perhaps, quite as much as most popular lectures and some popular sermons. The talk which puts you in good-humor with yourself and with your neighbors is not wholly profitless. If it has but made half an hour pass pleasantly which with a less agreeable companion would have been spent in gloomy silence, broken by spasmodic efforts, resulting in disgust at your own and his or her stupidity, it will have effected one of the ends for which speech was given us. To be always seeking to make conversation profitable is to take a very commercial view of the transaction, of which none but a true Briton could be capable. The poet’s graceful warning against utilitarianism was not altogether unneeded for the men of his generation:

“Oh! to what use shall we put
The wild weed flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?”

Voice and manner have much to do with the qualifications of a pleasant talker. And here of course the ladies beat us easily. It was this that lent the irresistible charm, which all his listeners acknowledged, to the conversation of Chateaubriand. It is really not so much what is said, as how it is said, that makes the difference between the talkers of society. In public discussions, in Parliament or elsewhere, though the graces of voice and manner are valuable adjuncts to the speaker, especially in the opening of his career, he soon commands the attention of his audience, in spite of personal defects in these particulars, when it is once found that he can speak to the purpose. But all the good sense and ability in the world will not make up, in society, for a hesitating and embarrassed manner, or even for a very disagreeable voice. We may be conscious that the man has plenty to say, but we receive no pleasure from his talk.

Women have also nearly always the good taste to avoid those harangues and

declamations which are really only gross interruptions of personal egotism upon the general entertainment. These are not the faults into which women are naturally tempted; they are conscious that their forte rather lies in touching a subject lightly and letting it go. But they are the pitfalls into which even sensible men continually stumble, when warmed by some favorite subject. If indulged in, they make the speaker, however well-informed in matter and felicitous in expression, an intolerable nuisance anywhere but on a platform; and public meetings have a good deal to answer for, inasmuch as they encourage a taste for these solo performances. No one who wishes that conversation should be pleasant to his neighbors as well as himself, should speak more than two or three sentences at once. However much he may have to say, it will be all the more agreeably said for giving others the opportunity of assenting, illustrating, qualifying, or even contradicting. The ball needs to be returned by the opposite player to make a lively game. It is given to very few to keep a circle of hearers charmed by a continuous monologue, as Coleridge could for an hour together; and even he was very often complained of, outside the immediate circle of his clients and worshippers, as a monopolist of the common rights of speech. His was not really conversation at all; it was as De Quincey says, not *colloquium*, but *alloquium*. No wonder that one of his most loyal disciples tells us that “there were some whom he tired, and some whom he sent to sleep.” The Ancient Mariner, who held the wedding guest fascinated by “his glittering eye” while he told the long story of his sufferings, would have been intolerable in real life even at a wedding breakfast, where talk is notoriously scarce and difficult.

But far more objectionable than calm monologue is the dogmatical talker. In the former case, so long as the stream flows smoothly and melodiously, the listener can at the worst take refuge in a dreamy repose. But the speaker who insists on continually laying down the law not only wearies but irritates. Well-bred persons of any social experience decline to answer him; and he probably stirs up at last some impetu-

ous novice who falls an easy prey to his arms, and so encourages him the more in his self-sufficiency. Johnson must have been largely indebted both to the forbearance of one class and the folly of the other for his conversational triumphs. It was not only Boswell who set himself up continually as a nine-pin to be bowled over. Others made themselves victims unwillingly, after a rash and impotent struggle, as he did willingly. Fox and Gibbon are said to have been silent in his presence. It does not necessarily imply any inferiority on their parts in real conversational ability. They may have felt that their self-respect would not allow them either to battle with him in his own style, and thus draw upon themselves some of his rude and violent rejoinders—to be knocked down, as Goldsmith said, with the butt of his pistol, after his shot had missed—or to appear to yield to him a victory which was not fairly won. Any one who will be at the pains to listen impartially to a social discussion will find that it is by no means always that truth and good sense, or even real ability, remain masters of the field. These only too often give way to a loud voice, a confident manner, and reckless assertion. It is often not worth while to put down a noisy pretender at the risk of an interminable argument (for such opponents seldom know when they are beaten), or of some disturbance to the social good humor of the company. A gentleman may have other reasons for not engaging in a street fight than because he is afraid of a man's fists. Yet it is unfortunate that mere hardihood should have in this, as in other cases, even an apparent social triumph. It is here that the conversational "arbiter," who has been already suggested, might reasonably step in, like Queen Elizabeth at the old University disputations, and bid the noisy and illogical disputant hold his peace.

Yet, after all, the art of listening is at least as important as the art of talking. Not to press the truism, that without listeners of some kind talk becomes either a Babel or a soliloquy, without an intelligent listener the best talker is at sea. Good listening is quite as popular a social quality as good talking. It is a mistake to conclude rashly that it is easier. A fool never listens, unless you

put a direct question, or tell him the last current piece of gossip or scandal. Brissot left it on record of Benjamin Franklin, as one secret of his power, that he had the art of listening. "Il écoutait—entendez-vous, lecteur? Et pourquoi ne nous a-t-il pas laissé quelques idées sur l'art d'écouter? It is a treatise which yet remains to be written. The art leaves too little room for brilliancy of display to induce many to study it. But other statesmen besides Franklin have practised it with success, and it is invaluable to all who are set in authority. In ordinary society perhaps nothing will so soon embarrass, and finally shut up, the empty talker, supposing him to have any brains at all, as to catch the eye of an intelligent listener. There is often a more mortifying conviction of his own incapacity forced upon such a person by the marked and pregnant silence of one who has evidently taken in every word that he has been saying, and from whom, in the natural course of things, he looks for a reply, than by the most emphatic contradiction. If, as we are so often told, "speech is silvery, but silence is golden," in this case it may be said that, while speech might chastise him with whips, silence stings him with scorpions. The probability is, that he will flounder on with some attempt either of reiteration, explanation, or qualification, which, in the face of that attention and merciless silence, plunges him into irretrievable confusion. You may choke off the most inveterate teller of long stories by listening with an eager interest all through, and preserving a look of expectation after he has finished, as if still waiting for "the point."

Not less than its polemical value in argument, is the social value of listening as an accomplishment. It is a somewhat humbling consideration, but it may be taken as undoubtedly true, that for one person in the company who wishes to listen to us (always excepting very young ladies and very deaf people), there are three who prefer that we should listen to them. Good listening, be it remembered, does not imply merely sitting still and holding one's tongue. It means attention—involving a certain amount of complimentary deference, and a skilful use of appreciative gestures and interjections. The favorable estimate which

will be formed of the listener's own judgment, taste, and ability, in return for even a moderate exercise of this talent, will be a more than adequate reward. You may discourse for a whole evening, and impress no single person with any opinion of your powers; but if you can listen judiciously, and with a proper emphasis in your silence, to one or two of the talkers present, you may safely reckon on their testimony in your favor as an intelligent and agreeable man. Of course, the perfect listener should possess largely the power of abstraction. He should be able to devote his visible attention to the veriest proser to whom he may be allotted as a captive for the time, while he is gathering in the pleasanter sounds which reach his ear from more distant quarters. There is some danger in this to the inexperienced. It incurs the risk of a sad misplacing of the needful interjections. Besides, most people listen with their eyes as well as with their ears. If, while trying to maintain a dialogue with an uninteresting neighbor, they want to catch what is being said on the opposite side of the table, they allow their glances to wander unmistakably to the point of attraction, or try to look out of the corners of them, as a magpie does, in a fashion which neither improves their own personal appearance nor gratifies the party to whom they affect to give their undivided attention. The cleverest compliment in words will fail to propitiate the lady who sits next you, if she discovers that all the time your eyes are, like the fool's, in the ends of the earth. So long as these do their duty, she may construe silence into admiration, and excuse your stupidity to herself on the ground that the charms of her person and conversation may be rather overwhelming to a modest man: but there can be no misinterpreting the fatal evidence of the wandering glances. It is only the really accomplished listener who can devote his eyes and all his visible allegiance where they are legally due, and yet keep his ears open to what he really wants to hear. To do this well requires something of the quality of mind which can play two games of chess at once. It is a great social triumph to be able, after having done your duty in one quarter, and receiving

an honorable dismissal from the bore of the evening, to walk quietly across the room, and take up at once the threads of conversation somewhere else, and show a thorough acquaintance with all that has been said there already. It implies the compliment that your interest has been irresistibly drawn in that direction, though duty chained you to the ear elsewhere.

It is a mistake to suppose that the choice of subjects has much to do with the success of conversation. As the devout reader of nature is said to possess the faculty of finding "sermons in stones," so the true social artist finds talk in everything. A writer in a popular journal speaks as if, in London society, the exhibitions and the opera during half the year, and travelling for the other half, formed the necessary topics, and that the great art would be to treat them with sufficient variety. No doubt they are very useful subjects, and in the hands of a good talker will do just as well as anything else. But the conversational powers which can only discourse upon a theme, are not of the true order. They will be of very little use at those awful moments when the regular stock subjects have been worn to death by more clumsy hands, and a diversion is required.

Some of the most important ingredients in a good talker are mainly physical, when all is said. Lively animal spirits, moderate self-confidence, and a wish to please, will go much farther to make an agreeable, if not a highly accomplished talker, than great abilities or fulness of information. It is because they possess very largely the two first qualifications, that the Irish, the French, and, in a less degree, the Welsh, are more ready in conversation than most Englishmen. And where really clever men fail in the art, it may be often from a morbid dislike to compete in a race which they enter at a disadvantage against the light-weights whose natural vivacity, imperturbable digestion, and happy unconsciousness carry them through to the end.

The London Quarterly Review.

POMPEII.*

THE early history of Pompeii is shrouded in obscurity. Tradition assigns its origin, as well as that of Herculaneum, to Hercules, who is said to have chosen it as the seat of some triumphant celebrations. The value of the tradition is small; but the fact that the name of the city occurs among the hazy legends of mythology is important as establishing its claim to remote antiquity. The first inhabitants of the coast of the Sinus Cumanus (now called the Bay of Naples), of whom there is any authentic information, were the Osci, who appear to have been of Pelasgian extraction. They, however, were not the founders of Pompeii, for it was a city of considerable importance long before their arrival in the country. Having been held for some time by the Osci, it fell into the hands of the Etruscans. Its next occupants were the Samnites, who, about the year B.C. 440, overran the whole district of Campania, and took possession of all its towns. The first direct notice of Pompeii in credible history occurs in the year B.C. 310, when, during the second Samnite war, a Roman fleet entered the mouth of the Sarnus, and, proceeding up the river as far as Nuceria, ravaged the country around. When the Romans conquered the Samnites, toward the close of the third century before Christ, they conferred on the cities occupied by that people a municipal constitution. From inscriptions and other evidences, it would seem that Pompeii, though

under a new régime, maintained many of its Oscan institutions as well as the Oscan tongue. In the second Punic war, the citizens of Pompeii joined the standard of Hannibal, and shared in the Campanian revolt. Enervated by the luxurious climate, the soldiers of the great African general were driven from Italy, and the incensed Romans visited the Campanians with terrible vengeance. Capua was most severely punished; but Pompeii seems to have escaped. In the Social War, which broke out B.C. 91, the Pompeians again revolted. The Roman general, Lucius Sulla, laid siege to their city. Of this siege there are no historic details; the story of its severity may be read in the dilapidated state of the walls as they are found at the present day. Other cities in the neighborhood were punished most rigorously by the conquerors. The people of Capua were driven into exile, and a colony was sent from Rome to take possession of their fertile country. Stabie, a town but a few miles distant from Pompeii, was entirely destroyed. But by some means, of which there is no authentic record, Pompeii, instead of being punished, received the Roman franchise. A Roman colony, however, was founded there by Sulla, with the name of Colonia Veneria Cornelia.

At the close of the Social War, Pompeii, like Baiæ, Puteoli, and other towns in the neighborhood, became a favorite resort of the wealthier Romans. Cicero had a villa there. The Oscan tongue ceased to be spoken, and the Oscan institutions were gradually abandoned. The citizens shared the common fortune of the empire, and, in course of time, became assimilated in customs and government to their conquerors. In the year A.D. 59 a grand gladiatorial exhibition was given in the amphitheatre by a Roman senator, who had been banished from the capital. During the show, a quarrel arose between the Pompeians and the Nucernians. A battle ensued, in which the latter were worsted. They brought their case before the Emperor Nero, who adjudged that the citizens of Pompeii should not be permitted to enjoy the amusements of the theatre for ten years. A rude drawing of this squabble—scratched on the plaster of a house by some patriotic Pompeian—was found at an early stage of the exca-

* 1. *Les Ruines de Pompéi*. Par F. MAZois. Paris: Firmin Didot. 1824.

2. *Pompeii*. Illustrated with Picturesque Views, etc., etc., engraved by W. B. Cooke, from the Original Drawings of Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburn. By T. S. DONALDSON. In Two Volumes. London: 1827.

3. *Pompeiana: The Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii*. By Sir WILLIAM GELL, F.R.S., F.S.A., etc., and JOHN GANDY, Architect. London: 1817-19.

4. *Pompeiana: The Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii*. The Result of Excavations since 1819. By Sir WILLIAM GELL, M.A., F.R.S., etc. In Two Volumes. London: 1837.

5. *Pompeii: Its History, Buildings, and Antiquities*. An Account of the Destruction of the City, with a full Description of the Remains, and of the recent Excavations, and also an Itinerary for Visitors. Edited by THOMAS H. Dyer, LL.D. London: Bell and Daldy. 1867.

vations. On the 5th of February, A.D. 63, an earthquake threw down a great part of Pompeii, and did great damage to many of the adjacent towns. Vestiges of the injury done by this earthquake may be seen at this day. Many of the mosaic floors are twisted and broken, and some of them show the repairs which were made by the inhabitants. The last historical notice of the ancient Pompeii is that of its destruction in the month of August, A.D. 79, during the memorable eruption of Vesuvius.

Although there are no extant records of any eruption of Vesuvius previous to that of the year 79, the ancients seem to have had some traditions of an earlier date. The fabled battle between the gods and the giants; the hurling of Jupiter's thunderbolts, by which the earth was scathed and blasted; the burial of the giant Typhon, "who threw stones to heaven with a loud noise, and from whose eyes and mouth fire proceeded," under a neighboring island, and the evil repute in which the shores of the Cumæan Bay were held; all bear witness to some more substantial record of volcanic action than could be gathered from those traces of igneous processes in which the district abounds. But whatever may have been the previous history of Vesuvius, it must have had many centuries of repose. At the time when Strabo wrote, which was probably in the reign of Tiberius, the aspect of the mountain was altogether different from that which it now presents. Avernus, which the ancients regarded as the mouth of hell, because of the gloom thrown upon its waters by the shadow of trackless forests, was then surrounded by highly cultivated and luxuriant vegetation. The mountain itself was covered with verdure, excepting at its summit; and around it and upon its slopes were clusters of flourishing hamlets. A passing reference is made to it by Virgil, who praises the fertility of its soil. The fact that Spartacus encamped on Vesuvius with his army of gladiators and insurgents, and that it was the site of the great battle between the Romans and the Latins (B.C. 340), in which Decius devoted himself to death, shows clearly that the ancient appearance and condition of the mountain must have borne little semblance to its present character. Indeed,

no early description of Vesuvius is at all applicable to it as it now exists. According to Strabo, the summit was for the most part level, whereas, as is well known, it is now capped by a cone of considerable elevation. This cone, which stands within a circular volcanic ridge, is evidently of comparatively recent origin. It is probable that the ridge is all that remains of an ancient volcano, which was formerly surmounted by a cone, "which, being subject to constant degradation, and requiring constant supplies of fresh materials to maintain its height, sunk down into the earth in the long period of inactivity which we know to have occurred antecedent to the Christian era."

After many centuries of rest, the volcano broke out with great violence in the year 79. Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, were destroyed. The younger Pliny, whose uncle perished during the eruption, and who was himself an eye-witness of the catastrophe, furnished an account of it in two letters to Tacitus, which have been happily preserved. The mountain, thus reawakened, seems to have had little repose since 79. Eruptions of greater or less violence occurred with frequency until the year 203. In that year the mountain broke out again with great force. There was a violent eruption in 472, and another in 512. In describing this, Procopius conveys the idea that it was accompanied by a stream of lava. The years 685 and 993 were distinguished by considerable eruptions. The first stream of lava of which there is an authentic record, broke out during an eruption in the year 1036. There was an eruption in 1049, and another in 1138; after which there was a pause until the year 1631. The next eruption occurred in 1666; "from which time to the present there has been a series of eruptions, at intervals rarely exceeding ten years, generally recurring much more frequently." The most notable of these occurred in 1776, 1777, and 1779. In his splendid work, entitled *Campi Phlegreæ*, Sir William Hamilton, an eye-witness, has left a vivid and exhaustive description of the attendant phenomena. In the eruption of 1822 the vast mass of scoriæ and blocks of lava which had been accumulating within the crater for years,

was blown out, together with a large portion of the cone itself. The mountain was reduced in height by about eighteen hundred feet. There has been no eruption of any importance since the year 1861.

The celebrated letter of Pliny, the younger, to the historian Tacitus, furnishes us with a very vivid picture of the most memorable eruption of Vesuvius—that of August 23, A.D. 79. At the time of its occurrence the elder Pliny was in command of the Roman fleet off Misenum. At about noon of the 24th of August, his attention was called to a cloud of unusual size and shape. In figure it resembled a pine-tree, for “it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches.” Anxious to command a nearer view of this remarkable phenomenon, Pliny ordered a light vessel to be got ready. Before he started, he received a note from a lady, whose villa was situated at the foot of Vesuvius, earnestly begging him to come to her assistance. He at once ordered the galleys to be put to sea, and steered for the point of danger. His approach was embarrassed by dense showers of cinders, pumice stones, and fragments of heated rock. Having rendered as much help as was possible to the inhabitants of the villas, which were thickly planted along the coast, he proceeded to Stabiae, where his friend Pomponianus resided. His interest in his friend cost him his life. For on the following morning, the houses had begun to shake with such violence, and the showers of calcined stones and cinders had become so dense, that he determined to make an effort to gain the shore, and put off at once to sea. It was, however, too late. Suffocated by the sulphurous vapor, he fell down dead. In the meanwhile, the younger Pliny, his nephew, remained at Misenum. Successive shocks of an earthquake warned him that it was no longer safe to stay in the town. The chariots which he had ordered to be drawn out were so agitated by the heaving ground that they could not be kept steady for a moment. A black cloud, out of which rolled vast volumes of igneous vapor, covered the sea, the waters of which receded from the shore. Everything was mantled in darkness. Nothing was

heard but the shrieks of women and children. It seemed as though the last and eternal night, which, according to Pagan notions, was to destroy the world and the gods together, had come. Lurid flashes of light, accompanied by heavy showers of ashes and stones, deepened the horrors of the day. At length the darkness rolled away. But everything was changed. The whole country was covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow. The beautiful view over the bay from the island of Capri was entirely marred. The picturesque villas had vanished under heaps of cinders; and the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, lay buried in ruins.

During the period of 1600 years Pompeii remained thus buried and forgotten. There are traces of searches made among the *débris* immediately after the catastrophe. But these were inconsiderable, and were soon suspended. In the year 1502, an architect, named Dominico Fontana, cut a subterranean canal under the site of the city, for the purpose of conveying water from the river Sarno to the town of Torre dell' Annunziata. In constructing this canal, the workmen came often upon the basements of buildings; but no curiosity appears to have been excited, and no steps taken to prosecute further researches. Nearly a hundred years later fresh ruins were discovered, and an inscription with the word, POMPEI. But even this failed to awaken any practical interest. At length, when the accidental discovery of Herculaneum had drawn the attention of learned and scientific men to the subject, Alcubierre, a Spanish colonel of engineers, who had been employed to examine the subterranean canal, was led by the discovery of a house, with statues and other objects, “to conjecture that some ancient city lay buried there, overwhelmed by the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79.” Having obtained permission from Charles III., the King of Naples, he commenced early in the year 1748 the excavations of the street, afterwards called the Strada della Fortuna. His labors were soon rewarded; for in a few days he discovered “a picture, eleven palms long by four and a half palms high, containing festoons of eggs, fruits, and flowers, the head of a man, large, and in a good style, a helmet, an

owl, various small birds, and other objects." The next discovery of importance was the skeleton of a man, covered with the lava mud. By his side were found eighteen brass coins, and one of silver. Before the end of the first year of the excavations, the amphitheatre, which is capable of holding 10,000 persons, was laid bare. The operations, however, were carried on with deplorable dilatoriness, and the royal exchequer was by no means liberal. The excavators, who worked in chains, were chiefly condemned felons, or Mohammedan slaves. No stranger was permitted in the ruins. Accurate records of the discoveries were kept; the most important pictures were detached from the walls, after copies of them had been taken; and the buildings in which they were found were again covered with the rubbish. When some progress had been made in the excavations, strangers were admitted, on the payment of an exorbitant fee: but all attempts to take copies of mosaics or frescos were rigorously discouraged.

The short period during which the French occupied Naples was distinguished by a more liberal and enlightened policy. Under the patronage of Caroline, the wife of Murat, the works were carried on with great vigor, and many remarkable discoveries were made. The amphitheatre, which had been filled up again, was cleared; the Forum was laid open; and the greater portion of the Street of Tombs was uncovered. The return of the Bourbons to favor was not conducive to the progress of the excavations. The revolution which drove them finally from Naples gave Pompeii another chance. Garibaldi was appointed dictator. But however brave and patriotic as a general, he was scarcely fitted for the functions of administration. He gave the directorship of museums and excavations to Alexandre Dumas, the French novelist! The new director was quite alive to the dignity of his position, and kept it up with princely magnificence. But he had no notion of its responsibilities. It is said that he paid but one visit to the ruins. His rule was happily short-lived. For on the accession of Victor Emmanuel to the throne of Italy, Giuseppe Fiorelli, a distinguished antiquarian scholar, was appointed director-general of the works,

The appointment has proved most judicious. Pursuing a regular system, noting "every appearance or fragment which might afford or suggest a restoration of any part of the buried edifice, replacing with fresh timber every charred beam, propping every tottering wall or portion of brickwork," the new *commendatore* has succeeded in exhibiting not a confused and undefined mass of crumbling ruins, but a town, in the integrity of its outlines, and the order of its arrangements. Street after street has been uncovered. Temples, baths, markets, tombs, stand out just as they stood eighteen hundred years ago. The villa of the poet, the forum, the counting-house, the baker's shop, the school-room, the kitchen, carry us into the very heart of the Roman life in the brightest days of the empire. The jewellery of beauty, the spade of the laborer, the fetter of the prisoner, and the weapon of the soldier are all there, reproducing and realizing the past with a vividness which can scarcely be conceived.

From venerable relics and ancient traditions it is possible to construct an ideal picture of the past. How far from the truth that ideal may be can be learned from the fact that no two antiquarians agree in their conceptions of a Druidic temple. With the elaborate details which are given in the Bible, and in Josephus, it is impossible to construct an accurate model of the Temple on Mount Zion. The ruins of ancient and now uninhabited cities fail to depict the manners of their former tenants, or even the scheme on which they were constructed. Inhabited ruins are constantly modified and adapted to the changing life within them. But Pompeii, overwhelmed, and, as it were, hermetically sealed in the very height of its prosperity, preserved from the ravages with which Goths and Vandals visited the ancient glories of Italy, and from the sacrilegious and almost as destructive pillagings of modern hands, brings the very past to our doors. Within its silent streets are "buildings as they were originally designed, not altered and patched to meet the exigencies of newer fashions; the paintings undimmed by the leaden touch of time; household furniture left in the confusion of use;

articles, even of intrinsic value, abandoned in the hurry of escape, yet safe from the robber, or scattered about as they fell from the trembling hand, which could not pause or stoop for its most valuable possessions; and, in some instances, the bones of the inhabitants, bearing sad testimony to the suddenness and completeness of the calamity which overwhelmed them." There are the very ruts which were made by the wheels of chariots, flying perhaps from the impending ruin; there are water-pipes, in the cavities of which, sealed by the hand of time, the splashing fluid can still be heard; there are rude and grotesque inscriptions, scratched by some loiterer on the stucco, and as fresh as when they excited the mirth of the passer-by; there are egg-shells, bones of fish and chickens, and other fragments of a repast of which skeletons lying near them were partaking when the catastrophe overwhelmed them; there is fuel ready to be supplied to furnaces for heating the baths; there are the stains left upon the counters of drinking shops by wet glasses; there are the phials of the apothecary, still containing the fluids which he was wont to dispense; there are ovens, in which loaves of bread, carbonized, but otherwise perfect, may yet be seen; there are vases with olives still swimming in oil, the fruit retaining its flavor, and the oil burning readily when submitted to the flame; there are shelves, on which are piled stores of figs, raisins, and chestnuts; and there are amphoræ, containing the rare wines for which Campania was famous. The vividness with which the remains in the city recall the past is illustrated by M. Simond, from the Forum:

"A new altar of white marble, exquisitely beautiful, and apparently just out of the hands of the sculptor, had been erected there; an enclosure was building all around; the mortar, just dashed against the side of the wall, was but half spread out; you saw the long, sliding stroke of the trowel about to return and obliterate its own track;—but it never did return: the hand of the workman was suddenly arrested, and, after the lapse of 1800 years, the whole looks so fresh and new that you would almost swear that the mason was only gone to his dinner, and about to come back immediately to smooth the roughness."

Owing to its greater distance from

Vesuvius, and its more elevated situation, Pompeii was not reached by the streams of lava, which at the time of the great eruption, and in after periods, flowed over Herculaneum. The latter city is buried under a hardened mass which in some places reaches a depth of from eighty to a hundred feet. The depth and hardness of this volcanic matter preclude the possibility of a complete excavation. Pompeii was overwhelmed by a shower of ashes and pumice stones, the bed of which seldom reaches a depth of more than twenty or twenty-four feet; and, being loose and friable in its composition, it is very easily removed. The basement stories of the Pompeian houses are therefore perfect; the upper stories, which were generally built of wood, were either broken by the weight of the *débris* which fell upon them, or were burned by the shower of red-hot stones. The materials under which the city is buried are pounded stones and ashes of a whitish-gray color. Over these there is a stratum, some four or five feet in depth, which is composed of stones and ashes of a grayish-black color. This stratum is probably the result of subsequent eruptions. Pumice stones, of irregular size and shape, are mixed with the ashes; and above these there is "another layer, of an average depth of two feet, which appears to have been attended in its descent with an enormous fall of water, forming what the Italians call a *lava bavoza*." The uppermost layer consists of a fine mould, in which lupins, corn, and even mulberry-trees grow freely.

The great eruption was evidently accompanied by an earthquake, for many skeletons have been found, which were those of persons killed by the falling of walls upon them. Eight skeletons were discovered in 1787 under the *débris* of a wall, and in 1818 the bones of a man who had been crushed by the fall of a marble column were found in the Forum. The ruined appearance which the town presents is clearly traceable, to a great extent, to the effect of the earthquake; but for which, the denudation of the buildings would have discovered them in their original integrity. There are traces, too, of rough and destructive searches made soon after the catastrophe for hidden treasures. It is an ascer-

tained fact that the Emperor Alexander Severus made Pompeii "a sort of quarry, from which he drew a great quantity of marbles, columns, and beautiful statues, which he employed in adorning the edifices which he constructed at Rome." The furniture of the Basilica, the columns of the portico of Eumachia, one of the chief buildings, and many other of the most valuable adornments of the city were thus carried away. Only on the supposition of previous and protracted researches can we account for the paucity of gold and silver articles, coins, and statues as yet discovered. Many of the more portable treasures must have been carried away by the inhabitants in their flight, for it is clear that, however sudden the final catastrophe may have been, such warnings were given as to enable the greater proportion of the citizens to escape. About one-third of the city has been disinterred. In this portion some six or seven hundred skeletons have been found. It is reasonable to assume that if the whole city were uncovered, the number of skeletons would be about two thousand. But Pompeii contained at least twenty thousand inhabitants. The eruption occurred at a time when the people were assembled by thousands in the amphitheatre. Very few skeletons, however, have been found there, and even these may have been gladiators already slain. The remaining skeletons are probably "those of the sick, the infirm, and the irresolute; of those who mistakingly thought that they should find protection against the fatal shower in their houses or their cellars; or of those who, from motives of avarice, and sometimes, perhaps, of affection, lingered in search of their treasures or their beloved ones till there was no longer time to effect their escape." One skeleton, however, bears witness to motives neither sordid nor selfish: it is that of a Roman soldier on guard, who was found at his post.

Pompeii is situated on an elevated plateau at the southern base of Vesuvius, about a mile from the sea. From the fact that shells and sea-sand have been found on the side of the city adjoining the coast, and that iron rings, intended, as it is supposed, for the mooring of vessels, have been discovered near the ruins, it has been conjectured that in the age

before the memorable and fatal explosion of 79 the walls of the city were washed by the sea. The assumption that these rings were used for mooring purposes is simply gratuitous, and the discovery of shells gives little authority to the theory of a change of coast line. The remains of many buildings much nearer the sea, and outside the walls of Pompeii,—some of them being buried under white *lapilli*, such as were thrown out by the eruption of 79,—bear evidence to the fact that the position of the city in ancient times was identical with its present site. If anything more were required in proof of this conclusion, it might be found in the fact that Herculaneum and Stabiae, the one on the north, and the other on the south of Pompeii, still lie on the margin of the sea; clearly showing that no alteration in the coast line was produced by the eruption. Seated thus, at a convenient distance from the bay, on the banks of a navigable river, at the entrance of a vast and fertile plain, and shadowed by the heights of Vesuvius,—not then the bare and rugged mountain it is now,—Pompeii offered not only the conveniences of a commercial city and the security of a strong military position, but the attractions of beautiful scenery and a delicious climate. It was the fashionable watering-place of the Roman aristocracy. The city itself was of somewhat limited proportions. But the more aristocratic villas were suburban. Indeed, the whole coast was so thickly-planted with gardens and houses as to appear like one vast city.

Pompeii was surrounded with walls, the greater portion of which has been traced. The figure of the city, as defined by the walls, was nearly oval. The whole area was but one hundred and sixty-one acres, the circuit of the walls being nearly two miles. The greatest length was little more than three-quarters of a mile, and the breadth less than half-a-mile. According to the principle of avoiding sharp angles, which was prominent in ancient theories of fortification, the walls were curvilinear. From their present appearance it is impossible to judge of their date with any degree of accuracy. Certain characters traced upon some of the stones seem to point to a period antecedent even to the

Etruscan occupation; while some portions, and especially the towers, point to a much later age. Probably the more recent masonry belongs to a period subsequent to the Social War, and was constructed in order to repair the damage done during the siege. The stone of the walls are large and carefully hewn. They are fitted together without mortar. The outer walls are about twenty-five feet high. Between them and the inner walls, which are a few feet higher, there is an earthen mound or terrace. This was considered, in all ancient systems of fortification, to be proof against battering-rams and every other method of assault. At irregular distances, ranging from eighty to nearly five hundred paces, are quadrangular towers. The walls and the towers are much dilapidated, owing partly to the effects of an earthquake, and to the siege under Sulla, and partly to the fact, that during the long peace which Italy enjoyed under Augustus, defences were held to be less necessary, and were either left to decay, or were pulled down to make room for the building of houses. Many large and handsome houses in Pompeii are built upon the line of the city walls.

The length of wall already traced is pierced by seven gates, besides the Porta della Marina, which is on the western side, where the line of the wall is no longer defined. The Herculaneum Gate, which is the most important, is double; so that assailants, who had succeeded in forcing the first doors, could "be attacked from a large opening in the roof, and destroyed while attempting to force the second." The outer defence was that of a portcullis; holes in the pavement show that the inner gate consisted of folding doors, which turned on pivots. There is a central archway, which is between fourteen and fifteen feet in width; the arch no longer remains, but was probably about twenty feet high. On either side of this there is a smaller opening for foot-passengers, between four and five feet wide, and about ten feet high. On the left of this gate, before entering the city, is a pedestal, which, from some fragments of bronze drapery found near it, seems to have supported a colossal statue in bronze. Possibly this was an image of the tutelary god of the city. On entering the

Herculaneum Gate, the visitor finds himself in a street which leads to the Forum. On his right is a house formerly occupied by a musician; on the left is a shop for the sale of hot drinks; farther on is the house of the Vestals and the Custom House. Beyond this stands a public fountain. Three hundred yards from the gate the street divides; the left-hand turning leads to the Forum, the principal building in Pompeii.

The streets are paved with large blocks of lava of irregular shape, but neatly joined. The carriage-way, which never exceeds a breadth of ten feet, is composed of polygonal blocks, with their angles slightly rounded, the interstices being filled with pieces of granite, iron wedges, or flints forcibly driven in. Repairs in the roads were generally effected by thus filling up the holes. The streets, which, to the notions of these days, seem inconveniently narrow, were as wide as the traffic of the city required. The ancient chariots were so constructed as to drive safely within a width of four and a half feet. Nor is it likely that these conveyances were frequently used. The city was too small in its area to necessitate much driving. Indeed, when Mazois published his work in 1824, only two stables had been discovered, and these were probably used for mules and asses. The ancient Italians had a strong preference for narrow streets; and when, after the burning of Rome, Nero ordered that the new streets should be of ample width, many complained that the free admission of light and heat would be distressing and dangerous. The track of wheels is yet discernible in the carriage-ways, the ruts in many instances being an inch or an inch and a half deep. This depth seems to indicate that the traffic was mainly that of heavily-laden wagons. The footpath is separated from the road by a kerb, from a foot to a foot and a half higher than the road. This path never exceeds three feet in breadth, and in some parts of the city it is only one foot broad. Numerous stepping-stones are placed in the centre of the streets to facilitate crossing. As there were no sunken gutters, the roadway, in wet and wintry weather, was like a stream, and it must have been a work of some little peril to pass from one stepping-stone to another.

Horses, being loosely harnessed, could readily step over these stones, or pass by them.

The outward aspect of the streets of the city, even at the climax of its popularity, must have been severe and gloomy. As a rule, no decorations were ever given to that side of the house which was exposed to the street. The houses in most cases were low. The lower part consisted generally of a blank wall, sometimes panelled in plaster, and painted in dull colors. The upper story was pierced with small windows. No expense was spared in the interior, which was most elaborately decorated. But there is not a single house in Pompeii the elevation of which has any claim to architectural beauty. Not a house has been found as yet with a portico. On each side of the doorway of the villa of Diomedes there is a detached column, and this is the only pretension to architectural effect on the outside of any of the houses in the city. The only relief to the monotony and dreariness of the streets was the porch of a temple, the marble columns of a tomb, the plashing of a fountain, or the sign of a shop. Each shop appears to have been distinguished by an appropriate sign. Sometimes these were painted, sometimes they were moulded in baked clay, and colored. A terra-cotta bas-relief, representing two men carrying an *amphora*, served as the sign of a wine-shop. A statue of Priapus indicated the workshop of the amulet maker. A goat, in bas-relief, reminded the passenger that he was in the neighborhood of a milk store. A rude painting of two men fighting, with a third standing by with a laurel crown in his hand, denoted the establishment of a fencing-master, or a trainer of gladiators. Not less suggestive was the picture of a boy undergoing a whipping. The Pompeian truant was thus impressively warned that the schoolmaster was not abroad.

The most attractive site in the city is that which is occupied by the buildings of the Forum. In earlier times, the Forum was simply an enclosure for public meetings and purposes of commerce. As the taste for splendor increased, it became the pride of the citizens, who lavished on it the resources of their genius and wealth. Within its area

were gathered temples consecrated to almost numberless deities; basilicas for the administration of justice; courts for the local magistracy; tabularia where the public records were preserved; prisons, granaries, and all the appliances of public convenience and pleasure. The markets were held within appropriate enclosures; the money-changers had here their tables; and here and there were the *rostra* whence public orators were wont to address the crowd. The Forum of Pompeii was no exception to the general rule for size and splendor. The elevation, as restored, presents a picture of singular beauty. On entering the ruins, the spectator finds himself in an oblong area, measuring about 524 feet by 140 feet. Over this area are scattered the evidences of former magnificence—pedestals which once supported statues; columns divested of their marble casings; and fragments of white stucco clinging to shattered walls. A Doric colonnade, broken only in its continuous line by the portions of surrounding buildings, runs along the west, south, and east sides. The columns, in their perfect state, were two feet three and a half inches in diameter, and twelve feet in height, with an interval between them of nearly seven feet. They were either of fine white stone, resembling marble, or of yellowish tufa, or of plastered brick.

On the north of the Forum stands a building supposed to have been a temple of Jupiter. It is of the Corinthian order, and rests on an elevated basement. The columns, which are three feet eight inches in diameter, rise to a height of thirty-six feet. The whole height of the building was sixty feet. The interior of the *cella* was painted, the predominant colors being red and black. The pavement was formed of diamond-shaped slabs of marble, enclosed within a broad border of black and white mosaic. On this pavement, fragments of a colossal statue, supposed to be a statue of Jupiter, were found. A sun-dial was also found close at hand. The whole of the temple, which is constructed of stone and lava, is covered with a fine white cement made of marble. Connected with the temple by a low wall is an arch, conjectured to have been triumphal. But it is not stately enough for such a purpose, and was evidently the entrance to

a court, in which were the public granaries and prisons. The fact of the granaries having been within this court is supposed to be established by the discovery of the public measures in the immediate neighborhood; the site of the prisons is placed beyond all doubt, for the skeletons of two men were found on the spot, their leg-bones still shackled with irons. On the north-east angle of the temple there is a gateway, which was most probably an arch of triumph. Its massive piers, with portions of their columns, still remain. In the centre of the piers were fountains, the leaden pipes of which are yet visible. The arch was surmounted by an equestrian statue, fragments of which have been found close by. Near this arch was found a skeleton, clutching seventy-four small silver coins.

At the north-eastern angle of the Forum stands a building which for a long time was supposed to be the Pantheon. Round an altar in the centre of the area are twelve pedestals, which formerly were either crowned by statues, all of which have perished, or formed the base of columns, supporting a circular building. The area, which measures one hundred and twenty feet by ninety, is bounded by the back wall of shops, by a small shrine, and by eleven cells, supposed to have belonged to the priests. Facing the entrance is a large base of marble, on which stood a statue, only one arm of which remains. A small vaulted *edicula* within the enclosure is decorated with a series of very beautiful arabesques. The colors of these designs are as bright as when they were first laid on. One of the figures is that of the painter herself, who holds in her hand an oval palette of silver. It is supposed that the medium employed for liquefying the pigments used in the ancient arabesques was wax mixed with oil. The secret of the process is quite lost. But if, as is probable, wax had some part to play in giving durability to the colors, the metal palette was used to retain so much heat as would liquefy the pigments, without inconveniencing the artist. The colors were for the most part dazzling; bright vermilion, yellow, jet black, crimson, and blue forming the groundwork, which was modified by a variety of mixed tints. The use

of these colors was not always in good taste. Much of the fresco painting in Pompeii is decidedly vulgar.

The purpose of this building has been a subject of much ingenious speculation. The theory of the Pantheon is generally abandoned. Some have thought, from the style of its decorations, that it must have been the public *hospitium*, for the reception of ambassadors and distinguished foreigners. Overbeck, a very credible authority, conjectures that it was a temple of Vesta, dedicated not only to the worship of that goddess, but to hospitable entertainments at the public cost. Pompeii, however, was not important enough, as a city, for the maintenance of such an institution. The most reasonable supposition is, that the building was devoted to the worship of Augustus, and the use of his priests, the *Augustales*. The representations of combats of galleys on the walls refer probably to the battle of Actium, and the pictures of eatables recall the Augustalian banquets. In the adjoining shops have been found large quantities of dried fruits, preserved in glass vases, as well as scales, money, and moulds for bread and pastry. On the walls are pictures of "geese, turkeys, vases of eggs, fowls, lobsters, and game ready plucked for cooking, oxen, sheep, fruit in glass dishes, a cornucopia, with various amphore for wine, and many other accessories for the banquet." In the centre of the court is a sink, in which fish bones and remains of many articles of food were found by the excavators.

Among other buildings of importance connected with the Forum is a small temple, commonly known as the Temple of Mercury, and distinguished by a white marble altar, with an unfinished bas-relief descriptive of a sacrifice, and giving a very clear idea of the vessels and implements used on such occasions. The work of the whole building is incomplete; there is no stucco upon the bricks, and it would seem that the workmen were engaged upon it at the time when the eruption occurred. A crypt and portico erected by Eumachia, a priestess, are next in succession. This edifice had an admirably executed peristyle of white marble Corinthian columns. Only a fragment of one of these remains, the rest having probably been carried away by

Alexander Severus. The Basilica, which is situated on the western side of the Forum, is the largest building in Pompeii. It is two hundred and twenty feet in length, and eighty in width. This was the court of justice; and as it bears marks of previous excavation, it is likely that search was made among the ruins, soon after the eruption, for records of important trials. Whatever else the excavators carried off, they made away with the pavement, of which only the bedding remains. Inscriptions traced by loiterers, and not remarkable either for sentiment or style, are yet to be seen on the walls. Next to the Basilica is the largest and finest temple in Pompeii. From the discovery of a statue in the style of the Medicean Venus, and from the fact that the altar is not adapted for sacrifices, but only for such offerings as were commonly made to Venus, it has been assumed that this temple was dedicated to that goddess. Bronze ornaments, resembling the heads of large nails, were found near the entrance, and had probably decorated the gates. The columns of the temple are colored in blue, yellow, and white. The walls are painted in vivid tones, the ground being chiefly black. Figures of dancers, dwarfs and pictures from the story of the Trojan war may be seen in great abundance. In the priests' apartment there was discovered a very beautiful painting of Bacchus and Silenus, which has been transferred to safer quarters.

The most perfect, and in some sense the most interesting, of the temples outside the area of the Forum, is the Temple of Isis. From an inscription above the entrance it appears that this structure was restored from the foundation, after having been overthrown by an earthquake, by Popidius Celsinus. The building is small, but it affords a very valuable example of the form and disposition of an ancient temple. Two lustral marble basins were found attached to columns near the entrance, as also a wooden box, reduced to charcoal, which was probably used for the contributions of worshippers. A sacred well, to which there is a descent by steps, is covered by a small building within the enclosure, lavishly decorated with grotesque, though admirably executed designs on stucco. On the chief altar were found the ashes and

parts of the burnt bones of victims, and the white wall of the adjacent building yet bears traces of smoke from the altar fires. A beautiful figure of Isis, draped in clothing of purple and gold, and holding in her right hand a bronze sistrum, and in her left the key of the sluices of the Nile, was found within the court. In another portion of the court there is a kitchen, on the stoves of which fish bones and other remnants of a feast were discovered. In the outermost room lay the skeleton of a priest, who was evidently suffocated while trying to make his way through the wall with an axe. The axe was found at his side. In an adjoining chamber another skeleton was found—that of a priest interrupted at his dinner. Near him were quantities of egg-shells, chicken-bones, and some earthen vases. Many skeletons were discovered within the precincts of this temple; probably those of priests whose vain confidence in the power of the deity, or whose blind attachment to her shrines, prevented them from seeking safety in flight. More interesting, however, than the skeletons of priests, are the many paintings which the temple contains, representing the priestly costume, and the elaborate ceremonial of the worship of Isis. All the implements of sacrifice, in bronze, have been found among the ruins.

It is not, however, among the remains of temples, halls of justice, amphitheatres, baths and other public buildings, that the value of Pompeian excavations is to be measured. Among the ruins of other ancient cities are to be found many specimens of public architecture as perfect as those of Pompeii, and on a scale of far greater splendor. But the domestic life, the social habits, the private luxuries of the past have no such illustration in any other city as among the silent streets of Pompeii. The homes of ancient cities, being built of more perishable materials than the public edifices, have yielded to decay, and, with rare exceptions, have left no trace. The homes of Pompeii remain, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, almost as perfect as when the footfall of their last tenant echoed among their walls. The villa of the nobleman, the shop of the tradesman, and the rude dwelling of the laborer, reproduce, with incomparable

exactness, the domestic life of the past. In the construction of Pompeian houses, the cheapest and least durable materials were preferred. Most of them were built of brick, or of "the rough masonry called *opus incertum*." It is because of this that they decay rapidly when exposed to the air. The mortar employed was evidently of bad quality. Copper, lead, and iron, in the working of which metals the Italians were highly skilled, were used; but rather for purposes of ornament, than solidity. Their lock-work, for instance, was coarse and rough; while knockers, door-handles, and bolts, were most elegantly wrought. Little skill or care is exhibited in their wood-work; the beams of houses in some places having never been squared. The outside of the house, as we have seen, was plain and gloomy. The internal decorations, though brilliant and often gaudy, were seldom of a costly nature, excepting in the case of mosaic pavements, which were frequently of great beauty. Little marble was used, even in public buildings; but its place was supplied by a singularly beautiful stucco, capable either of receiving paintings, or being modelled into bas-reliefs. For the flooring of the commoner houses a sort of composite was employed, which was occasionally inlaid with slabs of marble, in various patterns. Sometimes these marbles were colored; and this style of decoration evidently suggested the first idea of mosaics. In the better class of houses mosaics were used. These were generally composed of black frets on a white ground, or *vice versa*. But in some instances the patterns were more ambitious. In the house of the Tragic Poet a pavement was found which has been described as a picture in mosaics. It includes seven figures, conceived in much spirit and taste. The mosaic is composed of very fine pieces of glass, and is regarded as one of the most beautiful specimens of ancient art yet discovered. Another mosaic, in the villa of Cicero, is so delicately wrought of minute pieces of colored glass, that the hair and eyebrows of its figures may be traced on close inspection. A yet more remarkable mosaic was discovered in the house of the Faun. It is about eighteen feet long and nine broad. The subject is supposed

to represent the battle of Issus. The Grecian leader, charging in the midst of the fight, has transfixed one of the Persian warriors, whose horse has already fallen, with a lance. The agony in the face of the wounded soldier is wonderfully depicted. All the figures in the picture are wrought with unrivalled vigor. The border represents a river, with a crocodile, hippopotamus, and other animals. Not less striking than the mosaic pavements of Pompeii, are the arabesques and pictures of its walls. Of these, however, it is impossible to give a detailed account. A few bronzes have been found, remarkable for vigor of execution, and a few marble statues. Some of the latter show clearly that the ancients sometimes colored their statues. A figure of Venus was discovered at an early period of the excavations, the hair of which was painted yellow, and the drapery blue. Round the neck was a gilt necklace, and the breasts were gilded. A small statue of Bacchus was found in the Temple of Isis, tinted and gilded in many parts. Traces of color are discernible on many of the statues. From parts of another marble statue discovered in the Temple of Isis, it may be inferred that ancient sculptors used to dress their works.

In regularity of plan, and in extent, the house of Pansa is the most remarkable within the walls of Pompeii. It owes its name to the fragment of an inscription which was once visible near the principal entrance, but which has since been obliterated. It is situated in the centre of the city, and is completely surrounded by streets. Including the garden, which occupies a third of the whole length, it stands upon an area of 300 feet by 100 feet. The ground-plan exhibits a vestibule, *prothyrum*, or inner porch, paved with mosaic, and an *atrium*, or public reception-room, roofed over, with an opening in the centre, towards which the roof sloped, so as to direct the rain-water into the *impluvium*, which was a sort of cistern sunk in the floor of the *atrium*. The impluvium was generally adorned with fountains, and the opening above it was shaded by a colored veil, which, while diffusing a softened light, gave coolness to the apartment. The next room is the *tablinum*, a sort of more private appendage to

the atrium, in which the family pictures, archives, statues, and other relics were contained. On either side of the atrium were smaller apartments for the accommodation of guests taking up their abode in the house. In a direct line from the atrium is the *peristyle*, which in ancient houses was the most splendid room in the suite. It was open to the sky in the centre, and surrounded by a colonnade. In the houses of the wealthier classes, the *peristyle* was decorated with shrubs and fountains. On the right of the *peristyle* is the *triclinium*, or dining-room. The prodigality of the Italians in matters of eating is proverbial; and, while they spared no expense in providing banquets, they carried extravagance to its utmost limits in furnishing and decorating their dining-halls. The Pompeians were not so lavish as the citizens of Rome, but the sizes of the rooms in the house of Pansa suggest the conclusion that their furniture must have been of corresponding magnificence. The ground-plan includes also the *œcus*, a hall or saloon for summer use, a winter dining-room, a library, several bedrooms, a servants' hall, and other smaller rooms. There was an upper floor, reached by a staircase, almost every vestige of which has perished. Attached to the house are four shops, which were let to tenants, one shop intended for the sale of the spare agricultural produce of the owner's estates, and two baking establishments. The houses of the wealthier classes were generally surrounded by shops, which were sometimes of the meanest character, and entirely marred the elevation to the street. On the opposite side to that on which the shops stand in the house of Pansa are three small houses, which were probably let to lodgers. In one of these were found the skeletons of four women, with gold ear and finger-rings and other valuables.

In the kitchen of Pansa's house was found a curious painting, representing the worship of the Lares who presided over provisions and cooking utensils. On each side of the picture different sorts of vegetables are painted. There is a bunch of small birds, a string of fish, a boar, a few cakes—of the precise pattern of some which have been found in Pompeii—an eel spitted on a wire, a ham, a boar's head, and a joint of meat,

which, in such company, may be fairly assumed to be a loin of pork. In the same kitchen there is a stove for stew, before which, when the building was first excavated, lay a knife, a strainer, and a frying pan with four spherical cavities, evidently intended for eggs. Some idea of a Pompeian meal in an establishment like that of Pansa may be gathered from a picture found in another part of the city:

"It represents a table, set out with every requisite for a grand dinner. In the centre is a large dish, in which four peacocks are placed, one at each corner, forming a magnificent dome with their tails. All around are lobsters—one holding in his claws a blue egg, a second an oyster, a third a stuffed rat, a fourth a little basket full of grasshoppers. Four dishes of fish decorate the bottom, above which are several partridges, and hares, and squirrels, each holding its head between its paws. The whole is surrounded by something resembling a German sausage; then comes a row of yolks of eggs; then a row of peaches, small melons, and cherries; and, lastly, a row of vegetables of different sorts. The whole is covered with a sort of green-colored sauce."

In the better class of houses, as for instance in the so-called house of Sallust, there existed a suite of apartments, carefully detached from the remainder of the building, and communicating only with the atrium, to which the name *venereum* was given. Some have concluded from this name, from the privacy of the rooms, and from the character of the pictures on the walls, that they were devoted to profligate orgies. But this theory is open to doubt. The rooms were very likely reserved for family retirement, and especially for the ladies of the establishment. The *venereum* in the house of Sallust was gorgeously decorated. A large painting of Diana and Actæon almost covered the walls. At each end of the portico was a cabinet, paved with marble, and lined breast-high with the same material. A niche in one of these was found to contain an image, a gold vase, a gold coin, and several bronze medals. Near this spot eight small bronze columns were found, which are supposed to have formed part of the supports of a bed. Four skeletons, apparently a female with three slaves, were discovered close by this apartment, of which she was probably the tenant. At her side

lay a round plate of silver—a mirror, doubtless—with several golden rings set with stones, a pair of ear-rings, and five golden bracelets.

The house of the Tragic Poet, of the Great and Little Fountains, of the Faun, of Castor and Pollux, of the Centaur, and many others which have been excavated, exhibit more or less the same plan, and differ mainly in the style and extent of their decoration. The paintings in the house of the Tragic Poet are numerous and very fine. One of these, which represents the parting of Achilles and Briseis, is said to be the most beautiful specimen of ancient painting which has been preserved to modern times. When first discovered, the colors were fresh and transparent, with a tone reminding one of Titian. But, unhappily, the picture suffered much during the excavation, and very little of its former beauty remains. At the door of this house is the well-known mosaic of the dog, with the legend "*Cave Canem*" beneath it. In the house of Castor and Pollux two large chests were found, lined with plates of brass, and decorated with ornaments of bronze. Through the interstices of one of them forty-five gold and five silver coins had fallen, and were found at the time of excavation. The chests had evidently been rifled at an earlier date, for a hole had been cut through the wall of the atrium and another through the sides of one of the chests.

Space forbids any detailed notice of the beautiful suburban villa which lies at a little distance from the city and is supposed to have belonged to Marcus Arrius Diomedes. It is the most extensive and complete of the private buildings yet discovered. From this villa alone it would be possible to form an accurate estimate of the style and elegance of a Roman gentleman's house. But the interest of the ruin is not only antiquarian; it is, in many respects, a more affecting and impressive reminder of the terrible calamity which overwhelmed the city than is to be found on any spot. Near the garden-gate two skeletons were found, one holding in his hand the key of the gate, while beside him were about a hundred gold and silver coins; the other lying near a number of silver vases. In the vaults of one of

the rooms the skeletons of eighteen adult persons, a boy, and an infant lay huddled together in attitudes terribly expressive of the agony of a lingering death. They were covered by several feet of extremely fine ashes, consolidated by the damp. This substance is capable of taking most correct impressions, but unfortunately this property was not noticed until the mass had been broken up. One fragment was preserved, on which was the impression of the neck and breast of a young girl, displaying extraordinary beauty of form. The very texture of her dress is apparent, and by its fineness shows that she was not a slave. Many jewels of great value were found with this group. To the skeletons of two children clung still their blonde hair, though they had been buried for seventeen hundred years. It needs not the pen of the romancist to fill up this picture. The father, in whom the love of life was stronger than parental instinct, fled from his home, accompanied by a slave, who carried the most precious movables, seeking to make his way to the sea. His daughter, his two little children, and his many household retainers sought refuge from the shower of cinders in the vaults, which were already stored with wine-jars and provisions for the winter. But, though they found shelter from the falling cinders, they could not escape the stifling sulphureous vapor which was charged with burning dust, and sooner or later all perished in protracted agony, of which their twisted forms convey too faithful a picture.

Many such tragic stories are told by the remains found in these silent ruins. In the house of the Faun was found the skeleton of a woman, with her hands lifted above her head. She had evidently endeavored to escape from the house, but driven back by the ashes had taken refuge in the *tablinum*. In her extremity she cast her jewels on the pavement, where they were found scattered in every direction. The flooring of the room above her beginning to fall, she lifted her arms in the vain attempt to support the crumbling roof. In this attitude she was found. In a garden near this house the skeleton of a woman, who wore many jewels, was discovered at a height of six or seven feet from the ground. She had evidently surmounted many ob-

stacles, and was seeking to scale a wall, when her strength failed her, and she fell and was suffocated. Under a stone staircase was discovered the skeleton of a man, who had with him a treasure of great value, consisting of gold rings and brass and silver coins. Almost all the skeletons found are those of men and women overcome by the vapor or falling ashes while endeavoring to secure their property. Five skeletons, near the hand of one of which an axe lay, were discovered in a vertical position, nearly fifteen feet from the ground. These were evidently killed, either by falling earth or by mephitic vapors, while searching for treasures after the catastrophe. In the house of the Vestals, and in a room which, judging from its furniture and decorations, was the boudoir of a young girl, was found the skeleton of a little dog. On another spot was made the rare discovery of the skeletons of two horses, with the remains of a *biga*, or chariot.

The showers of pumice stone, by which the city was overwhelmed, were followed "by streams of thick, tenacious mud, which flowed over the deposit." When the objects over which this mud flowed happened to be human bodies, "their decay left a cavity in which their forms were as accurately preserved and rendered as in the mould prepared for the casting of a bronze statue." It occurred to Signor Fiorelli to fill up these cavities with liquid plaster, and so obtain a cast of the objects once enclosed in them. One of the first experiments resulted in the obtaining of casts of four human beings. Two of these, probably mother and daughter, were lying feet to feet; the former in a position of perfect tranquillity, the latter, who seems to have been a girl of fifteen, in an attitude expressive of frightful agony. Her legs are drawn up, and her hands are clenched. With one hand she had drawn her veil over her head, to screen herself from the ashes and the smoke. The texture and shape of her dress may be distinctly traced; and here and there, where her dress is torn, "the smooth young skin appears in the plaster like polished marble." The third figure is that of a woman of about twenty-five. Her dress, and the jewellery found near her, indicate that she was of high rank. One of

her arms is raised, as if in despair; her hands are both clenched convulsively. The fourth figure is that of a tall, stalwart man, with coarse dress, and heavy sandals studded with nails. He lies on his back, his arms extended and his feet stretched out, as though, finding escape impossible, he had made up his mind to die like a man. His features are marked, some of his teeth yet remain, and a portion of his moustache adheres to the plaster of the cast.

A very imperfect idea of the trade of Pompeii may be gathered from the shops so far excavated. There are several bakers' shops, which, with their mills, ovens, kneading troughs, and vessels, some of which contain flour and loaves of bread in a carbonized state, leave nothing wanting to our knowledge of this department of business. There is also, near the house of the Tragic Poet, a building which was evidently used as a scouring-house. The pictures and implements found there give us a fair insight into the art of fulling and scouring cloth, an art more important in the days of Pompeii than now. These are the only trades of which the ruins afford adequate illustration. An apothecary's shop furnishes drugs, glasses, phials of singular form, and liquids, still retaining the pungent taste of former days. A variety of surgical instruments was discovered in another quarter, some resembling instruments still in use, and others of the purpose of which it would be vain to hazard a guess. Some instruments for use in obstetrical practice are said to equal in ingenuity and convenience the best efforts of modern cutlers. Almost all traces of other professions have vanished. A very interesting glimpse of the more private and domestic life of Pompeii is afforded by the inscriptions yet to be seen upon the walls. We do not refer to such as are cut in stone, or affixed to public buildings, but to those that are painted or chalked, or scratched on the stucco with a sharp instrument. Political advertisements were generally painted in large black or red letters, on a white ground, a coat of white paint always furnishing a fresh surface. Some of the political advertisements remind us of the electioneering tactics of modern days, and show that party spirit ran high among the Pom-

peians. Recommendations of candidates are often accompanied by a word or two of praise; sometimes they are signed by private persons, and sometimes by guilds or corporations. Indeed, there seem to have been trade unions at Pompeii. Occasionally the recommendation is a squib, and is signed by the *scribibi*, or "latetoppers," or the *dormientes universi*, "the worshipful company of sleepers." The inscriptions scratched on the stucco are of more private interest. The writer informs society that he is troubled with a cold. Another denounces somebody who does not invite him to supper as a brute and a barbarian. Inscriptions on the inner walls are yet more domestic; having reference to the number of tunics sent to the wash, the quantity of lard bought, the birthday of a child, and even of a donkey.

Passing by the tombs, theatres, gardens, and other questions of interest, from want of space, it remains for us briefly to notice the literature of the Pompeian excavations. The work of Mazois, which contains nearly two hundred plates, and embraces the results of the excavations from 1757 to 1821, is on the whole the most able and exhaustive, though of course deficient in relation to more recent discoveries. Donaldson and Sir William Gell owe much of their material and some of their plates to Mazois. The work of Overbeck, which is written in German, is very learned, but embarrassed by theories which sacrifice probability to originality. The beautiful work of the Niccolini, now in course of publication at Naples, and containing some exquisitely colored plates, is too expensive for the majority of readers. The work of the Commendatore Fiorelli, which contains records of the excavations down to 1860, every nail, bolt, and fragment discovered in the ruins being tabulated, is too diffuse for general purposes. It is invaluable, however, to the archaeologist. Many important pamphlets and small volumes on particular buildings, inscriptions, and works of art have been published, but they are too numerous for popular utility. The best compendium of the history, buildings, and antiquities of Pompeii is that of Dr. Dyer, which is based on a small volume published nearly forty years since under the superintend-

ence of the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*. The information contained in it is judiciously arranged, and with sufficient vividness to give interest even to the driest details. It furnishes records of the excavations down to the latest date, and is enriched by an admirable itinerary for the guidance of the traveller. To those who have no opportunity of personally visiting one of the most interesting sites of history, Dr. Dyer's book will prove a great benefit, and almost a compensation.

Dublin University Magazine.

"OLD SIR DOUGLAS."*

THERE can be little doubt that in "Old Sir Douglas" the Hon. Mrs. Norton has attained her highest excellence as a writer of fiction—not only has that tale an advantage over "Lost and Saved," in not being written, as the phrase is, "for a purpose," but over all her other prose works in vigor of interest, in profusion of thought and poetry; and, more strikingly still, in variety and singularity of character. If the book contained no other portrait than that of Alice Ross, that one marvellous delineation would suffice to stamp it as a work of the highest order of genius. But this book is characterized by all the brilliant singularities of its celebrated authoress. Mrs. Norton's narrative is impassioned in the sense in which a speech is impassioned. It is a statement of an extraordinary case, by an advocate of startling force, fancy, sarcasm, and pathos. It differs from other stories, not only in the measure of its power, but in the attitude of its narrator. Mrs. Norton handles the story she tells and the persons who figure in it, like an advocate in the forum. She denounces, she applauds—she throws her own passionate sympathies undisguisedly into her narrative, and the reader finds himself carried away by a double force—by the extraordinary interest of the tale, and by the enthusiasm of its reciter. It is this predomi-

* "Old Sir Douglas." By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.* London: Hurst and Blackett.

* A fine portrait of Mrs. Norton appeared in the Ecclectic Magazine some years since, and can be had at this office.—Ed.

nance of the rhetorical temperament which distinguishes Mrs. Norton essentially from all contemporary story-tellers, and contributes one powerful element to the general fascination of her fictions.

The generous partialities and antipathies to which her impetuous eloquence is subservient, aid in stimulating the feelings of the reader, who lays down the book with a consciousness of having been wrought upon by something more than the situations, the dialogue, and the characters which enter strictly into a story—of having been pleaded with, harangued, and inflamed by an orator difficult to resist, during the entire movement of the drama.

In her method of treating a story, there are other peculiarities distinguishing her manner in a very marked way from that of most other writers of romance. There is hardly to be found in the entire work a single page of *mere* narrative. There runs through it a fine essayic vein of illustration drawn from acute observation and often from very profound thought.

The thinking faculty of the reader is thus kept in continual play, while his fancy is charmed by the poetic faculty and brilliant wit which beautify and illuminate, without ever disturbing this current of severer thought. The proportion of this delightful and brilliant ingredient is so large as to impart a very singular charm to the work. We have mentioned that sparkling quality which is the natural heritage of Mrs. Norton. There are touches, too, of delicate humor, and playful, feminine irony, to be found in these pages, which to those familiar with the writings of Mrs. Frances Sheridan will recall one of the happiest gifts of that delightful mind.

To support what we have said respecting the "essayic ingredient" of which we have spoken, and which everywhere pervades this powerful book, we reprint, with hardly an attempt at selection, a few examples of the graver discussion which flows concurrently with the story.

"On their way to Glenrossiel! Ah, what other rapture, what other fulness of joy, shall compare to the day, when the woman who loves deeply and truly is borne to the home of the man she so loves?"

"For ever! The human 'for ever'—the for ever 'till death do us part'—how it

stretches out its illimitable future of joy, as we sit, hand linked in hand, sure of each other, of existence, of love, of all that makes a paradise of earth; and the hedges and boundaries that divide lands flee past before our dreaming eyes; and the morning sun glows into noon, and the noon burns and fades; and the day sinks again, with a crimson haze, into sunset—and perhaps the sweet and quiet light—the pale light of the moon—swims up, into that sea of blue men call the sky; while still we are journeying on to the one spot on earth where we have cast our anchor of hope; to the trees and lawns, and rocks and hills, and gardens of flowers, and paths of delight, which *were* till now all *his*, but since the morning are *ours*!—the place we have loved without ever seeing it, perhaps,—the place that saw his boyhood; where his people drew breath; where his dear ones have lived and died; where *we* hope to live and die—Home! The blessed word HOME!"

"If there were not daily examples to familiarize us with the marvel, we might wonder at the strange way in which Nature asserts herself; or rather, at the effects of Nature and accident combined, in the characters of individuals.

"We see children, all brought up in one home, under the same tutelage, as different as night from day. Pious sons and daughters, sprung from infidel and profligate parents; unredeemed and incorrigible rascals from honest and religious fathers; fools, that fritter away the vanishing hours, they themselves scarcely know how, born where steady conduct and deep knowledge seemed the very life of those around them—and earnest, intelligent, and energetic souls springing up, like palm-trees in the desert sand, where never a thought has been given to mental culture or religious improvement."

"There are persons who talk much and readily of their feelings, and who yet leave you in uncertainty both as to the sincerity and the motive of their confession; and there are others whose rare allusions to themselves and their private joys or sorrows seem to come like gleams of light, showing their whole inner nature."

"I wonder if women who are 'first objects' in some large and happy home circle—or even 'first objects' to the objects they themselves love—ever ruminate over the condition of one who is *nobody's* first object. How lone in the midst of company such a one must feel! What silence must lie under all their talking and laughing! What strange disruption from the linked chain that holds all the rest together! What exile, though ever present! What starvation of soul, in

the midst of all those great shares of love meted out around her!"

"Woe to the man who is loved with the passion that has neither tenderness nor affection to soften it: who is loved not for his own sake, but for the selfish sake of the woman who has mated with him. The opposite of that love is hate. The serpent hatched from the Egyptian warmth of that sterile soil, is vengeance. Pity, and regret, and the sad quiet partings of a humbled heart; the unutterable and fiery sense of wrong quenched and conquered by a flood of better and holier feelings: all these things are unknown to such women. Their impulse is to slay Jason's children to punish Jason. They fulfil the Scriptural malediction which says, 'Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel.'"

We may, without violating the mystery of the story, reprint here one of its many pathetic and powerful scenes, because it meets us almost *in limine*, in the second chapter, and discloses nothing which the reader is not intended to know at the outset.

"Sir Douglas rode to Torrieburn almost as desperately as his brother had done the night before. He found the handsome rider he had fondly watched at his departure, a bruised, shattered, groaning wretch. His horse, over-spurred, and bewildered by the drifting rain and howling storm, had swerved on the old-fashioned, sharp-angled bridge that crossed the Falls of Torrieburn close to his home, and had dashed with his rider over the low parapet in among the rocks below.

"Close to home; luckily close to home!"

"Near enough for the wild shout he gave as he fell, and even the confused sound of the roll of shaken-down stones, and terrible weight of horse and rider falling on the bed of the torrent, to reach the house, and the quick ear of one who was waiting and watching there. For Kenneth's bachelor home was not a lonely one. Startling was the picture that presented itself in that drear morning's light when Sir Douglas entered. The weariest frightened form he ever beheld in the shape of woman, sat at the foot of the bed. Untidy, dishevelled, beautiful; her great white arms stretched out with clasped hands, shuddering every time that Kenneth groaned; her reddish-golden hair stealing in tangled locks from under the knotted kerchief, which she had never untied or taken off since she had rushed out into the storm and scrambled down to the Falls the night before. The lower part of her dress, still soaked and dripping, covered with mud and moss—one of her loose stockings torn at the ankle, and the blood oozing through—her petticoat, too, torn on that side. She had evidently slipped in attempting to reach the horse and rider.

"Douglas spoke first to her, and he spoke to her of herself; not of his brother.

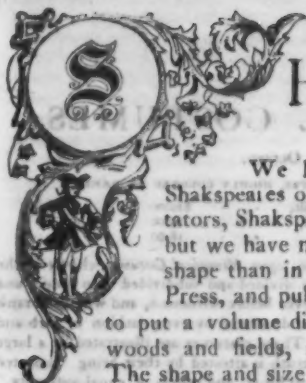
"'Och!' she said, and her teeth chattered as she spoke, 'ye'll no mind me, sir! it's naething. I just drappit by one hand frae the brace, in amang the stanes to get at him, and sae gat hurtit. Ou Kenneth! Kenneth! Kenneth! Ou my man! my ain man!' and rocking wildly to and fro while the rain beat against the window, and the storm seemed to rock the trees in unison with her movements, she ceased to speak.

"The dying man moved his lips with a strange sort of smile, but no sound came. Douglas knelt down by him; and, as he did so, was conscious of the presence of a little nestling child, the most lovely little face that ever looked out of a picture, that was sitting at the bed-head, serene and hopeful in all this trouble, and saying to him with a shy smile, —'Are ye the doctor? and will ye put daddy a' richt? We've been waiting lang for the doctor.'

"No doctor could save Kenneth—no, not if the aching heart of his elder brother had resolved to bring him life at the price of his whole estate. He was fast going—fast! The grief of the ungovernable woman at his bed-foot only vaguely disturbed him. He was beginning to be withdrawn from earthly sights and earthly sounds. But Sir Douglas tried to calm her. He besought her to be still; to go away and wash her wounded limb and tear-swollen face, and arrange herself, and return, and meanwhile he would watch Kenneth till the doctor came. No, she wouldn't—no, she couldn't—no, he might die while she was out of the way—no, 'she had see the last o' him, and then dee.' She offered no help; she was capable of no comfort; she kept up her loud lament, so as to bewilder all present; and it was a positive relief to Sir Douglas when, with a sudden shiver through her whole frame, she slid from the bed-foot to the floor in a swoon."

The Doctor and his assistant arrive—"bone-setters," from the village of Torrieburn, and the admission soon comes—that beyond some trifling palliatives, their simple skill can devise nothing—Kenneth must die.

"When the doctor had arranged that dying bed for the best—and had attended to the miserable woman who had fainted, and had brought her back, pale, exhausted, but quieter, to the sick chamber—Kenneth made a feeble effort to raise himself; an exertion which was followed by a dreadful groan. Then he murmured twice the name of 'Maggie!—dear Maggie!' and Sir Douglas rose up, and made way for the trembling creature so called upon, to kneel down in his place, adjuing her, for the love of heaven—for the love of Kenneth—



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not to give way, but keep still; getting only from her a burst of sobbing, and the words, 'Kill me! oh, kill me! and then maybe ye'll hush me down.' There seemed 'no hushing her down,' till suddenly Kenneth said, in a sort of dreamy voice, 'Maggie, you'll call to mind the birken trees—the birken trees!'

"The woman held her breath. There was no need to quiet her now.

"The birken trees by the broomy knowe,' repeated he, dreamily; and in a low, clear tone, he added, 'I'm sorry, Maggie.'

"Then opening his eyes with a fixed look, he said, 'Dear Douglas!' in a tone of extreme, almost boyish tenderness; and then followed a renewed silence, broken only by the wild gusty winds outside the house, and the distant sound of the fatal Falls of Torrieburn. All at once, with the rallying strength that sometimes precedes death, he spoke clearly and intelligibly. 'Douglas! be kind—I'm going—I'm dying—be kind to my Kenneth, for the sake of days when we were boys together! Don't forsake him! don't deny him! Have pity, too, on Maggie!'

"A little pause after that, and he spoke more restlessly:—'I'm asking others, and I ought to do it myself. It's I who forsake them: it's I that didn't pity. I say—I say—are you all here? Douglas! the doctor—ah! yes, and my father's factor,—Well—I—'

"He struggled for a moment, with blue, blanched lips; then, feeling for the little curled head of the child at the further side of his bed, and locking his right hand in the hand of the kneeling woman, he said: 'I trust Douglas with these. I declare Margaret Carmichael my wife, and I acknowledge Kenneth Carmichael Ross as my lawful son!'

"The woman gave a suppressed shriek; she sprang up from her knees, and flung her arms round the dying man with a wild 'Och, I thank ye—I thank ye! and mither'll thank ye for ever! Oul my Kenneth!'

"He turned his head toward her with that unutterable smile that often flits over dying faces. Brighter and fonder his smile could not have been in the days of their first love: 'by the broomy knowe, under the birken trees,' and perhaps his thoughts were there, even in that supreme hour. No other word, except a broken ejaculation of prayer, came from him; only the bystanders 'saw a great change'—the change there is no describing—come over his brow. The anguish of mortal pain seemed to melt into peace. A great sigh escaped him, such as bursts from the bosom in some sudden relief from suffering, and the handsome man was a handsome corpse.

"He who had been so much to that wailing woman, had become it! 'it,' 'the body,' that perishable form which had clothed the eternal soul, and was now to be carried away

and hidden under the earth, 'to suffer corruption,' and join the unseen throng of those whose place in this world 'shall know them no more.'

Maggie is drawn with the daring skill and utter fidelity which characterize every picture in old Sir Douglas—a skill and a fidelity which remind one of the homely literalities which in Hogarth's and in Shakespeare's pictures startle one with their undeniable reality, and render the sublime of tragedy more sublime by a touch of prosaic and vulgar nature. In this sort of contrast Mrs. Norton is a consummate artist; nothing is disguised of Maggie's coarseness, violence, and vulgarities; she receives the benefit neither of distance, nor of darkened windows; she is in nowise idealized, nor translated into a statue; we see her in the broadest daylight, and face to face, without having been spared one intonation of her Scottish brogue, and savage uproar, or a single aggravation of her fierceness, and grossness, and vulgar savagery; and yet with all this—and in great measure—such is the mystery of true art, *because* of this, Maggie is nearly always interesting, and often by reason of the wild burst and tempest of her ungoverned affections, positively sublime—Maggie alone would make the success and the interest of a good novel; and yet such is the wealth and perfection of portraiture—especially of female portraiture—in these pages, that Maggie might very easily lose her legitimate prominence among the creations of fiction, by her juxtaposition with the other more strange and striking, though not more finished pictures, in these powerful volumes.

The most singular figure that rises before us, at the weird beck of Mrs. Norton's pen, and that which, with strangest fascination, haunts our eyes, days after her book is shut—is undoubtedly that of Alice Ross. In the earlier chapters of the tale we become acquainted with her as a child, cold, cautious, repellant, and yet with a certain silent prettiness and grace. This little girl, the half-sister of old Sir Douglas, is harbored by him, after her mother's death, at his Highland castle of Glenrossie, of which she becomes "the lady," and in due time does all the honors for him. This position,

however, is changed; Sir Douglas brings home a beautiful young wife, and the first home-transport of the bride are succeeded by a faint sense of danger—a trouble thus described:

"And then, very slowly, very quietly, very unexpectedly, and yet very clearly, she awoke to the perception that in her paradise there was a snake.

"Not a creature that awed and yet fascinated; whose presence was a mystery, and its counsel almost a scornful command. But a little sliding, slithering, mean, small snake; a 'snake in the grass'; a snake whose tiny bite the heel might almost carelessly spurn when it seemed to pursue, and whose power to wound might be doubted and smiled over, till the miracle of death by its venom were irrevocably proved! A snake that looked like a harmless eft.

"Nothing but the instinctive repulsion which exists in certain natures to reptiles even when unseen, their presence being discoverable to the inner soul of feeling though not to the outward sense, could have inspired Gertrude with the aversion she gradually felt for Sir Douglas's half-sister, Alice Ross.

"Alice had not offended the bride; on the contrary, she flattered her; she obviously endeavored to please, to wind around her, to become necessary to her. She went beyond the mere yielding up gracefully the small delegated authority which for many years she had seemed to exercise—from being 'the only one of the family resident at the castle.' She was not satisfied with dropping to the condition of friend and equal; she rather assumed that of poor relation and humble companion. She chose toleration, and repudiated welcome. As to the near connection between herself and Sir Douglas, she always alluded to it in a humble, half-mournful, apologetic manner, as if it were a fault, but not *her* fault; and yet a fault for which she was willing to make amends to the extent of her feeble powers. She behaved toward him as toward one who was to be admired, revered, wondered at;—but to love him would be taking too great a liberty. Still, in her own subservient way she contrived to impress him with a notion of humble worship; and she lost no opportunity of increasing that impression even while she deprecated all evidences of its ruling spirit in her mind."

We know not whether this picture has its particular counterpart in life. We cannot recollect, however, having actually met its original. And yet with the mysterious recognition we sometimes experience in dreams, we know Alice Ross instantly.

"Alice was certainly what in common parlance is called, even when the party still retains claims to personal attraction, 'an old maid.'

"Alice *did* retain claims to personal attraction. Her well-shaped head—though its banded hair was of that disagreeable dry drab color, which had not yet the advantage of our modern fashion of being dyed of a golden red—surmounted a long, slender, white throat; and a figure which, if somewhat too spare for artistic notions of beauty, was, as her maid expressed it, 'jimp and genteel.'

"She moved (as she spoke) with slow precision; and not without some degree of grace. The only positively disagreeable thing about her was a certain watchfulness which disturbed and fascinated you. Do what you would, Alice's eyes were on you. You felt them fixed on your shoulder; your forehead; the back of your head; your hands; your feet; the sheet of paper on which you were writing a letter; the title and outside cover of the book you were reading; the harmless list you were making out of your day's shopping; the anxious calculation of your year's income; and the little vague sketch you scribbled while your mind was occupied about other things.

"I have spoken of her as the snake in this paradise; but there was something essentially *feline*, also, in her whole manner; and indeed the cat is, among inferior animals, what the snake is among a lower order of creatures. The noiseless, cautious, circuitous mode in which she made her way across a room was cat-like; the dazed quiet of her eyes on common occasions, had the expression of a cat sitting in the sun; and the startling illumination of watchful attention in them at other times, recalled to our fancy the same creature catching sight of its prey. Even the low purring, and rubbing of pussy's soft fur against your side, seemed to find its analogy in her slow, soft words of flattery: as the gentle approach, which neither required nor even accepted any returning caress, resembled the gliding to and fro on some familiar hearth of that unloving little domestic animal, whose cry is alien and weird to our ears, and its shape like a diminished tiger.

"Above all, in her gravity and changelessness she was cat-like."

"In all that touched *herself*, she was keen, far-sighted, and long remembering. She never forgot an injury. She never omitted an opportunity.

"Her cat-like resemblance extended to the order and method of her every-day life. In the open daylight of social intercourse she was tranquil and unobtrusive, or purring and courteous; but in the darkness of solitary hours—in the Lone Den—her mind prowled and capered, and took its light

leaps in pursuit of prey. There, the dazed eyes resumed their brilliant watchfulness; and gleamed over the gloom of her destiny. There, the many calculations for small and great ends were methodically arranged, and plans laid for besieging, undermining, and beleaguering, such as find no place in military books. The tactics of Elian were nothing in comparison with the tactics of Alice."

We have hitherto seen this feline creature in her normal state of apathy and vigilance. For one moment let us look at her in the solitude of her room, agitated by the wild, almost insane passion of which her seemingly cold nature is capable.

"He was gone forth; gone forth from her—even she scarce knew where, or for how long, but gone—gone out into the temptation of pleasing and being pleased elsewhere; and when Alice thought of it, that pale and apparently passionless woman could have dashed her head against the stone embrasure of her turret-window, or thrown herself from it into the deep courtyard below. Anything to still the fierce beating of blood to and fro in her brain, and deaden the thoughts that chased each other there, of the dark-eyed, meagre, eloquent man, who had been mocking heaven and his fellow-creatures by the assumption of a character as much acted as any on the stage!

"But Alice governed herself, and was outwardly calm. The fox of an evil secret gnawing at her heart should not find her less brave than the Spartan. If she gave way she might destroy him,—she might *hang him*,—those were his words: no matter what they meant: no matter what he was. She would bear,—and live,—and see him again; and rend in pieces any one who attempted to thwart her, or rival her in his affections."

It is quite impossible with the aid of a few tessellated extracts, to reproduce the spell which Mrs. Norton's art gradually and patiently weaves about us, and around this singular creation, in whom we discover, along with so much that is mean, bloodless, cruel, a sinister charm, for which we cannot account, except by a sort of witchcraft; and after whom, even when we have ceased to hope, in her, for one secret point of human sympathy, unless we are to except such passion as a sorceress is imagined sometimes to cherish for a human object, we linger with a perverted fascination.

In this feminine gallery we are irresistibly arrested by another portrait—gaunt, repulsive—with whose general effect we are familiar; but with the hard lines, minute wrinkles, and undefinable singularities of expression which indicate an unquestionable individuality. It is the full length figure of the Countess of Clochnaben.

"The Countess of Clochnaben was standing with her hands behind her, superintending the planting of some trees, when Alice alighted from her pony.

"She was so tall, and stood so firmly, that you might think she herself had been planted in the ground; and so thoroughly well planted, that no storm would avail to uproot her. She had been in youth what is termed a 'fine woman,'—very stately; but the worst of immeasurably stately women is, that in old age they are apt to become gaunt. The Countess of Clochnaben *had* become gaunt. She was also very severe in her opinion of others; gaunt in mind as well as body. She kept very early hours. The iron vibration of the rusty old clock in the courtyard, very seldom had the advantage of her in getting the hours of six in summer and seven in winter struck fairly through, before her stern tread was heard on the outer staircase. These morning hours being often chill, and the gusty mountain-gaps full of what Shakespeare calls 'an eager and a nipping air,' she habitually wore over her cap, as a shield against rheumatic headache, a small quilted black silk bonnet; and when she headed her breakfast-table, what with this peculiarity of costume, the rigid and erect carriage of her tall body, and the prepared severity of her mouth, she looked like a venerable judge about to pass sentence on a criminal.

"And, indeed, she was continually passing sentence on criminals. Most of her neighbors and connections were criminals in her eyes; and she spent her time in reviewing their conduct with much asperity."

For sake of the *naïve* terms in which it is conveyed, we must here permit the Countess to utter one of her characteristic *dicta*—as she liked to term the emphatic expressions of her opinion.

"'You should not encourage such doings at Glenrossie,' said the dowager, severely; 'there never was mirth or singing since I can remember the place, on such an improper day as the Lord's day.'"

From this Rembrandt we turn to a portrait, young, refined, and voluptuous. The Spanish bride of young Kenneth Ross arrives as the guest of "old Sir

Douglas and Lady Ross, at their beautiful Scottish castle."

"When Donna Eusebia did at last appear, they saw a most undeniable beauty: though she looked (as, indeed, she was) some years older than Kenneth. What with the splendor of a rich complexion, made richer by the addition of rouge; the glossiness of hair made glossier with strongly-scented oils; the deep crimson of the carnations twisted with black lace, on her head; the gems that glittered on her neck; the sudden turn and flashing of her glorious black eyes, and the equally sudden flirting and shutting of a painted fan mounted in mother-of-pearl and gold, the motion of which was so incessant that it seemed an integral portion of her living self; what with the gleaming smile when the curled lips parted and left her white teeth, like waves in the sunshine disclosing a shell; what with the pretty trick she had, at the end of every laugh (and she laughed often), of giving a mischievous bite to the full underlip, as though to punish it back to gravity; and what with the fling and leap of the soft fringes on her robe when she turned with quick animation to answer you,—there was so much lustre and movement about her, that it seemed as if she were a fire-fly transformed by magic into a woman. And, if she stood still (as she very seldom did), the curve of her neck and back resembled some beautiful scroll-work in sculpture; while her tiny forward foot shone in its satin shoe, a separate miracle,—for you wondered how anything so small could have so much strength and majesty in it."

Very happy and brilliant is Mrs. Norton's sketch of the London triumphs of this foreign beauty:

"If ever that Tantalus thirst, the love of admiration, could be satisfied, certainly it should have been in the exceptional case of Donna Eusebia's triumphal progress through the London season. She 'made *furor*,' as the foreign phrase terms it. A hundred *lorgnons* were aimed at her sparkling face as she leaned from her opera-box, her graceful arms half nestled in scarlet and gold shawls, or Moorish bournouses of white and gold, black and gold, purple and gold, as the fancy of the evening moved her; for Eusebia had as many shawls and gowns as our vestal and over-rated Queen Elizabeth.

"She laid her dresses and wreaths out in the morning on her bed, and studied what the evening should bring forth. She tried on her jewels at the glass, and rehearsed the performances of her *coiffeur*. She tossed a white blonde mantilla over her glossy head, and stuck orange blossoms under the comb, and tossed it off again, to replace it with heavy black lace and a yellow rose. She sat mute

and motionless, contemplating her own little satin shoes with big rosettes to them, and then sprang up and assaulted that bewitching *chausure*; pulling off the rosettes, and putting in glittering buckles; relapsing thereafter into the mute idolatry of contemplation. She wore her jet black hair one day so smoothly braided that her head looked as if carved in black marble, and the next it was all loose, and wayward, and straying about, as if she had been woke out of a restless slumber, and carried off to a party without having had time allowed her to comb it through.

"All the London dandies,—half the grave politicians,—a quarter of the philosophic sages,—and a very large proportion of the Established Church, both High and Low,—thought, spoke, and occupied themselves, chiefly with reference to the fact of the appearance of this Star of Granada. The pine-apples and flowers of every great country-house, and the time of the masters of such houses, were at her entire disposal. It was rather a favor conferred than received, when she consented to accept a peer's ticket for some state show, or the opening ceremonies of Parliament. Statesmen sat round her after the cabinet was over; and indeed in some cases were even suspected of hurrying the happy moment of their release from such duties, in order to be in time to ride with her in the park. Bishops wrote her facetious and kindly little notes. Poets extolled her charms in every measure possible in the English language, including the doubtful possibility of hexameters. Beautiful fresh young girls were presented at Court and made their *début* in the world of fashion, and the greatest compliment that could be paid to the mothers of such as were brunettes was to say that 'about the eyes,' or 'cheek,' or 'chin,' or 'mouth,' or *tout ensemble*, they had 'a look' of Donna Eusebia."

In the twining of this powerful tale are many strands of interest. One of these is anxious and even provoking. It results from a reserve in which the sort of cowardice which prefers a perilous silence to a frank but somewhat ambiguous disclosure, carries the person, Lady Ross, in whose happiness we actually feel, and are intended to feel, a degree of interest amounting almost to pain, to the verge of a ruinous self-sacrifice. Extreme frankness is often the expression of the merest callosity; reserve, on the other hand, is more frequently a form of sensitiveness than of suspicion. Gertrude Ross is eminently sensitive and unselfish; an instinctive horror of giving pain leads her to consider the feelings of others, even the unworthiest and the

most unkindly, in preference to her own happiness and even safety. We find her gratuitously keeping the very questionable secrets of unamiable and unscrupulous persons, one of whom at least has evinced an active desire to injure her. These secrets have come to her without the complication of any confidence on the part of the odious people whom they concern, and in keeping which from her husband—a frank, trusting, and tender gentleman, whom she loves almost idolatrously—she compromises her own reputation, and of necessity his happiness. That such things do happen now and then is only too true. But we have little patience with the feminine folly and secrecy which drop, here and there, bit by bit, the materials of a constructive case, which secret enemies and interested intriguers may put together at their leisure against the fair fame and the peace of a happy home. While in this one instance, pregnant with calamitous results, we complain of the heroine's indecision and even folly, we are bound to remark that Gertrude Ross is no conventional lady after the pink and white wax-work model. We have the distinctest possible idea of her in person, tastes, character, and style. She takes her place in the story as thoroughly individualized in her way as the hardest or wickedest person of the drama; and it is exactly because we feel that we have seen and known her, that we are so nervously interested in her happiness, and so incensed at her own temporary mismanagement of it.

Mrs. Norton's novel is glowing from first to last with color. The ease and rapidity with which she *describes*, are magical. Natural scenery she paints with the touch, not of an artist, but of an enchanter. Her process is a mystery. We witness no exertion and need no patience. Trees, mountains, rocks, and skies expand before us in the glory and harmony of their hues and outlines. In like manner, whatever other object—be it peculiar figure, elaborate costume; face, dismal and wicked, or pure and lovely, she chooses you to see—you do see, and remember afterward, not as a dream but a reality that has traced itself in your brain. To this rare power of description Mrs. Norton adds the still rarer gift of translating the spirit and

poetry of that which she makes you see into expression; and not only have we this never-ending play of fancy, but the charm of an intellectual activity, which at every second page hints a thought, or invites discussion, or investigates the moral of her situations, or the mysteries of human nature, with a facile and profound penetration. This stream of original thought sparkling through the entire work, stimulates in the reader a corresponding mental activity, and is one of the chief delights which await an acquaintance with this extraordinary novel.

We have observed a careful reticence respecting the plot and denouement of the story. As we have before hinted, there are several—indeed, no less than three—principal veins of interest in the book. That which concerns Alice Ross and James Frere is heightened by the mystery which, skilfully managed, so powerfully contributes to the exciting ingredient of romantic fiction. It is enough to say of the plan of this story that it owes nothing to the received precedents of fiction. The symmetry of a well-knit plot is disguised by a treatment which makes the whole story, with a gathering impetus, flow to its conclusion, so like a piece of real life, that we are cheated into discussing its incidents and persons like actual griefs and real men and women. Slight as has been this notice, we have placed, we believe, sufficient matter in evidence to satisfy our readers that we were right in pronouncing "Old Sir Douglas," Mrs. Norton's unquestionably greatest prose work.

Cornhill Magazine.

SHOOTING-STARS, METEORS, AND AÉROLITES.

On a calm, clear night, when

All the stars
Shine, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest,

the contemplation of the celestial vault raises in the least thoughtful mind vague suggestions of infinity, eternity, and omnipotence. A knowledge of the wonders which have been revealed by modern

astronomical investigations, largely enhances these emotions. Looking into the starlit depths of heaven, the astronomer knows that the objects presented to him shine from distances so great, that not only are they inconceivable themselves, but that the very unit by which he attempts to gauge them is inconceivable. He knows that what he sees is not that which *is*, but that which *was*—years ago as respects the nearer parts of the heaven-scape, but long ages ago, he doubts not, as respects faintly shining stars visible only by momentary scintillations. He has good reasons, indeed, for surmising that the diffused illumination, which, on the darkest night lights up the background of the view, had been travelling toward the earth myriads of ages before she had assumed her present state, or had been inhabited by the races now subsisting upon her surface. So long, he believes, has light,—which would eight times girdle the earth in a second,—been occupied in journeying toward us from the depths into which he is gazing. Thus the same view exhibits to him eternity of time and infinity of space. He sees also omnipotence in the operation of those laws—the impress of the Almighty mind—under whose action all that he sees is undergoing a process of change, vast, resistless, unending, yet so solemn in its grand progress that man knows no apter type for immutability.

To an observer impressed with these emotions, the contrast is startling when there is a sudden exhibition of life and motion in the calm realms of night. We cannot, however, look for any long interval of time toward any quarter of the sky, without perceiving indications more or less distinct of objects other than the fixed stars. Now on one side, now on another, we seem to catch momentary glimpses of moving light, disappearing too rapidly to be detected. But before many minutes have elapsed we receive less doubtful evidence. There sweeps silently and swiftly across the starlit depths a palely-gleaming light, which disappears after traversing an arc of greater or less extent. We know not how it may be with others, but to ourselves the impression conveyed by the apparition of a shooting-star, is that no apter emblem can be conceived of the

finite and the feeble.* The suddenness with which these objects appear, their hasty movements, and their short duration, alike conduce to render as marked as possible the contrast they present to the fixed stars.

But though shooting-stars are short-lived, and apparently insignificant, yet we shall presently see that the relations they present to other celestial objects are not unimportant. We are brought by means of them into contact, so to speak, with external space. "Accustomed to know non-telluric bodies solely by measurement, by calculation, and by the inferences of our reason," writes Humboldt, "it is with a kind of astonishment that we touch, weigh, and submit to chemical analysis, metallic and earthy masses appertaining to the world without." The vulgar sense sees, in shooting-stars, nothing but "dying sparks in the clear vault of heaven;" the reflecting mind will find much to arouse interest, and much that is worthy of close study and investigation.

We proceed to present the result of observations—(i.) casual and (ii.) particular—which have been made on shooting-stars, meteors, and aërolites.

A careful observer directing his attention toward any quarter of the sky on a clear night, will see on an average six shooting-stars per hour. We may assume, therefore, that about fifteen appear above the horizon of any place during each hour. More appear after than before midnight, the most favorable time for observation being from one o'clock to three. In tropical climates shooting-stars are seen oftener, and shine far more brilliantly than in our northern climates. This peculiarity is due, no doubt, to the superior purity and serenity of the air within and near the tropics, not to any real superiority in the number of falling-stars. Sir Alexander Burnes, speaking of the transparency of the dry atmosphere of Bokhara, a place not farther south than Madrid, but raised 1,200 feet above the sea-level, says: "The stars have uncommon lustre,

* "The spinstress Werpeju," says a Lithuanian myth, "spins the thread of the new-born child, and each thread ends in a star. When death approaches, the thread breaks, and the star falls, quenching its light, to the earth."—Grimm: *Deutsche Mythologie*.

and the milky way shines gloriously in the firmament. There is also a never-ceasing display of the most brilliant meteors, which dart like rockets in the sky; ten or twelve of them are sometimes seen in an hour, assuming every color—fiery-red, blue, pale, and faint.” In our climate about two-thirds of all the shooting-stars seen are white; next in frequency come yellow stars, one yellow star being seen for about five white stars. There are about twice as many yellow as orange stars, and more than twice as many orange as green or blue stars.

Meteors or fire-balls are far less common than shooting-stars. They are magnificent objects, their brilliancy often exceeding that of the full moon. Some, even, have been so brilliant as to cast a shadow in full daylight. They are generally followed by a brilliant luminous train, which seems to be drawn out of the substance of the fire-ball itself. Their motion is not commonly uniform, but (so to speak) impulsive; they often seem to follow a waved or contorted path; their form changes visibly, and in general they disappear with a loud explosion. Occasionally, however, a meteor will be seen to separate without explosion into a number of distinct globes, accompanying each other in parallel courses, and each followed by a train. “Sometimes,” says Kaemtz, “a fire-ball is divided into fragments, each of which forms a luminous globe, which then bursts in its turn; in others the mass, after having given vent to the interior gases, closes in upon itself, and then swells out anew to burst a second time.” Meteors which move impulsively, generally burst at each bound, giving forth smoke and vapors, and shining afterward with a new lustre. In some instances, the crash of the explosion is so great that “houses tremble, doors and windows open, and men imagine that there is an earthquake.”

Aérolites, or meteoric stones, are bodies which fall from the sky upon the earth. They are less common than meteors, but that they are far from being uncommon is shown by this, that in the British Museum alone there are preserved several hundreds of these bodies. They vary greatly in size and form; some being no larger than a man's fist,

while others weigh many hundreds of pounds. Marshal Bazaine has lately brought from Mexico a meteorite weighing more than three-quarters of a ton; but this weight has been far exceeded in several cases. Thus a meteorite was presented to the British Museum in 1865, which weighs no less than three and a half tons. It had been found near Melbourne, and one half of the mass had been promised to the Melbourne Museum. But fortunately it was saved from injury. A meteorite weighing one and a quarter tons, which had been found close to the greater one, was transferred from the British to the Melbourne Museum, and the great meteorite forwarded unbroken to our national collection. A yet larger meteorite lies on the plain of Tucuman in South America; it has not been weighed, but measurement shows that its weight cannot fall short of fourteen or fifteen tons. It is from seven to seven and a half feet in length.

There have been twenty well-authenticated instances of stone-falls in the British Isles since 1620. One of these took place in the immediate neighborhood of London, on May 18, 1680. Besides these, two meteoric stones, not seen to fall, have been found in Scotland.

The Chinese, who recorded everything, give the most ancient records of stone-falls.* Their accounts of these phenomena extend to 644 years before our era, their accounts of shooting-stars to 687 B.C. We need not remind our classical readers of the stone which fell at *Ægos Potamos*, B.C. 465, and which was as large as two millstones. In the year 921, there fell at Narni a mass which projected four feet above the river, into which it was seen to fall. There is a Mongolian tradition that there fell from heaven upon a plain near the source of the Yellow River, in Western China, a black rocky mass forty feet high. In 1620, there fell at Jahlinder a mass of meteoric iron, from which the Emperor Jehangire had a sword forged.

* The fall of stones said by Livy to have taken place on the Alban Hill, can hardly be accepted as an historical fact. There are, however, indubitable records, not due to human agency, of much more ancient stone-falls; since fossil meteorites are found imbedded in the secondary and tertiary formations.

These traditions had long been known, but men were not very ready to accept, without question, the fact that stones and mineral masses actually fall upon the earth from the sky. In 1803, however, a fall of aërolites occurred which admitted of no cavil. On the 26th of April, in that year, a fiery globe was seen to burst into fragments, nearly over the town of L'Aigle, in Normandy. By this explosion thousands of stones were scattered over an elliptical area seven or eight miles long, and about four miles broad. The stones were hot (but not red-hot) and smoking; the heaviest weighed about seventeen and a half pounds. The sky had been perfectly clear a few moments before the explosion. With a laudable desire to profit by so favorable an opportunity, the French Government sent M. Biot to the scene of the fall. His systematic inquiries and report sufficed to overcome the unbelief which had prevailed on the subject of stone-showers.

Another very remarkable fall is that which took place on October 1, 1857, in the department of Yonne. Baron Seguiet was with some workmen in an avenue of the grounds of Hautefeuille, near Charny, when they were startled by several explosions quite unlike thunder, and by strong atmospheric disturbances. Several windows of the château were found to be broken. At the same time a proprietor of Château-Renard saw a globe of fire "travelling rapidly through the air toward Vernisson." Baron Seguiet heard shortly after that at the same hour a shower of aërolites had fallen a few leagues from Hautefeuille, and in a locality lying precisely in the direction toward which the proprietor of Château-Renard had seen the meteor travelling. A mason had seen the fall, and narrowly escaped being struck by one of the fragments. This piece, which was found buried deep in the earth, near the foot of the mason's ladder, was presented to the Academy of Sciences by Baron Seguiet.

Aërolites often fall from a clear sky. More commonly, however, a dark cloud is observed to form, and the stony shower is seen to be projected from its bosom. It is probable that what appears as a bright train by night is seen as a cloud by day. Something seems to depend on

the position of the observer. The meteor which burst over L'Aigle appeared wholly free from cloud or smoke to those who saw it from Alençon, while to observers in L'Aigle the phenomenon was presented of a dark cloud forming suddenly in a clear sky. In a fall which took place near Kleinwinden (not far from Mühlhausen), on September 16, 1843, a large aërolite descended with a noise like thunder, in a clear sky, and without the formation of any cloud.

The length of time during which fire-balls, which produce aërolites, are visible, has been variously stated; but we have no evidence which would lead us to accept the story of Daïmachos, that the fiery cloud from which the stone of Ægos Potamos was projected had been visible for seventy days in succession. The story seems to identify the author with a certain Daïmachos of Platæa described by Strabo as a "vendor of lies."

There is another singular fiction respecting fire-balls. It was said that shooting-stars and meteors were in reality fibrous gelatinous bodies, and that such bodies had been found where meteors had been seen to fall. Reference is not unfrequently made to this fable by writers ancient and modern. Thus Dryden, in his dedication to *The Spanish Friar*, speaking of Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, says:—"I have sometimes wondered, in the reading, what was become of those glaring colors which amazed me in *Bussy d'Ambois* upon the theatre; but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly; nothing but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting."

One circumstance remains to be mentioned among the results of casual observation. On certain occasions shooting-stars have been observed to fall in much greater numbers than on ordinary nights. Among the earliest records of such a phenomenon is the statement by Theophanes, the Byzantine historian, that in November, 472, at Constantinople, the sky seemed to be alive with flying meteors. In the month of October, 902, again, so many falling-stars were seen that the year was afterwards called the "year of stars." Condé relates that the Arabs connected this fall with the

death of King Ibrahim Ben-Ahmed, which took place on the night of the star-shower. The year 1029 was also remarkable for a great star-fall, and in the annals of Cairo it is related that, "In the year 599, in the last Moharrun (October 19, 1202), the stars appeared like waves upon the sky, toward the east and west; they flew about like locusts, and were dispersed from left to right." A shower of stars, accompanied by the fall of several aërolites, took place over England and France on April 4, 1095. This was considered by many as a token of God's displeasure with King William II.: "Therefore the kynge was tolde by diverse of his familiars that God was not content with his lyvying; but he was so wilful and proud of mind that he regarded little their saying."

In modern times, also, some very remarkable star-showers have been observed. Amongst these one of the most noteworthy was that seen by Humboldt, when travelling with M. Bonpland in South America. He writes:—"On the morning of the 13th of November we saw a most extraordinary display of shooting-stars. Thousands of bolides and stars succeeded each other during four hours. Their motion was very regular from north to south. From the beginning of the phenomenon there was not a space equal in extent to three diameters of the moon, which was not filled each instant with shooting-stars. All the meteors left phosphorescent traces behind them."

In 1833, also, there was a magnificent display of meteoric fireworks. It was accompanied by a brilliant exhibition of the aurora borealis. The same phenomenon was seen also at Bremen, in 1838, during a fall of meteors and shooting-stars.

Before proceeding to detail some of the singular results which have rewarded the modern examination of this interesting subject, it may be well to exhibit the guesses and theories which were suggested of old, to explain the observed phenomena.

The Greeks, as usual with them, guessed boldly, sometimes acutely. Among the earliest of their theories we find the view that shooting-stars are generated by vapors ascending from the earth,—an hypothesis that has been sustained

quite recently by Egen, Fischer, and Ideler. Aristotle supposed that aërolites were masses of stone which had been raised by tempests from the earth's surface. He explained in this way the appearance even of the gigantic mass which fell at Ægos Potamos. Others again, seeing that meteorites fell in full sunlight, conceived the notion that they were projected to us from the sun. Amongst those who held this opinion was Anaxagoras of Clazomene. This philosopher, we are told, predicted the fall of aërolites from the sun,—a tradition registered and ridiculed by Pliny. But some among the Greeks held opinions which, though somewhat vaguely expressed, may be looked upon as (at the least) very good guesses. We may cite, for instance, the following remarkable passage in Plutarch's life of Lysander:

"The opinion held by those who thought that shooting-stars are not mere emanations from ethereal fire, becoming extinguished quickly after being kindled, is a probable one; nor are falling stars produced by the inflammation and combustion of a mass of air which had moved away toward the higher regions; rather they are *celestial bodies* which are precipitated through an intermission of the centrifugal force, and fall, not only on inhabited places, but in even larger numbers into the great sea, where they are never seen." We find in this passage a tacit reference to the opinion of Anaxagoras that the heavenly bodies are masses of rock torn from the earth by the centrifugal force of the surrounding ether, and set on fire in the heavens. The opinion of Diogenes of Apollonia is not dissimilar. He says: "Together with the visible stars there move other invisible ones, which are therefore without names. These sometimes fall on the earth and are extinguished, as took place with the star of stone which fell at Ægos Potamos."

In the Middle Ages the phenomena presented by shooting-stars were explained in a somewhat authoritative, but not very satisfactory, manner. The judicious use of a few set phrases sufficed to clear up all difficulties. We hear of humors and exhalations attracted by affinity to the upper regions of air: of condensation, concretion, ultimate re-

pulsion, and so on; and all this not in a doubtful hypothetical tone, but in the authoritative manner of men possessing all knowledge. On one point especially the writers of those days are very positive,—meteors are in no way to be regarded as astronomical phenomena. They marked out peremptorily the bodies they consented to look upon as celestial. Their knowledge of the laws regulating these bodies was far too exact, in their opinion, for any doubt to exist that a number of erratic, short-lived bodies, moving in a hasty and undignified manner across the sky, were not to be admitted as members of the stately family of planets, still less as co-partners with the stars of the crystalline. One, even, who saw opening out before him a new system, who aided to overturn the old, and to lay the foundation of modern astronomy—the ingenious Kepler—yielded to the old idea on this point—to the fascinating phantasy that things are to be seen as men would have them, not as indeed they are. In his case, perhaps, this is hardly to be wondered at. He had discovered and rejoiced in the “harmonies of the planets;” he had written in his enthusiasm,—“Nothing holds me; I will indulge my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind, for I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians.” And it would doubtless have seemed as a strange thing to him to conceive that he had heard but a few stray notes of the music of the spheres, that he had not yet—as he had hoped—

Come on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,
Æolian music measuring out
The steps of Time.

We turn to the investigations of modern scientific men,—of men whose principle it is, or ought to be, that theory-framing should be preceded by systematic observation, by careful calculation and examination, and, if possible, by experiment. They have successfully attacked problems which seem to the uninitiated wholly insoluble,—determining the heights at which shooting-stars appear and disappear, the velocity with which they move, their size and weight, nay, the very substances of which they are composed; they have discovered laws regulating the numbers

and paths of those visitors; they have analyzed aërolites chemically and microscopically; and, lastly, they have sought to determine whether it is possible to construct artificial meteorites.

The determination of the height of shooting-stars is a problem which has been successfully attacked by Brandes, Heis, Schmidt, Olbers, and others. From the results of observations made by these astronomers, Professor Newton and Mr. Alexander Herschel have calculated that shooting-stars appear, on an average, at a height of seventy-two miles, and disappear at a height of fifty-two miles. The Padre Secchi, at Rome, on the nights of 5th–10th August, carried on a series of simultaneous observations, by telegraphic communication between Rome and Civita Vecchia. The result obtained by him was that shooting-stars appear at a height of seventy-four and a half miles, and disappear at a height of fifty miles,—a result almost coincident with the former. It appears, then, that shooting-stars are some twenty miles nearer when they are just disappearing than at their first appearance.

When the distance of a shooting-star is known, it is easy to determine the velocity of the star's motion. It appears from a careful series of observations that shooting-stars describe a visible arc many miles in length, with an average velocity of about thirty-four miles per second. This velocity is nearly twice as great as that wherewith the earth describes her orbit about the sun. Moving with such a velocity, a body would pass from the earth to the moon in about a couple of hours, or from London to Edinburgh in about ten seconds.

Meteors, as might be expected, approach nearer to the earth than shooting-stars. They do not in general move quite so rapidly. A remarkable meteor which appeared on April 29th was seen by two practised observers, Messrs. Baxendell and Wood, at Liverpool and Weston-super-Mare respectively. From a careful examination of their observations it results that the meteor appeared when at a height of fifty-two miles vertically over Lichfield, that it travelled in a southerly direction at the rate of about twenty miles per second, and disappeared when over Oxford at a height of thirty-seven miles, having travelled

over a course of nearly seventy-five miles. The meteor appears to have belonged to the detonating class. Eight minutes after its appearance, Mr. Wood heard a sound "which resembled the momentary roar of a railway-train, at some distance, crossing over a bridge." It is worth noticing that Mr. Wood must have heard the roar of the meteor inversely, that is, the first part of the sound he heard was the part generated last; and *vice versa*. A detonation was also heard at Stony Stratford, a place lying nearly under the path of the meteor.

To determine the actual size of a meteor is not easy, nor indeed can much weight be attached to such determinations. From observations of the apparent dimensions of several meteors which have travelled at known distances, it would seem that these bodies vary in diameter from 100 to 13,000 feet.

Singularly enough, it is easier to determine the weight of a meteor or shooting-star than its size. The method of doing so could not be very well explained in these pages; it will be sufficient to say that it depends on the observation of the amount of light received from a body travelling with known velocity through a resisting atmosphere. From such observations it appears that shooting-stars weigh on an average but a few ounces, while some meteors weigh hundreds of pounds. We have seen that aërolites of much greater weight occasionally reach the earth.

Still more strange is the fact that we are able to determine the substances, or some of them, which enter into the composition of meteors or shooting-stars. This is done by means of a spectroscope so constructed as to take in a large part of the heavens. For instance, when an instrument of this sort is turned toward the Great Bear, the spectra of the seven principal stars of that constellation are seen at one view. Mr. Herschel observed with such an instrument the spectra of many of the shooting-stars which appeared on the nights 9th-11th August. He found that some of these bodies exhibit a continuous spectrum, showing that they are probably solid bodies, heated to ignition. Others exhibit a greyish white spectrum, indicating (probably) a nucleus and train of heated

sparks. But the greater number of meteors give a spectrum consisting of one or more lines, showing that during apparition most of these bodies are gaseous. The gaseous meteors exhibit with remarkable distinctness a strong yellow line, perfectly agreeing in position with the well-known line given by the ignited vapor of the metal sodium. Other lines, due to the presence either of potassium, sulphur, or phosphorus, are also frequently seen. It is noteworthy that the sodium line is exhibited in the spectrum of lightning, so that it is not *quite* certain that this line in the meteor-spectrum is due to the presence of sodium in the chemical composition of meteors. However, it cannot but be considered as highly improbable that any traces of sodium exist in the atmosphere at the great height at which meteors travel; still less probable is it that such considerable quantities of sodium exist as would account for the strongly marked character of the yellow line shown in meteor-spectra. Mr. Herschel notes especially of those trains which fade most slowly that they consist of *nothing else but soda flames* during the latter portion of the time that they continue visible. "Their condition is then exactly that of the flame of a spirit-lamp, newly trimmed, and largely dosed with a supply of moistened salt."

One of the most remarkable facts which observation has revealed respecting shooting-stars, is the recurrence of star-showers of greater or less intensity on certain days of the year. It was observed long ago that on the nights of August 9-11 stars fell in much greater numbers than usual. For instance, there is a legend in parts of Thessaly, that near the time of the festival of St. Lawrence, the heavens open and exhibit shining lights (*καὶ ὁῦλα*); and in an ancient English church calendar, the August star-showers are described as "fiery tears." We find the 10th of August also characterized by the word *meteorodes*, in a MS. called *Ephemerides rerum naturalium*, preserved in Christ's College, Cambridge. The great November shower was not recognized so soon. This shower is characterized by an alternate increase and decrease of intensity, the interval between successive maxima being thirty-three or thirty-four

years. For several years before and after the true years of maximum intensity the shower is in general distinctly exhibited. Our readers will not need to be reminded of the recurrence of this shower last November, as predicted by astronomers. Last year was spoken of in these predictions as the year in which the November shower would exhibit its maximum of splendor. Our own opinion is that 1867 will turn out to be the true year of maximum intensity, and that fine showers will be seen during the years 1868 and 1869. Whether, however, such showers, should they occur, will be as well seen in England as that of November 13th last, is problematical, since it has frequently happened that magnificent showers are seen in certain longitudes, and but a moderate display in others. Besides the August and November showers, there are the showers of October 16-23, of December 6-13, of April 9-10, of July 25-30, and others. There are in fact no less than "fifty-six recognized star-showers, as well determined in the majority of cases as are the older and better known showers of August and November." While on this point, we may note, as evidence that the aërolites have their favorite seasons for visiting the earth, that of the twenty which are known to have fallen on the British Isles, three fell on May 17-18, four on August 4-9, two on July 3-4, and two on April 1-5. Of the other nine, three are undated.

Another singular law has been detected in the motions of shooting-stars which appear at the same season. It is found that when their paths are produced backwards they pass through or near one point on the celestial sphere,* and that this point has no fixed relation to the horizon of the observer, but is fixed among the stars. Sometimes the shooting-stars which appear on the same night may be divided into two sets, each having a distinct radiant point,—as astronomers have named these centres of divergence. Each of the fifty-six star-showers spoken of above has its radiant point. Humboldt states that the radiant points of the November and August

showers are those points precisely toward which the earth is travelling at those seasons respectively. He has been followed in this statement by many writers on astronomy. But the statement is not true. In fact, these radiant points do not lie on the ecliptic, whereas the point toward which the earth is travelling at any moment, necessarily lies upon the ecliptic.

Aërolites have been analyzed, and it is found that they contain many elements known on earth. These usually appear combined in the following types:—metallic iron, magnetic iron, sulphuret of iron, oxide of tin, silicates, olivine, etc. In one aërolite only, namely, in a stone which fell on April 15th, 1857, near Kaba-Debreczin—"a small quantity of organic matter akin to paraffine" has been detected,—a very noteworthy circumstance. It is also remarkable that no new element, and only one or two new compounds (compounds, at least, which have not yet been recognized among terrestrial formations) have ever been detected in meteorites.

The microscopical examination of aërolites has also revealed much that is interesting and instructive. The crystals of the mixed minerals which appear in aërolites are found to differ in some important respects from those of volcanic rocks, "but their consolidation must have taken place from fusion in masses of mountain size." The alloy of metallic iron and nickel which is a principal component of meteorites is often found to be as regularly crystallized as a mass of spar.

M. Daubrée has attempted to produce artificial meteorites by combining together suitable elements and compounds. In doing so he has discovered a very singular fact. The crystals he obtained resembled the long needles which are seen to form on water when it is *slowly frozen*; whereas the black crystalline crust with which all meteorites are covered has a granular structure resembling snow or hoar-frost, which we know to be formed by the *sudden* passage of water from the vaporious to the solid state. This phenomenon shows that meteoric masses have been subjected to actions altogether different to those which the chemist is able to bring into operation.

* The Greeks had already noted something of this sort, which they attributed to the prevalence of strong winds in the upper regions of the air.

The result of the series of observations which we have here recorded is that we are able to attempt the formation of a theory of shooting-stars with some confidence. And, in the first place, we are able to reject decisively certain theories which have found favor at different times.

The immense height at which shooting-stars appear enables us to reject the atmospheric origin which has been suggested, for we have every reason for supposing that the air at a height of seventy miles above the earth is of extreme tenuity, and therefore quite incapable of supporting in sufficient quantity those vapors from which shooting-stars, on this theory, are assumed to be generated.

Two other theories, which have not hitherto been mentioned, are also overthrown by the results of modern observation. Both may be called *volcanic*, but one assumes that shooting-stars are bodies which have been projected from volcanoes on the earth, while the other assumes that they have come from volcanoes on the moon. Observation has shown that when Mount Etna is in full activity, the masses of stone thrown from its crater have a velocity of less than 1,600 feet per second, which is but one 112th part of the mean velocity with which shooting-stars are observed to move. The theory that falling-stars come from the moon was first propounded by Terzago, an Italian, in the seventeenth century. It appears, however, to have been not unknown in ancient times, since we learn that the Syrian astronomers were in the habit of looking for shooting-stars when the moon was full; while Greek astronomers considered the most favorable season to be at the time of lunar eclipse, that is when the moon is full but the sky dark. Bizarre as it may seem, this fanciful explanation has been thought worthy of strict mathematical examination by such astronomers as Laplace, Olbers, and Poisson. It appears, from their calculations, that the velocity with which stone-showers should be propelled from the moon in order to reach our earth with the velocities observed among shooting-stars, may be considered to be utterly beyond the powers we could concede to lunar volcanoes, even if it were proved (which it

far from being the case) that any active volcanoes now exist on the moon's surface.

The three theories just considered have been effectually overthrown by the simple observation of the height and velocities of shooting-stars. When we add to this consideration the recurrence of star-showers, not in particular states of the earth's atmosphere, not connected in any way with the activity of terrestrial volcanoes, nor conceivably with the action of assumed lunar volcanoes, these theories appear yet more inadequate to explain observed phenomena. The phenomenon of radiant points, lastly, is so wholly inexplicable on any of these theories, that we may dismiss them finally, as utterly untenable.

We must, therefore, turn to the theory which had already been suggested by Greek philosophers—that shooting-stars and meteors are extraneous bodies dragged toward the earth by the force of her attractive influence. But modern scientific discoveries enable us to exhibit this theory in a more inviting form, and at the same time to offer analogues obviously tending to confirm the hypothesis. The discovery of a zone of planetoids, the inquiry into the nature of the zodiacal light, and the mathematical examination of the "stability" of the Saturnian ring-system, have led astronomers to recognize the existence in the solar system of minute bodies travelling in zones or clusters around a central orb. There is, therefore, nothing unreasonable in the supposition that there are zones and clusters of such bodies travelling round the sun in orbits which intersect the earth's path. When in her course around the sun she encounters any of the bodies forming such zones and clusters, they are ignited by friction as they pass through the upper layers of the air, and become visible as shooting-stars or meteors according to their dimensions; or they may even fall upon her surface as aërolites.

The recurrence of star-showers is a necessary consequence of the hypothesis we are considering. For, if we suppose the zones of meteors, or the orbits of meteor-clusters, to have a fixed position in the solar system, or to be subject to those slow progressive or retrogressive shiftings with which the study of the

solar system familiarizes us, there will necessarily result a regular recurrence of showers either on fixed days, or on days uniformly shifting round among the seasons. This is precisely what is observed with the fifty-six recognized star-showers.

The earth does not necessarily (or probably) pass centrally through a meteor-cluster every year, nor probably are the meteor-zones uniformly rich throughout. Thus we can readily understand periodic undulations in the intensity of star-showers, or even periodic intermittances.

The phenomenon of radiant points also is not merely reconcilable with, but obviously indicates the hypothesis we are considering. For during the brief interval occupied by the earth in passing through a well-marked zone or cluster, the bodies composing such zone or cluster may be considered to be moving (relatively to the moving earth) in parallel lines. Therefore by a well-known law in perspective their apparent paths, viewed from the earth, must have a "vanishing point" on the celestial sphere,—that is, a "radiant point" among the fixed stars.

The remarkable velocity with which shooting-stars travel is satisfactorily accounted for by the modern theory. If we suppose zones and clusters of cosmical bodies (pocket-planets we may term them with Humboldt) to be travelling in different directions around the sun, it is clear that the members of those zones which travel in the same direction as the earth, will overtake, or be overtaken by her, with the *difference* of their respective velocities, while those which travel in the contrary direction will encounter the earth with the *sum* of their own and the earth's velocity. Now, just as, in walking along a crowded road, we meet many more people than we overtake, or are overtaken by; so, clearly, by far the larger number of observed shooting-stars must belong to the latter class named above, and therefore the average observed velocity will not fall very far short of the sum of the velocities of the earth and the shooting-star system.

Fairly considered, the modern theory may be looked upon as established; for, first, all other available hypotheses have

been shown to be untenable; and, secondly, the most remarkable shooting-star phenomena are shown to be consistent with, or rather to point directly to, the modern hypothesis. It remains only that some minor peculiarities should be noticed.

It has been remarked that shooting-stars are much more commonly seen in the months from July to December, than in those from January to June. Remembering that this remark refers to observations made in our northern hemisphere, it is easily reconciled with the modern theory, when we consider that the north pole is on the *forward hemisphere* of the earth (considered with reference to her orbital motion) during the first-named period, and on the *rear* (or *sheltered*) *hemisphere* during the second.

Again, it has been remarked that shooting-stars are seen more commonly in the hours after midnight, and that aërolites fall more commonly before noon. In other words, these extraneous bodies reach the earth (or her atmosphere) more frequently in the hours from midnight to noon than in those from noon to midnight. Humboldt suggests in explanation we know not what theory of variation in the ignition-powers of different hours. But it is clear that the true explanation is founded on the principle presented in the preceding paragraph, since the *forward* hemisphere contains places whose local time lies, roughly speaking, between midnight and noon, while places whose local hour lies between noon and midnight lie on the *sheltered* hemisphere.

If we remember that the earth is but a point in space, we may fairly conclude that the number of bodies composing meteor-zones is all but infinite. Large, therefore, as the numbers of these bodies which fall on the earth may be, there is no reason to suppose (perhaps if we knew the true functions of these bodies, we might say—there is no reason to fear) that the supply of meteors will ever be perceptibly diminished. Although the contrary opinion is often expressed, it is demonstrable that a very small proportion only of the shooting-stars which become visible to us, can escape from the earth's atmosphere. The result is, of course, that they must

reach the earth, probably in a dispersed and divided state. It seems to us indeed not wholly improbable that some of those elements which the lightning-spectrum shows to exist in the atmosphere, may be due to the perpetual dissipation and precipitation of the substance of shooting-stars.

The remarkable discovery lately made, that the great November star-stream travels in the track of a telescopic comet (whose period is $33\frac{1}{2}$ years), that the August stream, in like manner, follows the track of the great comet of 1862 (whose period is 142 years), and that other noted shooting-star systems show a similar relation to the paths of other comets, opens out the most startling views of the manner in which cosmical space—or at least that part of space over which the sun's attractive power bears sway—is occupied by myriads on myriads of bodies more or less minute. If those comets—not one in fifty even of discovered comets—whose orbits approach that of the earth, are attended by such important streams of cosmic matter: if, for instance, the minute telescopic comet (known as I., 1866), in whose track the November meteors travel, is attended by a train capable of producing magnificent star-showers for nine hundred centuries—what multitudes of minute planets must be supposed to exist in the complete cometary system! This discovery has been made too recently, however (though it appears to be thoroughly established), to admit of our here discussing in full the results which seem to flow from it.

Saturday Review.

PLAIN GIRLS.

It is beyond all question the tendency of modern society to regard marriage as the great end and justification of a woman's life. This is, perhaps, the single point on which practical and romantic people, who differ in so many things, invariably agree. Poets, novelists, natural philosophers, fashionable and unfashionable mothers, meet one another on the broad common ground of approving universal matrimony; and women from their earliest years are dedicated to the cultivation of those feminine ac-

complishments which are supposed either to be most seductive before marriage in a drawing-room, or most valuable after marriage in the kitchen and housekeeper's room. It is admitted to be a sort of half necessity in any interesting work of fiction that its plots, its adventures, and its catastrophes should all lead up to the marriage of the principal young lady. Sometimes, as in the case of the celebrated Lily Dale, the public tolerates a bold exception to the ordinary rule, on account of the extreme piquancy of the thing; but no wise novelist ventures habitually to disregard the prevalent opinion that the heroine's mission is to become a wife before the end of the third volume. The one ideal, accordingly, which romance has to offer woman is marriage; and most novels thus make life end with what really is only its threshold and beginning. The Bible, no doubt, says that it is not good for man to live alone. What the Bible says of man, public opinion as unhesitatingly asserts of woman; and a text that it is not good for woman to live alone either, though not canonical, is silently added by all domestic commentators to the Scriptural original. Those who pretend to be best acquainted with the order of nature and the mysterious designs of Providence assure us, with confidence, that all this is as it should be; that woman is not meant to grow and flourish singly, but to hang on man, and to depend on him, like the vine upon the elm. If we remember right, M. Comte entertains opinions which really come to pretty much the same thing. Woman is to be maintained in ease and luxury by the rougher male animal, it being her duty, in return, to keep his spiritual nature up to the mark; to quicken and to purify his affections; to be a sort of drawing-room religion in the middle of every-day life; to serve as an object of devotion to the religious Comtist; and to lead him, through love of herself, up to the love of humanity in the abstract. One difficulty presented by this matrimonial view of woman's destiny is to know what, under the present conditions in which society finds itself placed, is to become of plain girls. Their mission is a subject which no philosopher, as yet, has adequately handled. If marriage is the object of all feminine endeavors and

ambitions, it certainly seems rather hard that Providence should have condemned plain girls to start in the race at such an obvious disadvantage. Even under M. Comte's system, which provides for almost everything, and which, in its far-sightedness and thoughtfulness for our good, appears almost more benevolent than Providence, it would seem as if hardly sufficient provision had been made for them. It must be difficult for any one except a really advanced Comtist to give himself up to the worship of a thoroughly plain girl. Filial instinct might enable us to worship her as a mother; but even the noblest desire to serve humanity would scarcely be enough to keep a husband or a lover up to his daily devotions in the case of a plain girl, with sandy hair and a freckled complexion. The boldest effort to rectify the inequalities of the position of plain girls has been made, of late years, by a courageous school of female writers of fiction. Everything has been done that could be done to persuade mankind that plain girls are, in reality, by far the most attractive of the lot. The clever authoress of "Jane Eyre" nearly succeeded in the forlorn attempt for a few years; and plain girls, with volumes of intellect speaking through their deep eyes and from their massive foreheads, seemed for a while, on paper at least, to be carrying everything before them.

The only difficulty was to get the male sex to follow out in practice what they so completely admired in Miss Brontë's three-volume novels. Unhappily, the male sex, being very imperfect and frail, could not be brought to do it. They recognized the beauty of the conception about plain girls; they were very glad to see them married off in scores to heroic village doctors; and they quite admitted that occasional young noblemen might be represented in fiction as becoming violently attached to young creatures with inky fingers and remarkable minds. But no real change was brought about in ordinary life. Man, sinful man, read with pleasure about the triumphs of the sandy-haired girls, but still kept on dancing with and proposing to the pretty ones. And at last authoresses were driven back on the old standard of beauty. At present, in the productions both of masculine and feminine

workmanship, the former view of plain girls has been resumed. They are allowed, if thoroughly excellent in other ways, to pair off with country curates and with devoted missionaries; but the prizes of fiction, as well as the prizes of reality, fall to the lot of their fairer and more fortunate sisters.

Champions of plain girls are not, however, wanting who boldly take the difficulty by the horns, and deny *in toto* the fact that in matrimony and love the race is usually to the beautiful. Look about you, they tell us, in the world, and you will, as often as not, find beauties fading on their stalks, and plain girls marrying on every side of them. And no doubt plain girls do marry very frequently. Nobody, for instance, with half an eye can fail to be familiar with the phenomenon, in his own circle, of astonishingly ugly married women. It does not, however, follow that plain girls are not terribly weighted in the race.

There are several reasons why women who rely on their beauty remain unmarried at the last; but the reason that their beauty gives them no advantage is certainly not one. The first reason perhaps is, that beauties are inclined to be fastidious and capricious. They have no notion of following the advice of Mrs. Hannah More, and being contented with the first good, sensible Christian lover who falls in their way; and they run, in consequence, no slight risk of overstaying their market. They go in for a more splendid sort of matrimonial success, and think they can afford to play the more daring game. Plain girls are providentially preserved from these temptations. At the close of a well-spent life, they can conscientiously look back on a career in which no reasonable opportunity was neglected, and say that they have not broken many hearts, or been sinfully and distractingly particular. And there is the further consideration to be remembered in the case of plain girls, that fortune and rank are nearly as valuable articles as beauty, and lead to a fair number of matrimonial alliances. The system of Providence is full of kindly compensations; and it is a proof of the universal benevolence we see about us, that so many heiresses should be plain. Plain girls have a right

to be cheered and comforted by the thought. It teaches them the happy lesson that beauty, as compared with a settled income, is skin-deep and valueless; and that what man looks for in the companion of his life is not so much a bright cheek, or a blue eye, as a substantial and useful amount of this world's wealth.

Plain girls again expect less, and are prepared to accept less, in a lover. Everybody knows the sort of useful, admirable, practical man who sets himself to marry a plain girl. He is not a man of great rank, great promise, or great expectations. Had it been otherwise, he might possibly have flown at higher game, and set his heart on marrying female loveliness, rather than homely excellence. His choice, if it is nothing else, is an index of a contented and modest disposition. He is not vain enough to compete in the great race for beauties. What he looks for is some one who will be mother of his children, who will order his servants duly, and keep his household bills; and whose good sense will teach her to recognize the sterling qualities of her husband, and not object to his dining daily in his slippers. This is the sort of partner that plain girls may rationally hope to secure, and who can say that they ought not to be cheerful and happy in their lot? For a character of this undeniable sobriety there is, indeed, a positive advantage in a plain girl as a wife. It should never be forgotten that the man who marries a plain girl never need be jealous. He is in the Arcadian and fortunate condition of a lover who has no rivals. A sensible, unambitious nature will recognize in this a solid benefit. Plain girls rarely turn into frisky matrons, and this fact renders them peculiarly adapted to be the wives of dull and steady mediocrity.

Lest it should be supposed that the above calculation of what plain girls may do leaves some of their power and success still unaccounted for, it is quite right and proper to add, that the story of plain girls, if it were carefully written, would contain many instances, not merely of moderate good fortune, but of splendid and exceptional triumph. Like *prima donnas*, opera dancers, and lovely milliners, plain girls have been known to

make extraordinary hits, and to awaken illustrious passions. Somebody ought to take up the subject in a book, and tell us how they did it. This is the age of Golden Treasuries. We have Golden Treasuries of English poets, of French poets, of great lawyers, of famous battles, of notable beauties, of English heroes, of successful merchants, and of almost every sort of character and celebrity that can be conceived. What is wanted is a Golden Treasury containing the narrative of the most successful plain girls. The book might be called the Book of Ugliness, and we see no reason why, to give reality to the story, the portraits of some of the most remarkable might not be appended. Of course, if ever such a volume is compiled, it will be proved to demonstration that plain girls have before now arrived at great matrimonial honor and renown.

There is, for example, the sort of plain girl who nurses her hero (perhaps in the Crimea) through a dangerous attack of illness, and marries him afterward. There is the class of those who have been married simply from a sense of duty. There is the class that distinguishes itself by profuse kindness to poor cottagers, and by reading the Bible to blind old women—an occupation which, as we know from the most ordinary works of fiction, leads directly to the promptest and speediest attachments on the part of the young men who happen to drop in casually at the time. The catalogue of such is perhaps long and famous. Yet allowing for all these, allowing for everything else that can be adduced in their favor, we cannot help returning to the position that plain girls have an up-hill battle to fight. No doubt it ought not to be so. Cynics tell us that six months after a man is married, it makes very little difference to him whether his wife's nose is Roman, aquiline, or retroussé; and this may be so. The unfortunate thing is that most men persist in marrying for the sake of the illusion of the first six months, and under the influence of the ante-nuptial, and not the post-nuptial sentiments; and as the first six months with a plain girl are confessedly inferior in attraction, the inference is clear that they do in effect attract less. Plainness or loveliness apart, a very large number of woman-

kind have no reason to expect any very happy chance in married life; and if marriage is to be set before all women as the one ideal, a number of feminine lives will always turn out to have been failures.

It may be said that it is hopeless to attempt on this point to alter the sentiments of the female sex, or indeed the general verdict of society. We do not quite see the hopelessness. A considerable amount of the matrimonial ideas of young women are purely the result of their education, and of the atmosphere in which they have been brought up; and, by giving a new direction to their early training, it might not be altogether so quixotical to believe that we should alter all that is the result of the training. At any rate it has become essential for the welfare of women that they should, as far as possible, be taught that they may have a career open to them even if they never marry; and it is the duty of society to try to open to them as many careers of the sort as are not incompatible with the distinctive peculiarities of a woman's physical capacity. It may well be that society's present instincts as regards woman are at bottom selfish. The notion of feminine dependence on man, of the want of refinement in a woman who undertakes any active business or profession, and of the first importance of woman's domestic position, when carried to an extreme, are perhaps better suited to the caprice and fanciful fastidiousness of men than to the real requirements, in the present age, of the other sex. The throng of semi-educated authoresses who are now flocking about the world of letters is a wholesome protest against such exclusive jealousy. The real objection to literary women is that women, with a few notable exceptions, are not yet properly educated to write well, or to criticize well what others write. Remove this objection by improving the curriculum of feminine education, and there is hardly any other. There is none certainly of sufficient consequence to outweigh the real need which is felt of giving those women something to live for (apart from and above ordinary domestic and philanthropic duties), whose good or evil fortune it is not to be marked out by heaven for a married life.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS HOOD.

(Continued from Page 96.)

TOWARDS the close of 1828, Thomas Hood first appeared as an editor. It was now the palmy days of the "Annals"—those pretty little drawing-room books, with their often excellent engravings, and gay silken binding—little books, for which the first author of the day did not disdain to write. He was requested to edit "The Gem," a new candidate for public favor, and most anxious was he for success in this hitherto untried department. For an editor, as in after years it was proved, Hood was admirably fitted. With his fine taste, his generous appreciation of every fellow-writer's merits, together with his practical knowledge, we all doubted not but that "The Gem" would take a very high place indeed, if not the foremost. But unfortunately, notwithstanding his fine artistic taste and knowledge, the selection of the plates—a very important part, inasmuch as the character of the Annual greatly depended on them—was confided to an artist, of some merit certainly, but, who, as an animal painter, was entirely unfitted to select pictures suitable for the dainty volume intended to lie on a lady's table. No wonder he was disheartened when he found that of the whole fourteen plates there was not one from any celebrated picture, not one that rose above the most commonplace mediocrity.*

* This Annual had certainly a rather zoological character; for among the illustrations were four very fine horses, five dogs of various kinds, and a most respectable donkey. The rest of the plates were far inferior; among them was a lackadaisical "May Queen," all flowers and ribbons; and, we suppose by way of contrast, another of a most lugubrious widow with a doleful-looking little boy. Poor Hood was sadly abused for the short paper which, under the name of Charles Lamb, he appended to this. Forgetting that widows have been objects of laughter, even from the days of the widow of Ephesus, and wilfully blind to the obvious *badinage*, the writer was pelted with hard names, by a dozen anonymous scribblers. This might have been passed over with contempt; but the proprietor, setting at naught every literary courtesy, allowed a mawkish copy of verses to appear in the following volume, in which the writer was complimented as being among "the fools who gaze and jest"—appropriate epithets, truly, to be applied to Charles Lamb, whose name had been affixed.

Thomas Hood, however, strove manfully; he summoned his literary friends to his aid, persuaded Sir Walter Scott to supply an illustrative poem; and, if a large sale be a proof of excellence, the "Gem" took high place, for a first edition of 5,000 copies was followed by the sale of 2,000 more. Still, Hood never felt much satisfaction at his success, although he alone of all the rival editors could number Sir Walter Scott among his contributors, and could point to Charles Lamb's beautiful lines, "On an Infant dying as soon as born" (written upon Hood's first child), and, still more, to his own unrivalled "Eugene Aram's Dream." Strange was it, but such was the public caprice, that neither of these two poems awakened much general attention. Some critics there were who could appreciate both, and heartily awarded them their just tribute of admiration; but slowly, very slowly did "Eugene Aram's Dream" steal into notice; while not until a year or two before the gifted writer's death did we hear him, with quiet exultation, remark that he had at length, by it, established a nobler claim to celebrity than that of the mere author of the "Comic Annual."

Toward the close of 1829, Thomas Hood quitted Robert street for Winchmore Hill. Charles Lamb's removal to Enfield we believe to have been one great inducement to this change. Hood was, however, always fond of the country; and the walks and rides about Winchmore Hill were, some thirty years ago, very beautiful. The pleasant transition from a remarkably dull town house to what then was quite a country residence, was not sufficient to induce him to resume his more serious, more poetical "vein." The keen disappointment he still felt at the failure of his "Plea," now aggravated by the very slow and languid appreciation by the public of his "Eugene Aram," seems almost to have determined him from henceforth to become exclusively a comic writer; accordingly, during this year, he wrote several humorous little things for an entertainment given by Matthews, and also projected his "Comic Annual." This new adventure was indeed "a great success;" the first edition sold off during the first week, and a second edition almost as rapidly.

Looking at the "Comic Annual for 1830," we are scarcely surprised at its great popularity. The other Annuals had in the course of six or seven years nearly "lived their day," although several lingered on some seasons later; but there was a growing tendency among the editors to make them so "prodigiously genteel," that few writers, save the very sentimental, cared to write for them. Naturally enough, people liked a merry laugh at Christmas; and although perhaps a mixture of the grave and gay might have been better, still, amusement provided by such a "high priest of the comic" as Thomas Hood could not but be acceptable. And there were many good things in this little volume, most of them subsequently incorporated in "Hood's Own." The "Letter from an Emigrant," the "Report from Below," and that capital "Letter from a Market Gardener," detailing all his whimsical horticultural experiments, which he thinks might "be made transactionable in the next reports," are among these; but the plates, we think, are even superior to the letterpress. "The Spent Ball," with the thoroughly "used-up" family; "*Soaporifics* and *Sudorifics*," with the old washerwoman, gin-bottle beside her, so truly Hogarthian; and the "Constable's Miscellany;" while in others the imaginative mingles largely with the comic. That strange figure, "Io after Vaccination," the womanly form so strangely changing into the animal; and that piled-up mass of rock and stones which, combined, form the scowling features of the mysterious "Captain Rock," show how the poetic element would continue to assert itself, although pressed down by the constant demand for the ludicrous.

In 1831 another volume of the "Comic Annual" appeared; its contents, like the former, were transferred to "Hood's Own;" and in 1832 a third also appeared, dedicated to the new king, William IV. During this time we saw Hood only occasionally, and after his removal to Wanstead but once, and then we were struck with his worn and anxious appearance, and his sad smile when we congratulated him on the success of his later works. Still, we understood from a friend well acquainted with his affairs that he was going on most prosperously,

and we rejoiced; for we hoped he might ere long enjoy that literary leisure which would permit him to give us many more of those poems, "that the world would not willingly let die." Alas! at the time of his greatest prosperity, that sad reverse came from which, in a pecuniary sense, he never wholly recovered, and which inflicted irreparable injury on his constitution.

By the failure of a firm largely indebted to him, Thomas Hood became deeply involved; and although, as he remarked, "for some months he strove with his embarrassments, the first heavy sea being followed up by other adversities, all hope of righting the vessel was abandoned." He then unhappily, as many of his friends thought, determined to emulate "the illustrious example of Sir Walter Scott, and try whether he could not score off his debts as effectually, and more creditably, with his pen than with the legal whitewash or a wet sponge. . . . With these views, leaving every shilling behind him derived from the sale of his effects—the means he carried with him being an advance on his future labors—he voluntarily expatriated himself, and bade his native land good night." It is but justice to his memory that this honorable resolution should be recorded in Thomas Hood's own words.

Early in 1835, poor Hood became an unwilling exile, and eventually fixed his residence at Coblenz, whither, soon after, he was followed by Mrs. Hood and their two little children. He, however, bore up bravely; for, as he pleasantly says in his letters to his wife, "with my dear ones by my side, my pen will gambol through the 'Comic' like the monkey who had seen the world. We are not transported even for seven years, and the Rhine is a great deal better than Swan River."

With the Rhine scenery Thomas Hood was greatly delighted; and often after his return he would allude to the exquisite beauty of some of the prospects near Coblenz—"a very garden of Eden," he would say. But as to the dwellers on the Rhine, the unfavorable opinion he formed, after a very short residence among them, deepened as his sojourn continued. "The people here are very stupid—mere animals"—is an early remark, very soon followed by the discov-

ery that, stupid as they were, they could cheat in everything, from a groschen's worth of plums to a physician's fee. No wonder a man so scrupulously honorable in all his dealings, and so keen a lover of wit, felt disgust at a people "whose only talk is thalers, thalers, thalers, and whose best attempts at wit and humor are like yeast dumplings a day old."

Still, firm to his determination of retrieving his fortune, Thomas Hood went bravely on, working hard, notwithstanding severe attacks of illness. He continued his engagement as one of the reviewers in the *Athenæum*, and brought out the "Comic" for 1836, and that for 1837, besides making preparations for one of the best of his comic works, "Up the Rhine." His letters during these two years are very characteristic. It were, however, to be wished that the extracts from them in the "Memorial" had been rather less liberal; for, although that important personage, "the public," may like to know "all and everything" about literary men, we cannot see that its taste has any right to be gratified at the expense of others.

In the summer of 1837, Thomas Hood bade a final and hearty farewell to Coblenz, where, as he says, he "had met with nothing but illness, suffering, disgust, and vexation of spirit; and where he had left not a single friend or acquaintance with a sigh." His next place of residence was Ostend—not a very charming or a very desirable locality, but possessing two attractions, of no small value in his eyes—the sea, and nearness to England. To the latter advantage he recurs again and again in his letters. "We may have cards now, with 'At Home' upon them; it is indeed but a step across, compared with our late distance; and I felt it quite a comfort to reflect, as I stood upon the sands, that there is but the sea and a few hours between me and England." "I am none of those," he continues, "who do undervalue, or affect to undervalue, their own country, because they happen to have been abroad. There is a great deal of this citizen-of-the-worldship professed now-a-days, in return for which, I think, the English only get ridiculed by foreigners as imbeciles and dupes. Overweening nationality is an absurdity; but

the absence of it altogether is a sort of crime."

The change to Ostend at first promised to be most favorable, and Hood's earlier letters speak of the improved health of all; but ere long a severe attack of what was most probably typhoid fever gave the last blow to a constitution already severely tried; and from henceforth Thomas Hood, with very rare intervals of a few days, became a confirmed invalid. Still, he seems to have been strangely unwilling to believe that the climate was in fault. He walked by the seaside, inhaling the fresh breezes, and went out boating—one of his most favorite pastimes—unconscious, meanwhile, that in his landward walks, and in his home, he was breathing deadly poison. It was with a singular mixture of pleasurable and regretful feelings that he used, subsequently, to refer to this residence in Belgium. The exquisite beauty of the distances, the rich coloring of grass and tree,—above all, the gorgeous splendors of the autumn sunsets,—he would describe with a wealth of language that anticipated Ruskin's prose poetry. "No wonder," he would say, "that the Flemish painters were such fine colorists, with those rainbow hues clothing the homeliest scenes with beauty;" it was, alas! a fatal beauty, bearing disease and death.

Of this, at last—would it had been earlier—poor Hood became convinced; and after more than one attack, from which he never wholly recovered, it was decided he should return to England. This step was rendered necessary, too, by a serious difference with the publisher of that pleasant record of German travel, "Up the Rhine." It had been quite a success, 1,600 copies having gone off in a fortnight, and doubtless many hundreds would have followed; but, unhappily, law proceedings stopped the sale of the second edition, the copies being all locked up, until the writer's actions against the publisher should be settled. It was, therefore, with no very exhilarating prospects that Hood returned, in the summer of 1840, to England. But, like all our greatest writers, there was, as he told us, no silly "citizen-of-the-worldship" in him; and, like a true-hearted Englishman, he rejoiced again to take up his residence in his native land.

And a hearty welcome did he receive from the literary world, while friends who had not seen him for six years pressed round him. It was, indeed, time that he returned; for, as he remarked in a pleasant letter sent to us just after his arrival, "As regards my return to England, it has probably lengthened my days. Change has visited me, as well as my old neighborhood (Islington), only, instead of being built upon, I have been pulled down. My health has been so shattered in foreign parts, that it would not be a bad bargain for me to change constitutions, even with Spain. A long course of absolute Pythagoreanism and teetotalism, only lately relaxed, has shrunk me from an author to a *pen*, and a very bad one to mend. In such fast, go-ahead times as the present, it is my peculiar misfortune to be tormented by *slow* fever, induced by my residence in Flanders, with, from the same cause, a dash of ague in whatever ailment befalls me; and when it rains, I sympathize with the damp like a salt-basket."

Poor Hood! when we first saw him again, we felt that he had not described himself too unfavorably; but still there was a cheerful spirit which made us hope that, surrounded by his old friends, and again breathing his native air, time, and the watchful nursing of his invaluable wife, might reëstablish his health. Although he was still harassed by his legal proceedings, his prospects at this time were very encouraging—for numerous requests for literary assistance were made to him; and soon after his return he entered into an agreement with Colburn to become a regular contributor to the "NewMonthly." Several of his best comic articles appeared here; and among them "Miss Kilmansegge," "that tale so wondrous strange," with its mingled sarcasm and pathos, and its solemn *refrain* of, "Gold, gold, nothing but gold."

A kind of puzzle was "Miss Kilmansegge" to many people, during its appearance by instalments in the "NewMonthly;" and some even professed to find a political meaning in it. But Thomas Hood, who never felt party politics to be his vocation—although never unwilling on important points to express an opinion—had no such view; his sole aim was, alike by stern reproof and hu-

morous ridicule, mingled with really fine poetry, to paint the unmitigated curse of unblest gold; and powerfully has he painted it. In its grim grotesqueness, "Miss Kilmansegge" strongly reminds us of those strange and fantastic, but most powerful apologues of the middle ages—"Reynard the Fox," "Piers Ploughman," and such like—where the bitterest satire mingles with the keenest humor, and where the writer, in the very midst of the laughter he awakens, never suffers you to forget his terrible earnestness. But then, these fine works are utterly unrelieved by the passages of gentle pathos, of delicate beauty, which abound in the modern poem; passages which might take their place in the daintiest selections of poetic jewels.

Perhaps it is that frequent introduction of passages of rare beauty in his comic poems that has rendered Thomas Hood,—considered as a comic writer only,—so widely popular. The lover of sweet poetry, as well as the seeker of mere amusement, finds somewhat worth dwelling upon,—often even in his lightest productions. Our modern humorous writers, too, have been singularly trammelled in their range of thoughts; beyond slight allusions to the current topics of the day, they never pass. But Thomas Hood has taken up in turn every subject that can interest the literary, the political, the scientific world. Take as an instance that thoroughly ludicrous "extravaganza," as it may really be called, the "Friend in Need." How admirable is the geologist's "field-day" at Tilgate Forest;—the digging for the veritable dragon with his spines, and terrible claws, and the exultation of the crowd at this corroboration of the orthodox belief as to dragons. "Huzza! huzza! huzza! the legends are true, then." "Not a bit," says a stony-hearted professor of Fossil Osteology; "look at the teeth: that dragon ate neither sheep, nor tender virgins, nor tough pilgrims; he lived on—" "What? what?" "Why, on undressed salads!" And then the delirious Quaker's dissertation on music: "the low notes are the valleys, the higher notes are the hills, and those very high notes are the blue sky." "Pshaw! this is a quiz," says the courteous reader. "Nay, why the most fiddling little fiddler that ever fiddled will

fiddle you a landscape and cattle, with a rainbow in the corner, on one string; and what is more, he will tell you that if you have any music in you at all, you will hear the light falling on the cream-colored cow." What capital ridicule is this of the German theory, so gravely put forth some thirty years ago, that each musical instrument represented a particular color.

"'Pray sare, do you not know,' replies the German, 'dat de great Haydn in his "Creation," have made music of de light falling on every ting in de world?' 'Yes, as audibly as the "Light up! light up" at a general illumination. As if the magnificent phenomena described by the sublime passage in Genesis could be represented by a sort of instrumental flare-up!' 'Aha! you have no musical entousiasm! you do not know vat it is.' 'Excuse me, but I do. Musical entousiasm is like turtle soup: for every quart of real, there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calves' heads in proportion.'"

And then how admirably he "shows up" the cant of artistic amateurship, and the feud caused by the unlucky scarlet mantle of the cardinal, that "killed the carnations" of the beauty, took all the shine out of the "sunset," and "all the warmth out of my Fire of London!"

And then, again, the whimsical blunders of the stupid workhouse nurse, the "consumptions" man frightening the whole sick ward, because as "consumptions is hereditary, it is catching," and the sad state of the patient with the "scurrilous liver." We may, however, remark, that although the "Friend in Need" stands foremost in the wide range of its humorous satire, Thomas Hood in numerous other articles has shown the singular extent of his readings—often comprising subjects known but to few, beside professed students. And then, throughout all this wide range of subjects, and various modes of treatment, what other comic writer, ancient or modern, save Thomas Hood, can advance the proud claim, that there is not one objectionable allusion, not one coarse word?

It is really sad to think that a writer so blameless, and from his very mental constitution so quick to feel an unmerited wrong, should have been for many years the subject of most unjustifiable censures, often actually deepening into

abuse. A remarkably clever caricature, "The Progress of Cant," published by Hood, in the early days of his literary career, first aroused this virulent feeling against him. Irving at that time had just convulsed the whole town with laughter, by his exhibition of himself at Exeter Hall, when he proffered his old gold watch to the chairman, "in pledge" that he would preach some charity sermon. This was quite enough to ensure the celebrated Scotch preacher a place among the motley procession of "shams" that fill the picture. But the indignation of Irving's admirers knew no bounds when they saw the Geneva cloak side by side with the ragged jacket of the placard-bearer of "Try Morrison's Pills;" and from henceforth the poor caricaturist received no mercy here, and was very unmistakably threatened with no mercy hereafter.

Foremost among Hood's persecutors was Rae Wilson, Esq., an amateur writer, and warm friend of Irving, who ceaselessly attacked him with abuse, charging his comic poems with "profaneness and ribaldry," and for one most innocent allusion to a commonplace figure—the dove with the olive branch—actually with blasphemy! It is necessary to refer thus to Hood's provocation, for much censure has been cast by religious people on the "Ode to Rae Wilson," which, although it would be improved by the omission of two or three passages, is certainly a castigation not a whit too severe for the libeller to whom it was addressed. Had Rae Wilson and his clique alone persecuted the luckless author of the "Comic Annual," the annoyance would have been great enough; but unfortunately the old homely proverb of the results of giving a bad name followed. Worthy, but very silly people were told that Thomas Hood was a scoffer at all religion; but instead of inquiring if the charge was really true, they forthwith took upon themselves the right to lecture him. Little can the reader imagine the persecution poor Hood—especially when in ill health—endured from these self-constituted preachers. We have seen penny tracts, suitable enough to be thrust into the fist of a costermonger, sent to the writer of some of our sweetest poetry, and letters filled with coarsest appeals to "a hardened conscience" addressed to

the author of "Eugene Aram's Dream." Sometimes only a single text, but always miserably ill-chosen, written in large hand, would be sent, or a question as to what comfort the "Comic Annual" would afford him on his death-bed?

That *some* of these foolish writers really meant well, we have no reason to doubt; but it was always a difficulty to us to account for the virulent feeling of the greater number. To Thomas Hood, not unnaturally, *all* the writers seemed linked together in a bond to torment him; and he would sometimes turn upon them like the stag at bay. We could scarcely wonder then at the concentrated bitterness of his sarcasms, or that sometimes the least offending came in for the heaviest share of punishment. We have gone into this subject more at length because not only has there been great misunderstanding on this subject, but few writers have, we think, undergone more unmerited persecution through so many years.

In his quiet lodgings, in Camberwell Road, Thomas Hood continued rather more than a year and a half, when by the death of Theodore Hook he became editor of the "New Monthly," and removed to Elm-tree Road, St. John's Wood. This good fortune, as it might well seem to the poor struggling writer, was welcomed with touching thankfulness by him and his wife. "It would be seriously a comfort at last," he writes, "and, I think, go far to cure me of some of my ailments." So he set about his new duties with renewed anticipations of success.

Those were pleasant days in Elm-tree Road. Possessed now of a comfortable income, reunited to his old friends, who welcomed him back with a joy equal to his own, and surrounded by an increasing circle of pleasant literary acquaintances, we looked forward to an easy and prosperous career for Thomas Hood, after all his struggles. And for some time our hopes seemed well-founded; and pleasant was it to see with what cheerful determination he set about the duties of editor. For this vocation Thomas Hood was remarkably well fitted; his love of order we have seldom seen exceeded, while his conscientiousness was beyond all praise. Surrounded, as we have seen him, with piles of papers, not littered over the study table, but placed in order—some neatly tied up in packets, and

others arranged, either according to their subject, or the date of their receipt—we have felt that the duty of the editor of a magazine was far enough removed from the play-work it is so often fancied to be. “But surely you cannot read all these over,” we said, pointing one day to a huge pile of anonymous papers. “Not *through*,” was his quiet reply; “but I look over them, for it would be very unjust to reject an article which I had never read a line of;” and poor Hood almost made himself a martyr to his conscientiousness.

The same love of order that presided over his study table marked him throughout; he was neat and painstaking in everything. His notes, even when sent off by the printer’s boy, were clearly written; and not only did he, as he has humorously told us, “mind his p’s and his q’s,” but his very stops; and during our frequent correspondence, we never remember seeing a single blot, even on his most hurried notes. His pen and pencil drawings were beautifully neat. He seemed, indeed, to have an almost fastidious dislike to anything that looked like a correction or alteration even in his slightest sketches. Many of his wood illustrations gave no idea of the accuracy and delicacy of the original drawing. Hood designed an exquisite illustration to his poem of “The Lady’s Dream,” entitled “The Modern Belinda,” and which formed the frontispiece of the second number of his magazine. This drawing was most beautiful; the dainty smile of the richly-dressed lady, the languid grace of her figure, the long, drooping eyelashes, and *nonchalant* air, were all so finely suggestive. Much of these are in the engraving, while where the drooping eyelash should have been is a coarse blot. We well recollect how greatly vexed Hood was, for his drawing had been much admired by his artist friends, and how heartily he denounced the “wooden engravers,” agreeing with his friend William Harvey, that the best days of wood engraving would never arrive until artists, as in the days of Albert Dürer, cut their own blocks.

We have before remarked that Thomas Hood had great artistic taste, and this certainly influenced his literary tastes in many ways. Never was there a closer observer of nature, even in apparently

very trifling things. We remember finding him one morning quite delighted, for he had just received from a German friend a translation of his “Eugene Aram’s Dream,” and it was always a delight to him to find any recognition of the merits of *that* poem. The general translation was fairly faithful; “But look,” he said, “I wrote—

‘There were some who ran, and some who leaped,
Like troutlets in a pool.’

Now, the translator has substituted ‘little fishes,’ which is all wrong. Little fishes leap sometimes, but the troutlet leaps *quite out* of the stream, and so is the emblem of boyhood in its utmost joy. How often I have watched these troutlets leaping right out, as though they could not contain themselves!”

In his close and loving contemplation of nature, the writer of the “Comic Annual” was akin to Wordsworth himself, and in his love of simple pleasures too. As Thackeray, in his genial remarks on him, truly observes, “the most simple amusements could delight and occupy him.” What pleasant narratives he used to give of his favorite holiday, a gipsy party—not of fine ladies and gentlemen, but of his own family and Dr. Elliot’s—to Epping Forest, and a long, bright day in the woods, and a hearty romp with the children! Thomas Hood was always a lover of forest scenery: “The merry greenwood” ranked next with him to his “old love,” the sea; so after a romp with the children he would go wandering about—sometimes to botanize with his medical friend, sometimes to seek out some of those new and picturesque nooks, which will always reward the wanderer in the forest glades; sometimes to gather a nosegay of veritable hedgerow flowers—flowers sweeter to him than all the produce of the choicest conservatories.

He sometimes, too, made discoveries, on which he dwelt with much interest—how he made acquaintance with a large number of medicinal plants, at another time with some very curious fungi; and then how, after long search, to the equal delight of himself and his guide, they discovered that strange and mysterious plant, which our forefathers invested with such accumulated horrors, the mandrake. How graphically he described it: the shape, which, with but slight aid

of the imagination, took the form of a distorted manikin; the strange noise made by breaking the tough fibres in pulling it up, which might almost be compared to a shriek, and the gush of red fluid which covered his hand. "It was, indeed, the plant for a witch to gather 'i' the moon's eclipse," said he; "no wonder our forefathers held it in horror, for I could easily believe all the tales they told about it." That "mandrake" evidently made a deep impression on him, and we think he partly contemplated some wild tale founded upon it, for he took great interest in all old-world superstitions.

We have again and again been surprised to find how well read Thomas Hood was in "old-world lore." About this time Lady Charlotte Guest was publishing her very interesting translations from the "Mabinogion"—that venerable Welsh collection of stories which seem to have come down from the very remotest antiquity. We were then reviewing them, and remarking to Hood how singularly the eastern and western beliefs in the supernatural coincide—so closely, indeed, as to point to one common source—we were surprised to find how completely "at home" he was in "folk-lore" and its various modifications; and in the local superstitions, too, both of England and Flanders. Indeed, we may say, that very few of our writers possessed half the information on such recondite subjects as the author of the "Comic Annual" had picked up, apparently by mere desultory reading.

We have used the phrase, "desultory reading," but it would afford the reader a very inaccurate idea, if it gave him the impression of superficial or careless study; for whatever Thomas Hood set about, it was "with a will." We used it rather in the sense of his having no formal method of study—above all, nothing approaching to that system of "cramming" which was ever his abhorrence. He read, because the subject—whatever it might be—interested him; and he pursued his inquiries, not that he might write a learned or a brilliant article, but because, as he went on, he found interesting or suggestive information. Never was there a writer to whom the pursuit of all knowledge was more a labor of love. In his keen delight in literature, he found,

as he has told us in his letter to the members of the "Manchester Athenæum," a comfort and a solace not to be found elsewhere; and beautifully does he urge upon the young, by his own example, the benefits of "the timely cultivation and enrichment of that divine attainment, which it depends on ourselves to render a flower-garden or dead waste—a pleasure-ground visited by the Graces and frequented by the fairies, or a wilderness haunted by satyrs."

And yet, with all his love of study, all his fine taste, to how many, even up to this time, was Thomas Hood known as but "the comic writer," the professor of puns and "broad grins," the mere jester with his cap and bells? "I dined with your friend Hood, yesterday," said a formal Scotch physician, who was seeking after our London lions, "but I was quite disappointed, for he never once made us laugh." We well remember how indignantly we replied, "Thomas Hood is not a Merry Andrew." In like manner, people who read some of his most admirable stories in the "New Monthly," most persistently ignored the obvious moral because the incidents were "so laughable." When that capital tale, "The Schoolmistress Abroad," appeared—that story which so graphically paints the lady who, with a dozen accomplishments, is ignorant of the commonest duties of a nurse—Thomas Hood was told by several lady friends how much they had "enjoyed it." "Mrs. —, too, was here to-day," he said, "and told me how heartily she had laughed at it! Silly woman! I wrote it to teach her and her daughters that women might as well be usefully brought up—but the writer of the 'Comic Annual' is not expected to do more than make people 'laugh,' " he added bitterly.

The time was, however, at hand when, as Thackeray has finely said, Thomas Hood "was to speak out of the fulness of his heart, and all England and America listen with tears and wonder." It is almost needless to say that we refer to "The Song of the Shirt." The story of how it was written has been often told, and told correctly enough. The strong sympathetic feeling awakened in the breast of the poet for the poor woman compelled to make shirts at three half-pence a-piece. How he brooded over it,

and how, after a sleepless night, that wonderful lyric, so homely, but so powerful, actually in right of its homeliness, was almost improvised. Mrs. Hood, from the first time she read it, prophesied its marvellous success; but the writer seems to have had but a dim idea of its excellence, compared with some of his other poems. Perhaps he was distrustful that the public at large would give him credit for a *serious* poem. We well remember when we saw him the first time after its publication, and congratulated him, he sadly replied, "I hope it may do good;" adding, "and now they must see that I can write other poetry than comic."

A wonderful poem is this "Song of the Shirt," as revealing the strong dramatic power of the writer. How sternly is every poetic image kept back, and yet how forcible are its images, although drawn wholly from common life and commonest things. How important "seam, and gusset, and band," when pored upon until "the brain begins to swim;" how desperate the misery when even the skeleton, Death, is scarcely feared! And then, those sad longings after rest and change of scene—not the poet's feeling, dwelling with fond recollection on glorious sunlit skies, and all the beauty and wealth of summer, but the simple yearning to look on the common field flowers, to feel the soft, cool springiness of the green sward, instead of the hard, hot pavement. And thus, throughout, there is not a word, not a figure, but what the most ignorant reader, the merest child can understand; and yet what marvellous intensity of effect!

At the time that "The Song of the Shirt" appeared in *Punch*, Thomas Hood was busy in projecting what for years he had greatly wished to undertake—a magazine of his own. His editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine" expired at the close of 1843; he therefore made preparations for his own to come out in January, 1844. The enthusiastic reception of his "Song of the Shirt" boded well for the success of this new adventure, and with eager interest did his friends watch the *début* of "Hood's Magazine."

In a very excellent review of our friend and his works, which appeared some

time since, it is stated that Hood had dealings with most of the London publishers respecting this magazine, but was unable to find one willing to publish it. This is an inaccuracy, for it was always his wish that *his* magazine should be published like the weekly periodicals, at an office. And not improbably the plan might have answered well, but unfortunately his colleague, who was to provide the funds, utterly miscalculated the amount required to launch so expensive an adventure as a monthly periodical. The consequence, therefore, was, that although money enough was found to start it, there was not sufficient to meet the subsequent expenses during those months that would intervene between the outlay and receipt of the profits; and thus, by the time the third number appeared, the proprietor was insolvent, while neither editor nor contributors had been paid.

It is difficult to imagine a severer shock than this on the poor striving conscientious editor. The magazine was a decided success. It had been heartily welcomed by the public, and 1,500 copies of the first number taken—a sale which, an eminent publisher remarked, was altogether unprecedented; and now there were not funds forthcoming, even to pay for the paper and printing of the fourth number. Poor Hood! we sadly recollect the dreadful period of anxiety and disappointment he passed through, although every one was joining in admiration of those two beautiful pieces which he had written—the "Haunted House," illustrative of an exquisite picture by Creswick, and which formed the frontispiece to his first number, and the "Lady's Dream," inferior in stern power only to his "Song of the Shirt," which appeared in the second, with his beautiful illustration of the "Modern Belinda." Surely a magazine which could boast two such fine poems, two such fine illustrations, was not to sink without an effort. But few, save Hood's most intimate friends, could tell the distress, the anxiety, the overwhelming labor that effort cost; and when we call to mind the terrible state of suspense in which during the whole month of March he was kept, we feel almost surprised that his life did not earlier fall a sacrifice.

At length we received a short hurried note, from Mrs. Hood, with the welcome

news that the magazine had passed into the hands of a new and wealthy proprietor; and it is proof of their high conscientiousness as well as kindly feeling, that even in this hasty note she remarks, what comfort it had given Hood to feel that, from the known respectability of the new proprietor, there would be no future risk of the contributors being unpaid. When we saw Thomas Hood, soon after this new arrangement, we were sadly struck by his worn and weary look. But his spirits were remarkably good; indeed, he seemed to have cast a heavy weight from his shoulders, and was now "making up" the new number of the magazine, as though it were a very labor of love. He was contemplating, too, a serial story for it, which he soon after commenced—"Our Family" was its title; and had he been spared to finish it, it would, we think, have stood high among our domestic tales. Some years before, he had published a novel, "Tydney Hall;" there was much humor in the dialogue, and some good description, but as a whole, we cannot think it adds to his fame. "Our Family" is immeasurably superior. Alas! that he should have left it unfinished!

Hood's fame, however, as a poet—as a writer of serious poetry—was still widely extending. In the May number of the magazine appeared that fine lyric—which almost disputes the palm with "The Song of the Shirt"—"The Bridge of Sighs." But just when praise and admiration were loudest, poor Hood sank under a severe attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs, and even the slightest literary effort was forbidden him. Denied the pen, he again turned to the pencil, and sketched "The Editor's Apologies," in a most suggestive group of labelled bottles, pill-boxes, "fine lively leeches," and a huge blister. We well remember the sad smile with which Hood showed the neat drawing to us; indeed, we wish that the little sketches he made for his magazine had been republished, for they are, we think, far superior to those in "Hood's Own."

Happily, as summer drew on, Thomas Hood rallied again, and then, while still forbidden all literary exertion, he "took up the pen," to write those delightful "child letters" to the young Elliots. Those capital letters, so brimful of real

childish fun, recommending the glass of warm sea-water and sugar, "which would quite astonish you;" and the exhortation to be respectful to the Sandgate donkeys—"for I knew a donkey once that kicked a man for calling him Jack, instead of John," and that almost poetical outburst, "Well, how happy you must be! Childhood is such a joyous, merry time; and I often wish I was two or three children—but I suppose I can't be—and wouldn't I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks, and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees!" What a childlike spirit was Hood's! What a keen enjoyment of simplest pleasures was his! And yet, while flinging himself so wholly into the very joyousness of the little child, his "Song of the Shirt" was being sung at the corner of every street to tearful women, and "The Bridge of Sighs" declaimed by first-rate actresses to the refined and highborn, who listened breathlessly.

Ere the end of summer, Hood resumed his literary pursuits. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of the temporary suspension of his duties as editor, the magazine was advancing steadily, and the kindly aid he received in contributions from Monckton Milnes, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, and Charles Dickens, added to the prestige of "*Hood's Magazine*." As he had offered apologies for the temporary suspension of his duties, so Hood now expressed his pleasure at resuming them, in a most laughable tail-piece, "Throw Physic to the Dogs." The various expressions of the ten dogs, who are devouring the contents of the broken medicine bottles and pills, are admirable, from the pointer, who is spitting out the pills, to the poodle, dolefully turning up his eyes in the last stage of deadly sickness. The sketch is one that we think Landseer himself must have enjoyed. He now mostly illustrated the magazine with two or three "whimsicalities," as they might well be called; and so clever are these, that we greatly regret they have not reappeared as well as his prose sketches.

Until the autumn of this year (1844), Thomas Hood, although he did not completely recover his former health, had yet such frequent intervals of convalescence, that sometimes we almost thought the forebodings of his medical friend might prove unfounded. But in the autumn he

again sank, and we really think the agitation he felt in the case of poor Gifford White had great share in producing his subsequent illness.

The reader may remember that this was the young man who was convicted of writing a threatening letter to the Bluntisham farmers, and sentenced to transportation for life. The case of this mere youth made a deep impression on Hood, who always viewed transportation as a fearful punishment; and it was in allusion to him that he wrote his "Lay of the Laborer," and that impressive address to Sir James Graham, both of which appeared in the November number of his magazine. The passionate appeal to the Home Secretary, describing the "one melancholy figure, that flits prominently before my mind's eye," has been generally supposed to be the eloquent working up of a mere figure of speech; but it was told in solemn truth by Thomas Hood. "That poor creature," he remarked to us, when about to write that address, "I sometimes see him all the night through;" and then he described "that sorrowful vision," just as appears in print. That Sir James Graham would not condescend to notice his appeal distressed him much, and we thought we could perceive in him an unwonted sinking of spirits.

We had some interesting conversations with him about this time; and little would the foolish letter writers who pelted him with tracts believe how many solemn thoughts visited the mind of the writer of the "Comic Annual"—how high were his views of human responsibility; how earnest were his endeavors to alleviate the mass of suffering he saw around him; and with what utter self-negation he received the well-earned tribute, now proffered on every side, to the zeal with which he had advocated the cause of "the poor and them that have no helper." While listening to his remarks—always worth listening to, but of late singularly suggestive—we frequently felt that perhaps ere another year came round, he might be no longer among us; and our foreboding was true. During the winter Thomas Hood continued in very weak health; but he added another chapter or two to his story, and drew, although chiefly confined to his bed, several very amusing little tail-pieces for the maga-

zine. One day, asking him how he intended to proceed with his "Family," he said he should next vaccinate "the twins," and "then I believe I shall end." "End! why?" The significant look too plainly told us that Hood felt himself near the end of his work. And so it was; the vaccination is the last chapter.

A short interval of ease seems to have inspired him with a passing belief that his end was not so near, and then he wrote those beautiful lines, which, although tolerably well known, must not be omitted here, as the touching "swan song" of Thomas Hood:

"Farewell life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still
Upward steals a vapor chill—
Strong the earthy odor grows;
I smell the mould above the rose!

"Welcome life! the spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears, and shapes forlorn,
Fly like shadows at the morn;
O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
Sunny light, for sullen gloom—
Warm perfume, for vapor cold;
I smell the rose above the mould."

Alas! the prophecy of these beautiful lines was not to be fulfilled. During the three last months of Hood's life, his sufferings were intense, but borne with the most astonishing patience. For some weeks we did not see him, for the slightest exertion in speaking brought on hæmorrhage; and dropsy was soon after added to his sufferings. But when we once again saw him, we felt that his days were numbered; nor for him could we feel aught of regret.

At length our final farewell came: Thomas Hood was in the last stage of bodily weakness, but his trembling hand signed his autograph and the words "with kind regards," on one of the proof engravings of his bust, and this he requested us, in the low whisper which he could only use, to give to our mother from him "with my love, with my kind love." That engraving, and that autograph, are among our household treasures. It was on the Monday that we wrung the hand of our dear friend, well knowing, alas! it was for the last time; on the Thursday, feeling his end was drawing very nigh, he took his solemn leave of his invalua-

ble wife and his two young children ; and then, clasping Mrs. Hood's hand, he said, "Remember, Jane, I forgive all—all—as I hope to be forgiven ;" and then, turning from earth to heaven, he faintly whispered, "O Lord ! say, Arise, take up thy cross and follow me." He soon after sank into a slumber, which deepened into death on Saturday, May 3, 1845.

From the London Quarterly.

THE TALMUD.*

[Mr. Emanuel Deutsch, M.R.A.S., of the British Museum, a great linguist and scholar, is said to be the author of this learned and beautifully-written article on the "Talmud" in the *Quarterly Review*, which has already passed through three editions].—ED. ECLECTIC.

WHAT is the Talmud ?

What is the nature of that strange production of which the name, imperceptibly almost, is beginning to take its place among the household words of Europe ? Turn where we may in the realms of modern learning, we seem to be haunted by it. We meet with it in theology, in science, even in general literature, in their highways and in their byways. There is not a handbook to all or any of the many departments of biblical lore, sacred geography, history, chronology, numismatics, and the rest, but its pages contain references to the Talmud. The advocates of all religious opinions appeal to its dicta. Nay, not only the scientific investigators of Judaism and Christianity, but those of Mohammedanism and Zoroastrianism, turn to it in their dissections of dogma and legend and ceremony. If, again, we take up any recent volume of archaeological or philological transactions, whether we light on a dissertation on a Phœnician altar, or a cuneiform tablet, Babylonian weights, or Sassanian coins, we are certain to find this mysterious word. Nor is it merely the restorers of the lost idioms of Canaan and Assyria, of Himyar and Zoroastrian Persia, that appeal to the Talmud for assistance ; but the modern schools of Greek and Latin philology are beginning to avail themselves of the classical and postclassical materials that lie scattered through it. Jurisprudence, in its turn, has been

roused to the fact that, apart from the bearing of the Talmud on the study of the Pandects and the Institutes, there are also some of those very laws of the "Medes and Persians"—hitherto but a vague sound—hidden away in its labyrinths. And so too with medicine, astronomy, mathematics, and the rest. The history of these sciences, during that period over which the composition of the Talmud ranges—and it ranges over about a thousand years—can no longer be written without some reference to the items preserved, as in a vast buried city, in this cyclopean work. Yet, apart from the facts that belong emphatically to these respective branches, it contains other facts, of larger moment still : facts bearing upon human culture in its widest sense. Day by day there are excavated from these mounds pictures of many countries and many periods. Pictures of Hellas and Byzantium, Egypt and Rome, Persia and Palestine ; of the temple and the forum, war and peace, joy and mourning ; pictures teeming with life, glowing with color.

These are, indeed, signs of the times. A mighty change has come over us. We, children of this latter age, are, above all things, utilitarian. We do not read the Koran, the Zend Avesta, the Vedas, with the sole view of refuting them. We look upon all literature, religious, legal, and otherwise, whensoever and wheresoever produced, as part and parcel of humanity. We, in a manner, feel a kind of responsibility for it. We seek to understand the phase of culture which begot these items of our inheritance, the spirit that moves upon their face. And while we bury that which is dead in them, we rejoice in that which lives in them. We enrich our stores of knowledge from theirs, we are stirred by their poetry, we are moved to high and holy thoughts when they touch the divine chord in our hearts.

In the same human spirit we now speak of the Talmud. There is even danger at hand at this chivalresque feeling—one of the most touching characteristics of our times—which is evermore prompting us to offer holocausts to the manes of those whom former generations are thought to have wronged, may lead to its being extolled somewhat beyond its merit. As these ever new testimonies

(1.) *Talmud Babylonicum*. Venice, 1520-23. Folio. 12 Vols. 2. *Talmud Hierosolymitanum*. Venice [1523]. Folio. 1 Vol.

to its value crowd upon us, we might be led into exaggerating its importance for the history of mankind. Yet an old adage of its own says: "Above all things, study." Whether for the sake of learning or for any other reason, study. For, whatever the motives that impel you at first, you will very soon love study for its own sake." And thus even exaggerated expectations of the treasure-trove in the Talmud will have their value, if they lead to the study of the work itself.

For, let us say it at once, these tokens of its existence, that appear in many a new publication, are, for the most part, but will-o'-the-wisps. At first sight one would fancy that there never was a book more popular, or that formed more exclusively the mental centre of modern scholars, Orientalists, theologians, or jurists. What is the real truth? Paradoxical as it may seem, there never was a book at once more universally neglected and more universally talked of. Well may we forgive Heine, when we read the glowing description of the Talmud contained in his "Romancero," for never having even seen the subject of his panegyrics. Like his countryman Schiller, who, pining vainly for one glimpse of the Alps, produced the most glowing and faithful picture of them, so he, with the poet's unerring instinct, gathered truth from hearsay and description. But how many of these ubiquitous learned quotations flow from the fountain-head? Too often and too palpably it is merely—to use Samson's agricultural simile—those ancient and well-worked heifers, the "Tela ignea Satanæ," the "Abgezogener Schlangenbalg," and all their venomous kindred, which are once more being dragged to the plough by some of the learned. We say the learned: for as to the people at large, often as they hear the word now, we firmly believe that numbers of them still hold, with that erudite Capucin friar, Henricus Seynensis, that the Talmud is not a book, *but a man*. "Ut narrat Rabbinus Talmud"—"As says Rabbi Talmud"—cries he, and triumphantly clinches his argument!

And of those who know that it is not a Rabbi, how many are there to whom it conveys any but the vaguest of notions? Who wrote it? What is its

bulk? Its date? Its contents? Its birth-place? A contemporary lately called it "a sphinx, toward which all men's eyes are directed at this hour, some with eager curiosity, some with vague anxiety." But why not force open its lips? How much longer are we to live by quotations alone, quotations a thousand times used, a thousand times abused?

Where, however, are we to look even for primary instruction? Where learn the story of the book, its place and literature, its meaning and purport, and, above all, its relation to ourselves?

If we turn to the time-honored "authorities," we shall mostly find that, in their eagerness to serve some cause, they have torn a few pieces off that gigantic living body; and they have presented to us these ghastly anatomical preparations, twisted and mutilated out of all shape and semblance, saying, Behold, this is the book! Or they have done worse. They have not garbled their samples, but have given them exactly as they found them; and then stood aside, pointing at them with jeering countenance. For their samples were ludicrous and grotesque beyond expression. But these wise and pious investigators unfortunately mistook the gurgoyles, those grinning stone caricatures that mount their thousand years' guard over our cathedrals, for the gleaming statues of the saints within; and, holding them up to mockery and derision, they cried, These be thy Gods, O Israel!

Let us not be misunderstood. When we complain of the lack of guides to the Talmud, we do not wish to be ungrateful to those great and earnest scholars whose names are familiar to every student, and whose labors have been ever present to our mind. For, though in the whole realm of learning there is scarcely a single branch of study to be compared for its difficulty to the Talmud, yet, if a man had time, and patience, and knowledge, there is absolutely no reason why we should not, up and down ancient and modern libraries, gather most excellent hints from essays and treatises, monographs and sketches, in books and periodicals without number, by dint of which, aided by the study of the work itself, he might arrive at some conclusion as to its essence and tenden-

cies, its origin and its development. Yet, so far as we know, that work, every step of which, it must be confessed, is beset with fatal pitfalls, has not yet been done for the world at large. It is for a very good reason that we have placed nothing but the name of the Talmud itself at the head of our paper. We have sought far and near for some one special book on the subject, which we might make the theme of our observations—a book which should not merely be a garbled translation of a certain twelfth century "Introduction," interspersed with vituperations and supplemented with blunders, but which from the platform of modern culture should pronounce impartially upon a production which, if for no other reason, claims respect through its age—a book that would lead us through the stupendous labyrinths of fact, and thought, and fancy, of which the Talmud consists—that would rejoice even in hieroglyphical fairy-lore, in abstruse propositions and syllogisms, that could forgive wild outbursts of passion, and not judge harshly and hastily of things, the real meaning of which may have had to be hidden under the fool's cap and bells.

We have not found such a book, nor anything approaching to it. But closely connected with that circumstance is this other, that we were fain to quote the first additions of this Talmud, though scores have been printed since, and about a dozen are in the press at this very moment. Even this first edition was printed in hot haste, and without due care; and every succeeding one, with one or two insignificant exceptions, presents a sadder spectacle. In the Basle edition of 1578—the third in point of time, which has remained the standard edition almost ever since—that amazing creature, the censor, stepped in. In his anxiety to protect the "faith" from all and every danger—for the Talmud was supposed to hide bitter things against Christianity under the most innocent-looking words and phrases—this official did very wonderful things. When he, for example, found some ancient Roman in the book swearing by the Capitol or by Jupiter "of Rome," his mind instantly misgave him. Surely this Roman must be a Christian, the Capitol the Vatican, Jupiter the Pope.

And forthwith he struck out Rome and substituted any other place he could think of. A favorite spot seems to have been Persia, sometimes it was Aram or Babel. So that this worthy Roman may be found unto this day swearing by the Capitol of Persia or by the Jupiter of Aram and Babel. But whenever the word "Gentile" occurred, the Censor was seized with the most frantic terrors. A "Gentile" could not possibly be aught but a Christian; whether he lived in India or in Athens, in Rome or in Canaan; whether he was a good Gentile—and there are many such in the Talmud—or a wicked one. Instantly he christened him; and christened him, as fancy moved him, an "Egyptian," an "Aramaean," an "Amalekite," an "Arab," a "Negro;" sometimes a whole "people." We are speaking strictly to the letter. All this is extant in our very last editions.

Once or twice attempts were made to clear the text from its foulest blemishes. There was even, about two years ago, a beginning made of a "critical" edition, such as not merely Greek and Roman, Sanscrit and Persian classics, but the veriest trash written in those languages would have had ever so long ago. And there is—M. Renan's unfortunate remark to the contrary notwithstanding*—no lack of Talmudical MSS., however fragmentary they be for the most part. There are innumerable variations, additions, and corrections to be gleaned from the Codices at the Bodleian and the Vatican, in the libraries of Odessa, Munich, and Florence, Hamburg and Heidelberg, Paris and Parma. But an evil eye seems to be upon this book. This corrected edition remains a torso, like the first two volumes of translations of the Talmud, commenced at different periods, the second volume of which never saw the light. It therefore seemed advisable to refer to the *Editio Princeps*, as the one that is at least free from the blemishes, censorial or typographical, of later ages.

Well does the Talmud supplement the Horatian "*Habent sua fata libelli*," by the words "even the sacred scrolls in the Tabernacle." We really do not wonder that the good Capucin of whom

* "On sait qu'il ne reste aucun manuscrit du Talmud pour contrôler les éditions imprimées"—*Les Apôtres*, p. 262.

we spoke mistook it for a man. Ever since it existed—almost before it existed in a palpable shape—it has been treated much like a human being. It has been proscribed, and imprisoned, and burnt, a hundred times over. From Justinian, who, as early as 553 A.D., honored it by a special interdictory Novella,* down to Clement VIII and later—a space of over a thousand years—both the secular and the spiritual powers, kings and emperors, popes and anti-popes, vied with each other in hurling anathemas and bulls and edicts of wholesale confiscation and conflagration against this luckless book. Thus, within a period of less than fifty years—and these forming the latter half of the sixteenth century—it was publicly burnt no less than six different times, and that not in single copies, but wholesale, by the wagon-load. Julius III issued his proclamation against what he grotesquely calls the “Gemarothe Talmud” in 1553 and 1555, Paul IV. in 1559, Pius V. in 1566, Clement VIII. in 1592 and 1599. The fear of it was great indeed. Even Pius IV. in giving permission for a new edition, stipulated expressly that it should appear without the name Talmud. “Si tamen prodierit sige nomine Talmud tolerari deberet.” It almost seems to have been a kind of Shibboleth, by which every new potentate had to prove the rigor of his faith. And very rigorous it must have been, to judge by the language which even the highest dignitaries of the Church did not disdain to use at times. Thus Honorius IV. writes to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1286 anent that “damnable book” (*liber damnabilis*), admonishing him gravely and desiring him “vehemently” to see that it be not read by anybody, since “all other evils flow out of it.” Verily these documents are sad reading, only relieved occasionally by some wild blunder that lights up as with one flash the abyss of ignorance regarding this object of wrath.

We remember but one sensible exception in this Babel of manifestoes. Clement V., in 1307, before condemning the book, wished to know something of it, and there was no one to tell him. Whereupon he proposed—but in

language so obscure that it left the door open for many interpretations—that three chairs be founded, for Hebrew, Chaldean, and Arabic, as the three tongues nearest to the idiom of the Talmud. The spots chosen by him were the Universities of Paris, Salamanca, Bologna, and Oxford. In time, he hoped, one of these Universities might be able to produce a translation of this mysterious book. Need we say that this consummation never came to pass? The more expeditious process of destruction was resorted to again and again and again, not merely in the single cities of Italy and France, but throughout the entire Holy Roman Empire.

At length a change took place in Germany. One Pfefferkorn, a miserable creature enough, began, in the time of the Emperor Maximilian, to agitate for a new decree for the extermination of the Talmud. The emperor lay with his hosts before Pavia, when the evil-tongued messenger arrived in the camp, furnished with goodly letters by Kunigunde, the Emperor's beautiful sister. Maximilian, wearied and unsuspecting, renewed that time-honored decree for a confiscation, to be duly followed by a conflagration, readily enough. The confiscation was conscientiously carried out, for Pfefferkorn knew well enough where his former co-religionists kept their books. But a conflagration of a very different kind ensued. Step by step, hour by hour, the German Reformation was drawing nearer. Reuchlin, the most eminent Hellenist and Hebraist of his time, had been nominated to sit on the Committee which was to lend its learned authority to the Emperor's decree. But he did not relish this task. “He did not like the look of Pfefferkorn,” he says. Besides which, he was a learned and an honest man, and, having been the restorer of classical Greek in Germany, he did not care to participate in the wholesale murder of a book “written by Christ's nearest relations.” Perhaps he saw the cunningly-laid trap. He had long been a thorn in the flesh of many of his contemporaries. His Hebrew labors had been looked upon with bitter jealousy, if not fear. Nothing less was contemplated in those days—the theological Faculty of Mayence demanded it openly—than a total “revision and cor-

* Novella 146, *Περί Ἑβραίων* (addressed to the *Praefectus Praetorio Areobindus*).

rection" of the Hebrew Bible "inasmuch as it differed from the Vulgate." Reuchlin, on his part, never lost an opportunity of proclaiming the high importance of the "Hebrew Truth," as he emphatically called it. His enemies thought that one of two things would follow. By officially pronouncing upon the Talmud, he was sure either to commit himself dangerously—and then a speedy end would be made of him—or to set at naught, to a certain extent, his own previous judgments in favor of these studies. He declined the proposal, saying, honestly enough, that he knew nothing of the book, and that he was not aware of the existence of many who knew anything of it. Least of all did its detractors know it. But, he continued, even if it should contain attacks on Christianity, would it not be preferable to reply to them? "Burning is but a ruffianly argument (*Bacchanten-Argument*). Whereupon a wild outcry was raised against him as a Jew, a Judaizer, a bribed renegade, and so on. Reuchlin, nothing daunted, set to work upon the book in his patient, hard-working manner. Next he wrote a brilliant defence of it. When the Emperor asked his opinion, he repeated Clement's proposal to found talmudical chairs. At each German university there should be two professors, specially appointed for the sole purpose of enabling students to become acquainted with this book. "As to burning it," he continues, in the famous Memorial addressed to the Emperor, "if some fool came and said, Most mighty Emperor! your Majesty should really suppress and burn the books of alchemy (a fine *argumentum ad hominem*) because they contain blasphemous, wicked, and absurd things against our faith, what should his Imperial Majesty reply to such a buffalo or ass but this: Thou art a ninny, rather to be laughed at than followed? Now because his feeble head cannot enter into the depths of a science, and cannot conceive it, and does understand things otherwise than they really are, would you deem it fit to burn such books?"

Fiercer and fiercer waxed the howl, and Reuchlin, the peaceful student, from a witness became a delinquent. What he suffered for and through the Talmud cannot be told here. Far and wide, all over Europe, the contest raged. A

whole literature of pamphlets, flying sheets, caricatures, sprang up. University after university was appealed to against him. No less than forty-seven sittings were held by the theological Faculty of Paris, which ended by their formal condemnation of Reuchlin. But he was not left to fight alone. Around him rallied, one by one, Duke Ulrich of Württemberg, the Elector Frederick of Saxony, Ulrich von Hutten, Franz von Sickingen—he who finally made the Colognians pay their costs in the Reuchlin trial—Erasmus of Rotterdam, and that whole brilliant phalanx of the "Knights of the Holy Ghost," the "Hosts of Pallas Athene," the "*Talmutphili*," as the documents of that period variously style them: they whom we call the Humanists.

And their palladium and their war-cry was—oh! wondrous ways of History—the Talmud! To stand up for Reuchlin meant, to them, to stand up for the "Law;" to fight for the Talmud was to *fight for the Church!* "Non te," writes Egidio de Viterbo to Reuchlin, "*sed Legem; non Thalmud, sed Ecclesiam!*"

The rest of the story is written in the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*," and in the early pages of the German Reformation. The Talmud was not burnt this time. On the contrary, its first complete edition was printed. And in that same year of grace 1520 A.D., when this first edition went through the press at Venice, Martin Luther burnt the Pope's bull at Wittenberg.

What is the Talmud?

Again the question rises before us in its whole formidable shape; a question which no one has yet answered satisfactorily. And we labor in this place under more than one disadvantage. For, quite apart from the difficulties of explaining a work so utterly Eastern, antique, and thoroughly *sui generis*, to our modern Western readers, in the space of a few pages, we labor under the further disability of not being able to refer to the work itself. Would it not indeed be mere affectation to presuppose more than the vaguest acquaintance with its language or even its name in many of our readers? And while we would fain enlarge upon such points as a comparison between the law laid down in it with ours, or with the contemporary Greek, Roman, and Persian laws, or those of

Islam, or even with its own fundamental Code, the Mosaic: while we would trace a number of its ethical, ceremonial, and doctrinal points in Zoroastrianism, in Christianity, in Mohammedanism; a vast deal of its metaphysics and philosophy in Plato, Aristotle, the Pythagoreans, the Neoplatonists, and the Gnostics—not to mention Spinoza and the Schellings of our own day; much of its medicine in Hippocrates and Galen, and the Paracelsuses of but a few centuries ago—we shall scarcely be able to do more than to lay a few *dijecta membra* of these things before our readers. We cannot even sketch, in all its bearings, that singular mental movement which caused the best spirits of an entire nation to concentrate, in spite of opposition, all their energies for a thousand years upon the writing, and for another thousand years upon the commenting of this one book. Omitting all detail, which it has cost much to gather, and more to suppress, we shall merely tell of its development, of the schools in which it grew, of the tribunals which judged by it, of some of the men that set their seal on it. We shall also introduce a summary of its law, speak of its metaphysics, of its moral philosophy, and quote many of its proverbs and saws—the truest of all gauges of a time.

We shall, perhaps, be obliged occasionally to appeal to some of the extraneous topics just mentioned. The Talmud, like every other phenomenon, in order to become comprehensible, should be considered only in connection with things of a similar kind: a fact almost entirely overlooked to this day. Being emphatically a *Corpus Juris*, an encyclopædia of law, civil and penal, ecclesiastical and international, human and divine, it may best be judged by analogy and comparison with other legal codes, more especially with the Justinian Code and its Commentaries. What the uninitiated have taken for exceptional "Rabbinical" subtleties, or, in matters relating to the sexes, for gross offences against modern taste, will then cause the Talmud to stand out rather favorably than otherwise. The Pandects and the Institutes, the Novellæ and the *Responsa Prudentium* should thus be constantly consulted and compared. No less should our English law, as laid down in Blackstone, wherein we may see how the most varied views of right and

wrong have been finally blended and harmonized with the spirit of our times. But the Talmud is more than a Book of Laws. It is a microcosm, embracing, even as does the Bible, heaven and earth. It is as if all the prose and the poetry, the science, the faith and speculation of the Old World were, though only in faint reflections, bound up in it *in nuce*. Comprising the time from the rise to the fall of antiquity, and a good deal of its after-glow, the history and culture of antiquity have to be considered in their various stages. But, above all, it is necessary to transport ourselves, following Goethe's advice, to its birth-place—Palestine and Babylon—the gorgeous East itself, where all things glow in brighter colors, and grow into more fantastic shapes:

"Willst den Dichter du verstehen,
Musst in Dichter's Lande gehen."

The origin of the Talmud is coeval with the return from the Babylonish captivity. One of the most mysterious and momentous periods in the history of humanity is that brief space of the exile. What were the influences brought to bear upon the captives, we know not. But this we know, that from a reckless, lawless, godless populace, they returned transformed into a band of Puritans. The religion of Zerdusht, though it has left its traces in Judaism, fails to account for that change. Nor does the Exile itself account for it. Many and intense as are the reminiscences of its bitterness, and of yearning for home, that have survived in prayer and in song, yet we know that when the hour of liberty struck the forced colonists were loth to return to the land of their fathers. Yet the change is there, palpable, unmistakable—a change which we may regard as almost miraculous. Scarcely aware before of the existence of their glorious national literature, the people now began to press round these brands plucked from the fire—the scanty records of their faith and history—with a fierce and passionate love, a love stronger even than that of wife and child. These same documents, as they were gradually formed into a canon, became the immutable centre of their lives, their actions, their thoughts, their very dreams. From that time forth, with scarcely any intermis-

sion, the keenest as well as the most poetical minds of the nation remained fixed upon them. "Turn it and turn it again," says the Talmud, with regard to the Bible, "for everything is in it." "Search the Scriptures," is the distinct utterance of the New Testament.

The natural consequence ensued. Gradually, imperceptibly almost, from a mere expounding and investigation for purposes of edification or instruction on some special point, this activity begot a science, a science that assumed the very widest dimensions. Its technical name is already contained in the Book of Chronicles. It is "Midrash" (from *darash*, to study, expound)—a term which the Authorized Version renders "Story."*

There is scarcely a more fruitful source of misconceptions upon this subject than the liquid nature, so to speak, of its technical terms. They mean anything and everything, at once most general and most special. Nearly all of them signify in the first instance simply "study." Next they are used for some one very special branch of this study. Then they indicate, at times a peculiar method, at others the works which have grown out of these either general or special mental labors. Thus Midrash, from the abstract "expounding," came to be applied, first to the "exposition" itself—even as our terms "work," "investigation," "inquiry," imply both process and product; and finally, as a special branch of exposition—the legendary—was more popular than the rest, to this one branch only and to the books that chiefly represented it.

For there had sprung up almost innumerable modes of "searching the Scriptures." In the quaintly ingenious manner of the times, four of the chief methods were found in the Persian word Paradise, spelt in vowelless Semitic fashion, PRDS. Each one of these mysterious letters was taken, mnemonically, as the initial of some technical word that indicated one of these four methods. The one called P [*peshat*] aimed at the simple understanding of words and things, in accordance with the primary exegetical law of the Talmud, "that no verse of the Scripture ever practically

travelled beyond its literal meaning"—though it might be explained, homiletically and otherwise, in innumerable new ways. The second, R [*remes*], means Hint, i. e., the discovery of the indications contained in certain seemingly superfluous letters and signs in Scripture. These were taken to refer to laws not distinctly mentioned, but either existing traditionally or newly promulgated. This method, when more generally applied, begot a kind of *memoria technica*, a stenography akin to the "Notarikon" of the Romans. Points and notes were added to the margins of scriptural MSS., and the foundation of the Massorah, or diplomatic preservation of the text, was thus laid. The third, D [*derush*], was homiletic application of that which had been to that which was and would be, of prophetic and historical dicta to the actual conditions of things. It was a peculiar kind of sermon, with all the aids of dialectics and poetry, of parable, gnome, proverb, legend, and the rest, exactly as we find it in the New Testament. The fourth, S, stood for *sof*, secret, mystery. This was the Secret Science, into which but few were initiated. It was theosophy, metaphysics, angelology, a host of wild and glowing visions of things beyond earth. Faint echoes of this science survive in Neoplatonism, in Gnosticism, in the Kabbalah, in "Hermes Trismegistus." But few were initiated into these things of "The Creation" and of "The Chariot," as it was also called, in allusion to Ezekiel's vision. Yet here again the power of the vague and mysterious was so strong, that the word Paradise gradually indicated this last branch, the secret science, only. Later, in Gnosticism, it came to mean the "Spiritual Christ."

There is a weird story in the Talmud, which has given rise to the wildest explanations, but which will become intelligible by the foregoing lines. "Four men," it says, "entered Paradise. One beheld and died. One beheld and lost his senses. One destroyed the young plants. One only entered in peace and came out in peace." The names of all four are given. They are all exalted masters of the law. The last but one, he who destroyed the young plants, is Elisha ben Abuyah, the Faust of the Talmud, who, while sitting in the academy,

* See 2 Chron. xiii. 22, xxiv. 27.

at the feet of his teachers, to study the law, kept the "profane books"—of "Homeros," to wit, hidden in his garment, and from whose mouth "Greek songs" never cease to flow. How he, notwithstanding his early scepticism, rapidly rises to eminence in that same law, finally falls away and becomes a traitor and an outcast, and his very name a thing of unutterable horror—how, one day (it was the great day of atonement) he passes the ruins of the temple, and hears a voice within "murmuring like a dove"—"all men shall be forgiven this day save Elisha ben Abuyah, who, knowing me, has betrayed me"—how, after his death, the flames will not cease to hover over his grave, until his one faithful disciple, the "Light of the Law," Meir, throws himself over it, swearing a holy oath that he will not partake of the joys of the world to come without his beloved master, and that he will not move from the spot until his master's soul shall have found grace and salvation before the Throne of Mercy—all this and a number of incidents form one of the most stirring poetical pictures of the whole Talmud. The last of the four is Akiba, the most exalted, most romantic, and most heroic character perhaps in that vast gallery of the learned of his time; he who, in the last revolt under Trajan and Hadrian, expiated his patriotic rashness at the hands of the Roman executioners, and—the legend adds—whose soul fled just when, in his last agony, his mouth cried out the last word of the confession of God's unity:—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is One."

The Talmud is the storehouse of "Midrash," in its widest sense, and in all its branches. What we said of the fluctuation of terms applies emphatically also to this word Talmud. It means, in the first instance, nothing but "study," "learning," from *lamad*, to learn; next, indicating a special method of "learning" or rather arguing, it finally became the name of the great Corpus Juris of Judaism.

When we speak of the Talmud as a legal code, we trust we shall not be understood too literally. It resembles about as much what we generally understand by that name as a primeval forest resembles a Dutch garden.

Nothing indeed can equal the state of utter amazement into which the

modern investigator finds himself plunged at the first sight of these luxuriant talmudical wildernesses. Schooled in the harmonizing, methodizing systems of the West—systems that condense, and arrange, and classify, and give every thing its fitting place and its fitting position in that place—he feels almost stupefied here. The language, the style, the method, the very sequence of things (a sequence that often appears as logical as our dreams), the amazingly varied nature of these things—everything seems tangled, confused, chaotic. It is only after a time that the student learns to distinguish between two mighty currents in the book—currents that at times flow parallel, at times seem to work upon each other, and to impede each other's action: the one emanating from the brain, the other from the heart—the one Prose, the other Poetry—the one carrying with it all those mental faculties that manifest themselves in arguing, investigating, comparing, developing, bringing a thousand points to bear upon one and one upon a thousand; the other springing from the realms of fancy, of imagination, feeling, humor, and, above all, from that precious combination of still, almost sad, pensiveness with quick catholic sympathies, which in German is called *Gemüth*. These two currents the Midrash, in its various aspects, had caused to set in the direction of the Bible, and they soon found in it two vast fields for the display of all their power and energy. The logical faculties turned to the legal portions in Exodus, Leviticus, Deuteronomy—developing, seeking, and solving a thousand real or apparent difficulties and contradictions with what, as tradition, had been living in the hearts and mouths of the people from time immemorial. The other—the imaginative faculties—took possession of the prophetic, ethical, historical, and, quaintly enough, sometimes even of the legal portions of the Bible, and transformed the whole into a vast series of themes almost musical in their wonderful and capricious variations. The first-named is called "Halachah" (*Rule, Norm*), a term applied both to the process of evolving legal enactments and the enactments themselves. The other, "Haggadah" (*Legend, Saga*), not so much in our

modern sense of the word, though a great part of its contents comes under that head, but because it was only a "saying," a thing without authority, a play of fancy, an allegory, a parable, a tale, that pointed a moral and illustrated a question, that smoothed the billows of fierce debate, roused the slumbering attention, and was generally—to use its own phrase—a "comfort and a blessing."

The Talmud, which is composed of these two elements, the legal and the legendary, is divided into *MISHNAH* and *GEMARA*: two terms again of uncertain, shifting meaning. Originally indicating, like the technical words mentioned already, "study," they both became terms for special studies, and indicated special works. The *Mishnah*, from *shanah* (*tana*), to learn, to repeat, has been of old translated *διδασκαλία*, second law. But this derivation, correct as it seems literally, is incorrect in the first instance. It simply means "Learning," like *Gemara*, which, besides, indicates "complement" to the *Mishnah*—itself a complement to the mosaic code, but in such a manner that, in developing and enlarging, it supersedes it. The *Mishnah*, on its own part again, forms a kind of text to which the *Gemara* is not so much a scholion as a critical expansion. The Pentateuch remains in all cases the background and latent source of the *Mishnah*. But it is the business of the *Gemara* to examine into the legitimacy and correctness of this *Mishnic* development in single instances. The Pentateuch remained under all circumstances the immutable, divinely given constitution, the *written law*: in contradistinction to it, the *Mishnah*, together with the *Gemara*, was called the oral, or "Unwritten" law, not unlike the unwritten Greek *ῥήτρα*, the Roman "Lex non Scripta," the *Sunna*, or our own Common Law.

There are few chapters in the whole History of Jurisprudence more obscure than the origin, development, and completion of this "Oral Law." There must have existed, from the very beginning of the Mosaic law, a number of corollary laws, which explained in detail most of the rules broadly laid down in it. Apart from these, it was but natural that the enactments of that primitive Council or the Desert, the Elders and their succe-

sors in each period, together with the verdicts issued by the later "judges within the gates," to whom the Pentateuch distinctly refers, should have become precedents, and been handed down as such. Apocryphal writings—notably the fourth book of *Ezra*—not to mention *Philo* and the Church Fathers, speak of fabulous numbers of books that had been given to Moses together with the Pentateuch: thus indicating the common belief in the divine origin of the supplementary laws that had existed among the people from time immemorial. Jewish tradition traces the bulk of the oral injunctions, through a chain of distinctly-named authorities, to "Sinai" itself. It mentions in detail how Moses communicated those minutiae of his legislation, in which he had been instructed during the mysterious forty days and nights on the Mount, to the chosen guides of the people, in such a manner that they should forever remain engraven on the tablets of their hearts.

A long space intervenes between the Mosaic period and that of the *Mishnah*. The ever-growing wants of the ever-disturbed commonwealth necessitated new laws and regulations at every turn. A difficulty, however, arose, unknown to other legislations. In despotic states a decree is issued, promulgating the new law. In constitutional states a bill is brought in. The supreme authority, if it finds it meet and right to make this new law, makes it. The case was different in the Jewish commonwealth of the post-exilic times. Among the things that were irredeemably lost with the first temple were the "Urim and Thummim" of the high-priest—the oracle. With *Malachi* the last prophet had died. Both for the promulgation of a new law and the abrogation of an old one, a higher sanction was requisite than a mere majority of the legislative council. The new act must be proved, directly or indirectly, from the "Word of God"—proved to have been promulgated by the Supreme King—hidden and bound up, as it were, in its very letters from the beginning. This was not easy in all cases; especially when a certain number of hermeneutical rules, not unlike those used in the Roman schools (inferences, conclusions from the minor to the major and *vice versa*, analogies of ideas or

objects, general and special statements, etc.), had come to be laid down.

Apart from the new laws requisite at sudden emergencies, there were many of those old traditional ones, for which the *point d'appui* had to be found, when, as established legal matters, they came before the critical eye of the schools. And these schools themselves, in their ever-restless activity, evolved new laws, according to their logical rules, even when they were not practically wanted nor likely ever to come into practical use—simply as a matter of science. Hence there is a double action perceptible in this legal development. Either the scriptural verse forms the terminus *a quo*, or the terminus *ad quem*. It is either the starting point for a discussion which ends in the production of some new enactment; or some new enactment, or one never before investigated, is traced back to the divine source by an outward "hint," however insignificant.

This process of evolving new precepts from old ones by "signs,"—a word curiously enough used also by Blackstone in his "development" of the law—may in some instances have been applied with too much freedom. Yet, while the Talmudical Code practically differs from the Mosaic as much as our Digest will some day differ from the laws of the time of Canute, and as the Justinian Code differs from the Twelve Tables, it cannot be denied that these fundamental laws have in all cases been consulted, carefully and impartially as to their spirit, their letter being often but the vessel or outer symbol. The often uncompromising severity of the Pentateuch, especially in the province of the penal law, had certainly become much softened down under the milder influences of the culture of later days. Several of its injunctions, which had become impracticable, were circumscribed, or almost constitutionally abrogated, by the introduction of exceptional formalities. Some of its branches also had developed in a direction other than what at first sight seems to have been anticipated. But the power vested in the "judge of those days" was in general most sparingly and conscientiously applied.

This whole process of the development of the "Law" was in the hands of the "Scribes," who, according to the New

Testament, "sit in the seat of Moses." We shall speak presently of the "Pharisees" with whom the word is often coupled. Here, meantime, we must once more distinguish between the different meanings of the word "Scribe" at different periods. For there are three stages in the oral compilation of the Talmudical Code, each of which is named after a special class of doctors.

The task of the first class of these masters—the "Scribes" by way of eminence, whose time ranges from the return from Babylon down to the Greco-Syrian persecutions (220 B.C.)—was above all to preserve the sacred Text, as it had survived after many mishaps. They "enumerated" not merely the precepts, but the words, the letters, the signs of the Scripture, thereby guarding it from all future interpolations and corruptions. They had further to explain these precepts, in accordance with the collateral tradition of which they were the guardians. They had to instruct the people, to preach in the synagogues, to teach in the schools. They further, on their own authority, erected certain "Fences," *i.e.*, such new injunctions as they deemed necessary merely for the better keeping of the old precepts. The whole work of these men ("Men of the Great Synagogue") is well summed up in their adage: "Have a care in legal decisions, send forth many disciples, and make a fence around the law." More pregnant still is the motto of their last representative—the only one whose name, besides those of Ezra and Nehemiah, the supposed founders of this body, has survived—Simon the Just: "On three things stands the world: on law, on worship, and on charity."

After the "Scribes"—*סופרים*—come the "Learners," or "Repeaters," also called Banafim, "Master-builders"—from 200 B.C. to 220 A.D. In this period falls the Maccabean Revolution, the birth of Christ, the destruction of the Temple by Titus, the revolt of Bar-Cochba under Hadrian, the final destruction of Jerusalem, and the total expatriation of the Jews. During this time Palestine was ruled successively by Persians, Egyptians, Syrians, and Romans. But the legal labors that belong to this period were never seriously interrupted. However dread the events, the schools con-

tinued their studies. The masters were martyred time after time, the academies were razed to the ground, the practical and the theoretical occupation with the law was proscribed on pain of death—yet in no instance is the chain of the living tradition broken. With their last breath the dying masters appointed and ordained their successors; for one academy that was reduced to a heap of ashes in Palestine, three sprang up in Babylonia, and the law flowed on, and was perpetuated in the face of a thousand deaths.

The chief bearers and representatives of these divine legal studies were the President (called Nasi, Prince), and the Vice-President (Ab-Beth-Din = Father of the House of Judgment) of the highest legal assembly, the Synedrin, aramaized into *Sanhedrin*. There were three Sanhedrins: one "Great Sanhedrin," two "lesser" ones. Whenever the New Testament mentions the "Priests, the Elders, and the Scribes" together, it means the Great Sanhedrin. This constituted the highest ecclesiastical and civil tribunal. It consisted of seventy-one members, chosen from the foremost priests, the heads of tribes and families, and from the "Learned," i. e., the "Scribes" or Lawyers. It was no easy task to be elected a member of this Supreme Council. The candidate had to be a superior man, both mentally and bodily. He was not to be either too young or too old. Above all, he was not to be an adept both in the "Law" and in Science.

When people read of "law," "masters" or "doctors of the law," they do not, it seems to us, always fully realize what that word "law" means in Old or rather New Testament language. It should be remembered that, as we have already indicated, it stands for all and every knowledge, since all and every knowledge was requisite for the understanding of it. The Mosaic code has injunctions about the sabbatical journey; the distance had to be measured and calculated, and mathematics were called into play. Seeds, plants, and animals had to be studied in connection with the many precepts regarding them, and natural history had to be appealed to. Then there were the purely hygienic paragraphs, which necessitated for their precision a knowledge of all the medical

science of the time. The "seasons" and the feast-days were regulated by the phases of the moon; and astronomy—if only in its elements—had to be studied. And—as the commonwealth successively came in contact, however much against its will at first, with Greece and Rome—their history, geography, and language came to be added as a matter of instruction to those of Persia and Babylon. It was only a handful of well-meaning but narrow-minded men, like the Essenes, who would not, for their own part, listen to the repeal of certain temporary "Decrees of Danger." When Hellenic scepticism in its most seductive form had, during the Syrian troubles, begun to seek its victims even in the midst of the "Sacred Vineyard," and threatened to undermine all patriotism and all independence, a curse was pronounced upon Hellenism: much as German patriots, at the beginning of this century, loathed the very sound of the French language; or as, not so very long ago, all things "foreign" were regarded with a certain suspicion in England. But, the danger over, the Greek language and culture were restored to their previous high position in both the school and the house, as indeed the union of Hebrew and Greek, "the Talith and the Pallium," "Shem and Japheth, who had been blessed together by Noah, and who would always be blessed in union," was strongly insisted upon. We shall return to the polyglott character of those days, the common language of which was an odd mixture of Greek, Aramaic, Latin, Syriac, Hebrew; but the member of the Sanhedrin had to be a good linguist. He was not to be dependent on the possibly tinged version of an interpreter. But not only was science, in its widest sense, required in him, but even an acquaintance with its fantastic shadows, such as astrology, magic, and the rest, in order that he, as both lawgiver and judge, should be able to enter also into the popular feeling about these wide-spread "Arts." Prose-lytes, eunuchs, freedmen, were rigidly excluded from the Assembly. So were those who could not prove themselves the legitimate offspring of priests, Levites, or Israelites. And so, further, were gamblers, betting-men, money-lenders, and dealers in illegal produce. To the provision about the age, viz., that the

senator should be neither too far advanced in age "lest his judgment might be enfeebled," nor too young "lest it might be immature and hasty;" and to the proofs required of his vast theoretical and practical knowledge—for he was only by slow degrees promoted from an obscure judgeship in his native hamlet to the senatorial dignity—there came to be added also that wonderfully fine rule, that he must be a married man and have children of his own. Deep miseries of families would be laid bare before him, and he should bring with him a heart full of sympathy.

Of the practical administration of justice by the Sanhedrin we have yet to speak when we come to the Corpus Juris itself. It now behoves us to pause a moment at those "schools and academies" of which we have repeatedly made mention, and of which the Sanhedrin formed, as it were, the crown and the highest consummation.

Eighty years before Christ, schools flourished throughout the length and the breadth of the land;—education had been made compulsory. While there is not a single term for "school" to be found before the Captivity, there were by that time about a dozen in common usage.* Here are a few of the innumerable popular sayings of the period, betokening the paramount importance which public instruction had assumed in the life of the nation: "Jerusalem was destroyed because the instruction of the young was neglected." "The world is only saved by the breath of the school-children." "Even for the rebuilding of the Temple the schools must not be interrupted." "Study is more meritorious than sacrifice." "A scholar is greater

than a prophet." "You should revere the teacher even more than your father. The latter only brought you into this world, the former indicates the way into the next. But blessed is the son who has learnt from his father: he shall revere him both as his father and his master; and blessed is the father who has instructed his son."

The "High Colleges" or "Kallahs" only met during some months in the year. Three weeks before the term the Dean prepared the students for the lectures to be delivered by the Rector, and so arduous became the task, as the number of the disciples increased, that in time no less than seven Deans had to be appointed. Yet the mode of teaching was not that of our modern universities. The professors did not deliver lectures, which the disciples, like the Student in "Faust," could "comfortably take home in black and white." Here all was life, movement, debate; question was met by counter-question, answers were given wrapped up in allegories or parables, the inquirer was led to deduce the questionable point for himself by analogy—the nearest approach to the Socratic method. The New Testament furnishes many specimens of this contemporary method of instruction.

The highest rank in the estimation of the people was not reserved for the "Priests," about whose real position some extraordinary notions seem still afloat—nor for the "Nobles"—but for these Masters of the Law, the "Wise," the "Disciples of the Wise." There is something almost German in the profound reverence uniformly shown to these representatives of science and learning, however poor and insignificant in person and rank. Many of the eminent "Doctors" were but humble tradesmen. They were tentmakers, sandalmakers, weavers, carpenters, tanners, bakers, cooks. A newly-elected President was found by his predecessor, who had been ignominiously deposed for his overbearing manner, all grimy in the midst of his charcoal mounds. Of all things the most hated were idleness and asceticism; piety and learning themselves only received their proper estimation when joined to healthy bodily work. "It is

* Some of these terms are Greek, like *διδασκαλία*; some, belonging to the pellucid idiom of the people, the Aramaic, poetically indicated at times the special arrangement of the small and big scholars, e.g. "Array," "Vineyard" ("where they sat in rows as stands the blooming vine"); while others are of so uncertain a derivation, that they may belong to either language. The technical term for the highest school, for instance, has long formed a crux for etymologists. It is *Kallah*. This may be either the Hebrew word for "Bride," a well-known allegorical expression for science, "assiduously to be courted, not lightly to be won, and easily estranged;" or it may be the slightly mutilated Greek *σχολή*, or it may literally be our own word *University*, from *Kol*, all, universus: an all-embracing institution of all branches of learning.

* See preceding note.

well to add a trade to your studies; you will then be free from sin"—"The tradesman at his work need not rise before the greatest doctor"—"Greater is he who derives his livelihood from work than he who fears God"—are some of the most common dicta of the period.

The exalted place thus given to work, as on the one hand it prevented an abject worship of learning, so on the other it kept all ascetic eccentricities from the body of the people. And there was always some danger of them at hand. When the temple lay in ashes, men would no longer eat meat or drink wine. A Sage remonstrated with them, but they replied, weeping: "Once the flesh of sacrifices was burnt upon the Altar of God. The Altar is thrown down. Once libations of wine were poured out. They are no more." "But you eat bread; there were bread-offerings." "You are right, Master, we shall eat fruit only." "But the first fruits were offered up." "We shall refrain from them." "But you drink water, and there were libations of water." And they knew not what to reply. Then he comforted them by the assurance that He who had destroyed Jerusalem had promised to rebuild it, and that proper mourning was right and meet, but that it must be of a nature to weaken the body for work.

To be concluded.

THE BLOCKADE: AN EPISODE OF THE END OF THE EMPIRE.

IV.

ALL this, Fritz, was but the beginning of troubles.

You should have seen the city the next morning, at about eleven o'clock, when the engineering officers had finished inspecting the ramparts, and the tidings suddenly spread that there were needed seventy-two platforms inside the bastions, three bomb-proof forts, for thirty men each, at the right and left of the German gate, ten palankas with battlements forming stronghold intrenchments for forty men, and four blindages upon the great square of the mayoralty, to shelter each a hundred and ten men; and when it was known that the citizens would be obliged to work at all these, to provide themselves with shovels, pick-

axes, and wheelbarrows, and the peasants to bring trees with their own horses!

As for Sorlé, Sâfel, and myself, we did not even know what blindages and palankas were; we asked our neighbor Bailly, an old armorer, what they were for, and he answered with a smile:

"You will find out, neighbor, when you hear the balls roar and the shells hiss. It would take too long to explain. You will see, by and by; never too late to learn."

Think what a figure the people cut! I remember that everybody ran to the square, where our mayor, Baron Parmentier, made a speech. We ran there with all the rest.

Sorlé held me by the arm, and Sâfel by the skirt of my coat.

There, in front of the mayoralty, the whole city, men, women, and children, formed in a semicircle, and listened in the deepest silence, now and then crying all together, "Vive l'Empereur!"

Parmentier, a tall, thin man, in a sky-blue coat, with a cod-fish tail, a white cravat, and the tri-colored sash around his waist, stood on the top of the steps of the guard-house, with the members of the municipal council behind him, under the arch, and shouted out:

"Phalsburgians! The time has come in which to show your devotion to the Empire. A year ago all Europe was with us, now all Europe is against us. We should have everything to fear without the energy and power of the people. He who will not do his duty now will be a traitor to his country! Inhabitants of Phalsburg, show what you are! Remember that your children have perished through the treachery of the allies. Avenge them! Let every one be obedient to the military authority, for the sake of the safety of France," etc.

Only to hear him made one's flesh creep, and I said to myself:

"Now there will not be time for the spirits of wine to get here—that is plain! The allies are on their way!"

Elias the butcher, and Kalmes Levi the ribbon-merchant, were standing near us. Instead of crying "Vive l'Empereur!" with the rest, they said to each other:

"Good! we are not barons, you and

I! Barons, counts, and dukes have but to defend themselves. Are we to think only of their interests?"

But all the old soldiers, and especially those of the Republic, old Goulden, the clockmaker, Desmarels, the Egyptian—creatures with not a hair left on their heads, nor as much as four teeth to hold their pipes—these creatures fell in with the mayor, and cried out:

"Vive la France! We must defend ourselves to the death!"

I saw several looking askance at Kalmes Levy, and I whispered to him:

"Keep still, Kalmes! For heaven's sake, keep still! They will tear you in pieces!"

It was true. The old men gave him terrible looks; they grew pale, and their cheeks shook.

Then Kalmes stopped talking, and even left the crowd to return home. But Elias stayed till the end of the speech, and, as the whole mass of people were going down the main street, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" he could not help saying to the old clockmaker:

"What! you, Mr. Goulden, a reasonable man, who have never wanted anything of the Emperor, you are now going to take his part, and cry out that we must defend ourselves till death! Is it our business to be soldiers? Have not we furnished enough soldiers to the Empire these last ten years? Have not enough men been killed? Must we give, besides, our own blood to support barons, counts, and dukes?"

But old Goulden did not let him finish, and replied, as if indignant: "Listen, Elias! try to keep still! The thing now to be done is not to know what is right or wrong—it is to save France. I warn you, that if you try to discourage others, it will be bad for you. Believe me—go!"

Already a number of superannuated soldiers were gathered round us, and Elias had only time to retreat by the opposite lane.

From this time public notices, requisitions, forced labors, domiciliary visits for tools and wheelbarrows, came one after another, incessantly. A man was nothing in his own house; the officers of the place assumed authority over everything: only they gave receipts.

All the tools from my storehouse

of iron were on the ramparts. Fortunately I had sold a good many beforehand, for these tickets in place of my wares would have ruined me.

From time to time the mayor made a speech, and the governor, a tall man, covered with pimples, expressed his satisfaction to the citizens; that made up for their money!

When my time came to take the pickaxe and draw the wheelbarrow, I arranged with Carabin, the wood-sawyer, to take my place for thirty sons. Ah, what misery! Such a time will never come again.

While the governor commanded us within the city, the gendarmery were always outside to superintend the peasants. The road to Lutzelburg was but one line of carts, laden with old oaks for building block-houses. These are large sentry-boxes, or turrets, built up of solid trunks of trees, laid crosswise one upon another, and then covered with earth. These are more solid than an arch. Shells and bombs might rain upon them without disturbing anything within, as I saw afterward.

These trees were also used to make lines of enormous palisades, pointed and pierced with holes for firing; these are what they call palankas.

I seem still to hear the shouts of the peasants, the neighing of the horses, the strokes of the whips, and all the other noises, which never stopped, day or night.

My only consolation was in thinking, "If the spirits of wine come now, they will be well defended; the Austrians, Prussians, and Russians will not drink them here!"

Every morning Sorlé expected to receive the invoice.

One Sabbath day we had the curiosity to go and see the works of the bastions. Everybody was talking about it, and Sâfel kept coming to me, saying: "The work is going on; they are filling the shells in front of the arsenal; they are taking out the cannon; they are mounting them on the ramparts!"

We could not keep the child away. He had nothing to sell now under the market, and it would be too tedious for him to stay at home. He scoured the city, and brought us back the news.

On this day then, having heard that forty-two pieces were ranged in battery,

and that they were continuing the work upon the bastion of the infantry-barracks I told Sorlé to bring her shawl, and we would go and see.

We first went down to the French gate. Hundreds of wheelbarrows were going up the rampart of the bastion, from which could be seen the road to Metz on the right, and the road to Paris on the left.

There, above, crowds of laborers, soldiers and citizens, were heaping up a mass of earth in the form of a triangle, at least twenty-five feet in height, and a hundred in length and breadth.

An engineering officer had discovered with his spy-glass that this bastion was commanded by the hill opposite, and so everybody was set to work to place two pieces on a level with the hill.

It was the same everywhere else. The interiors of these bastions, with their platforms, were shut in all around, for seven feet from the ground, like rooms. Nothing could fall into them except from the sky. In the turf, however, were dug narrow openings, larger without, like funnels; the cannon, raised upon immense carriages, had their mouths drawn out through these apertures; they could be pushed forward and backward, and turned in all directions, by means of great levers, passed in rings over the hind wheels of the carriages.

I had not yet heard the sound of these forty-eight pounders. But the mere sight of them on their platforms gave me a terrible idea of their power. Even Sorlé said: "It is fine, Moses; it is well done!"

She was right, for within the bastions all was in complete order; not a weed remained, and upon the sides were raised great bags filled with earth to protect the artillerymen.

But what lost labor! and to think that every firing of these large pieces costs at least a louis—money spent to kill our fellow-men!

In fine, the people worked at these things with more enthusiasm than if they were gathering in their own harvests. I have often thought that if the French bestowed as much pains, good sense, and courage upon matters of peace, they would be the richest and happiest people in the world. Yes, they would long ago have surpassed the English and Ameri-

cans. But when they have toiled and economized, when they have opened roads everywhere, built magnificent bridges, dug out harbors and canals, and riches come to them from all quarters, suddenly the fury of war possesses them, and in three or four years they ruin themselves with grand armies, with cannon, with powder, with bullets, with men, and become poorer than before. A few soldiers are their masters, and look down upon them. This is all it profits them!

In the midst of all this, news from Mayence, from Strasburg, from Paris, came by the dozens; we could not go into the street without seeing a courier pass. They all stopped before the Bockhold house, near the German gate, where the governor lived. A circle formed around the house, the courier mounted, then the news spread through the city that the allies were concentrated at Frankfort, that our troops guarded the islands of the Rhine; that the conscripts from 1803 to 1814 were recalled; that those of 1815 would form the reserve corps at Metz, at Bordeaux, at Turin; that the deputies were going to assemble; then, that the door had been shut in their faces, etc., etc.

There came also smugglers of all sorts from Graufthal, Pirmasens, and Kaiserslautern; Franz Sépel, the one-armed man, at their head, and others from the villages around, who secretly scattered the proclamations of Francis Joseph and Frederic William, saying "that they did not make war upon France, but upon the Emperor alone, to prevent his further desolation of Europe." They spoke of the abolition of monopolies, and of taxes of all sorts. The people at night did not know what to think.

But one fine morning it was all explained. It was the eighth or ninth of December. I had just risen, and was putting on my breeches, when I heard the rolling of a drum at the corner of the main street.

It was cold, but nevertheless I opened the window and leaned out to hear the announcements. Parmentier opened his paper, young Engelheider kept up his drum-beating, and the people assembled.

Then Parmentier read that the governor of the place warned the citizens to

go to the mayoralty from eight in the morning till six in the evening, without fail, to receive their muskets and cartridge-boxes, and that those who did not come, would be court-martialed.

There was the end at last! Every one who was still able to march was on his way, and the old men must defend the fortifications; soberminded men—citizens—men accustomed to living quietly at home, and attending to their own affairs! now they must mount the ramparts and every day run the risk of losing their lives!

Sorlé looked at me without a word, and indignation made me also speechless. Not till after a quarter of an hour, when I was dressed, did I say:

"Make the soup ready. I am going to the mayoralty to get my musket and cartridge-box."

Then she exclaimed: "Moses, who would have believed that you would have to go and fight at your age? Oh! what misery!"

And I answered: "It is the Lord's will."

Then I started with a sad heart. Little Sâfel followed me.

As I arrived at the corner of the market, Burguet was coming down the mayoralty steps, which swarmed with men; he had his musket on his shoulder, and said with a smile:

"Ah, well, Moses! We are going to turn Maccabees in our old age?"

His cheerfulness encouraged me, and I replied:

"Burguet, how is it they can take rational men, heads of families, and make them destroy themselves? I cannot comprehend it; no, there is no sense in it!"

"Ah," said he, "what would you have? If they can't get thrushes, they must take blackbirds."

I could not smile at his pleasantries, and he said:

"Come, Moses, don't be so disconsolate; this is only a simple formality. We have troops enough for the active service; we shall have only to mount guard. If sorties are to be made, or attacks repulsed, they will not take you; you are not of an age to run, or to give a bayonet stroke! You are all gray and all bald. Don't be troubled!"

"Yes," I said, "that is very true,

Burguet, I am broken-down—more so, perhaps, than you think."

"That is well," said he, "but go and take your musket and cartridge-box."

"And are we not going to stay in the barracks?"

"No, no!" he cried, laughing aloud, "we are going to live quietly at home."

He shook hands with me, and I went under the arch of the mayoralty. The stairway was crowded with people, and we heard names called out.

And there, Fritz, you should have seen the looks of the Robinots, the Gourdiens, the Mariners, that mass of tilers, knife-grinders, house-painters, people who, every day, in ordinary times, would take off their caps to you to get a little work—you should have seen them straighten themselves up, look at you pityingly over the shoulder, blow in their cheeks, and call out:

"Ah, Moses, is it thou? Thou wilt make a comical soldier. He! he! he! They will cut thy moustaches according to regulation!"

And such-like nonsense.

Yes, everything was changed; these former bullies had been named in advance sergeants, sergeant-majors, corporals, and the rest of us were nothing at all. War upsets everything; the first become last, and the last first. It is not good sense but discipline which carries the day. The man who scrubbed your floor yesterday, because he was too stupid to gain a living in any other way, becomes your sergeant, and if he tells you that white is black, you must let it be so.

At last, after waiting an hour, some one called out, "Moses!" and I went up.

The great hall above was full of people. They all exclaimed:

"Moses! Wilt thou come, Moses? Ah, see him! He is the old guard! Look now, how he is built! Thou shalt be ensigned, Moses! Thou shalt lead us on to victory!"

And the fools laughed, hitting each others' elbows. I passed on, without answering or even looking at them.

In the room at the farther end, where the names were drawn at conscriptions, Governor Moulin, Commander Petitgenet, the mayor, Frichard, secretary of the mayoralty, Rollin, captain of apparel, and six or seven other superannu-

ated men, crippled with rheumatism, brought together from all parts of the world, were met in council, some sitting, the rest standing.

These old ones began to laugh as they saw me come in. I heard them say to one another: "He is strong yet! Yes, he is all right."

So they talked, one after another. I thought to myself: "Say what you like, you will not make me think that you are twenty years old, or that you are handsome."

But I kept silence.

Suddenly the governor, who was talking with the mayor in a corner, turned around, with his great chapeau awry, and looking at me, said:

"What do you intend to do with such a patriarch? You see very well that he can hardly stand."

I was pleased, in spite of it all, and began to cough.

"Good, good!" said he, "you may go home; take care of your cold!"

I had taken four steps toward the door, when Frichard, the secretary of the mayoralty, called out:

"It is Moses! The Jew Moses, Colonel, who has sent his two boys off to America! The oldest should be in the service."

This wretch of a Frichard had a grudge against me, because we had the same business of selling old clothes under the market, and the country people almost always preferred buying of me; he had a mortal grudge against me, and that is why he began to inform against me.

The governor exclaimed at once: "Stop a minute! Ah ha, old fox! You send your boys to America to escape conscription! Very well! Give him his musket, cartridge-box, and sabre."

Indignation against Frichard choked me. I would have spoken, but the wretch laughed and kept on writing at the desk; so I followed the gendarme Werner to the side hall, which was filled with muskets, sabres, and cartridge-boxes.

Werner himself hung a cartridge-box and a sabre crosswise on my back, and gave me a musket, saying:

"Go, Moses, and try always to answer to the call."

I went down through the crowd so indignant that I heard no longer the shouts of laughter from the rabble.

On reaching home I told Sorlé what had happened. She was very pale as she listened. After a moment, she said: "This Frichard is the enemy of our race; he is an enemy of Israel. I know it; he detests us! But just now, Moses, do not say a word; do not let him see that you are angry; it would please him too much. By and by you can have your revenge! You will have a chance. And if not yourself, your children, your grandchildren; they will all know what this wretch has done to their grandfather—they will know it!"

She clenched her hand, and little Sâfel listened.

This was all the comfort she could give me. I thought as she did, but I was so angry that I would have given half my fortune to ruin the wretch. All that day, and in the night, too, I exclaimed more than twenty times:

"Ah, the robber!—I was going—they had said to me, 'You may go!'—He is the cause of all my misery!"

You cannot imagine, Fritz, how I have always hated that man. Never have my wife and I forgotten the harm he did us—never shall my children forget it.

V.

The next day we must answer to the call before the mayoralty. All the children in town surrounded us and whistled. Fortunately, the blindages of the Place d'Armes were not finished, so that we went to learn our exercises in the great court of the college, near the race-course at the corner of the powder-house. As the pupils had been dismissed for some time, the place was at liberty.

Imagine to yourself this large court filled with citizens in bonnets, coats, cloaks, vests, and breeches, obliged to obey the orders of their former tinkers, chimney-sweeps, stable-boys, turned into corporals, sergeants, and sergeant-majors. Imagine these peaceable men, in fours, in sixes, in tens, stretching out their legs in concert, and marching to the step, "One—two! One—two! Halt! Steady!" while others, marching backward, frowning, called out insolently: "Moses, keep in thy shoulders!" "Moses, bring thy nose into the ranks!" "Attention, Moses! Carry, arms! Ah, old shoe, thou'lt never be good for anything! Can any one be

so stupid at his age? Look—just look! Thunder! Canst thou not do that? One—*two*! What an old blockhead! Come, begin again! Carry, arms!”

This is the way my own cobbler, Monborne, ordered me about. I believe he would have beaten me if it had not been for Captain Vigneron.

All the rest treated their old patrons in the same way. You would have said that it had always been so—that they had always been sergeants and we had always been soldiers. I heaped up gall enough against this rabble to last fifty years.

They in fine were the masters! And the only time that I remember ever to have struck my own son, Sâfel, this Monborne was the cause of it. All the children climbed upon the wall of the race-course to look at us and laugh at us. On looking up, I saw Sâfel among them, and made a sign of indignation with my finger. He went down at once; but at the close of the exercise, when we were ordered to break ranks before the town-house, I was seized with anger as I saw him coming toward me, and I gave him two good boxes on the ear, and said: “Go—hiss and mock at your father, like Shem, instead of bringing a garment to cover his nakedness—go!”

He wept bitterly, and in this state I went home. Sorlé seeing me come in looking very pale, and the little one following me at a distance, sobbing, came down at once to the door and asked what was the matter. I told her how angry I was, and went up-stairs.

Sorlé reproved Sâfel still more severely, and he came and begged my pardon. I granted it with all my heart, as you may suppose. But when I thought that the exercises were to be repeated every day, I would gladly have abandoned everything if I could possibly have taken with me my house and wares.

Yes, the worst thing I know of is to be ordered about by bullies who cannot restrain themselves when chance sets them up for a moment, and who are not capable of receiving the idea that in this life everybody has his turn.

I should say too much if I continued on this head. I would rather go on.

The Lord granted me a great consolation. I had scarcely laid aside my cart-

ridge-box and musket, so as to sit at the table, when Sorlé smilingly handed me a letter.

“Read that, Moses,” said she, “and you will feel better.”

I opened and read it. It was the notice from Pézenas that my dozen pipes of spirits were on their way. I drew a long breath.

“Ah! that is good, now!” I exclaimed; “the spirits are coming by the ordinary conveyance; they will be here in three weeks. We hear nothing from the direction of Strasburg and Sarrebruck; the allies are collecting still, but they do not move; my spirits of wine are safe! They will sell well! It is a grand thing!”

I smiled, and was quite myself again, when Sorlé pushed the arm-chair toward me, saying: “And what do you think of *that*, Moses?”

She gave me, as she spoke, a second letter, covered with large stamps, and at the first glance I recognized the handwriting of my two sons, Frômel and Itzig.

It was a letter from America! My heart swelled with joy, and I silently thanked the Lord, deeply moved by this great blessing. I said: “The Lord is good. His understanding is infinite. He delighteth not in the strength of a horse; he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. He taketh pleasure in those that hope in his mercy.”

Thus I spoke to myself while I read the letter, in which my sons praised America, the true land of commerce, the land of enterprising men, where everything is free, where there are no taxes or impositions, because people are not brought up for war, but for peace; the land, Fritz, where every man becomes, through his own labor, his intelligence, his economy, and his good intentions, what he deserves to be, and every one takes his proper place, because no important matter is decided without the consent of all;—a just and sensible thing, for where all contribute, all should give their opinions.

This was one of their first letters. Frômel and Itzig wrote me that they had made so much money in a year, that they need no longer carry their own packs, but had three fine mules, and that they had just opened at Catskill, near

Albany, in the State of New York, an establishment for the exchange of European fabrics with cowhides, which were very abundant in that region.

Their business was prospering, and they were respected in the town and its vicinity. While Frömel was traveling on the road with their three mules, Itzig staid at home, and when Itzig went in his turn his brother had charge of the shop.

They already knew of our misfortunes, and thanked the Lord for having given them such parents, to save them from destruction. They would have liked to have us with them, and after what had just happened, in being maltreated by a Monborne, you can believe that I should have been very glad to be there. But it was enough to receive such good news, and in spite of all our misfortunes, I said to myself, as I thought of Frichard: "But it is only to me that you can be an ass! You may harm me here, but you can't hurt my boys. You are nothing but a miserable secretary of mayoralty, while I am going to sell my spirits of wine. I shall gain double and treble. I will put my little Sâfel at your side, under the market, and he will beckon to everybody that is going into your shop; and he will sell to them at cost-price rather than lose their custom, and he will make you die of anger."

The tears came into my eyes as I thought of it, and I ended by embracing Sorlé, who smiled, full of satisfaction.

We pardoned Sâfel over again, and he promised to go no more with the evil race. Then, after dinner, I went down to my cellar, one of the finest in the city, twelve feet high and thirty-five feet long, all built of hewn stone, under the main street. It was as dry as an oven, and even improved wine in the long run.

As my spirits of wine might arrive before the end of the month, I arranged four large beams to hold the pipes, and saw that the pits, cut in the rock, had all the water needful for mixing it.

On going up about four o'clock, I perceived the old architect, Krömer, who was walking across the market, his measuring-stick under his arm.

"Ah!" said I, "come down a minute into my cellar; do you think it will be safe against the bombs?"

We went down together. He examined it, measured the stones and the thickness of the arch with his stick, and said: "You have six feet of earth over the key-stone. When the bombs enter here, Moses, it will be all over with all of us. You may sleep with both ears shut."

We took a good drink of wine from the spout, and went up in good spirits.

Just as we set foot on the pavement, a door in the main-street opened with a crash, and there was a sound of glass broken. Krömer raised his nose, and said: "Look yonder, Moses, at Camus' steps! Something is going on."

We stopped and saw at the top of the double staircase a sergeant of veterans, in a gray coat, with his musket in his belt, dragging Father Camus by the collar. The poor old man clung to the door with both hands so as not to come down; he succeeded in getting loose, by tearing the collar from his coat, and the door shut with a noise like thunder.

"If war begins now between citizens and soldiers," said Krömer, "the Germans and Russians will have fine sport."

The sergeant, seeing the door shut and bolted within, tried to force it open with blows from the butt-end of his musket, which caused a great uproar; the neighbors came out, and the dogs barked. We were watching it all, when we saw Burguet come along the passage in front, and begin to talk vehemently with the sergeant. At first the man did not seem to hear him, but after a moment he raised his musket to his shoulder with a rough movement, and went down to the street, with his shoulders up and his face dark and furious. He passed by us like a wild boar. He was a veteran, with three chevrons, sunburnt, with a gray moustache, large straight wrinkles the whole length of his cheeks, and a square chin. He muttered as he passed us, and went into the little inn of the Three Pigeons.

Burguet followed at a distance, with his large chapeau over his eyebrows, wrapped up in his beaver-cloth great coat, his head thrown back, and his hands in his pockets. He smiled.

"Well," said I, "what has been going on at Camus'?"

"Oh!" said he, "it is Sergeant Trubert,

of the fifth company of veterans, who has just been playing his tricks. The old fellow wants everything to go by rule and measure. In the last fifteen days he has had five different lodgings, and cannot get along with anybody. Everybody complains of him, but he always makes excuses which the governor and commander think excellent."

"And at Camus' house?"

"Camus has not two much room for his own family. He wished to send the sergeant to the inn; but the sergeant had already chosen Camus' bed to sleep in, had spread his cloak upon it, and said, 'My billet is for this place. I am very comfortable here, and do not wish to change.' Old Camus was vexed, and finally, as you have just seen, the sergeant tried to pull him out, and beat him."

Burguet smiled, but Krömer said: "Yes, all that is laughable. And yet when we think of what such people must have done on the other side of the Rhine!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Burguet, "it was not very pleasant for the Germans. I am sure. But it is time to go and read the newspaper. God grant that the time for paying our old debts may not have come! Good evening, gentlemen."

He continued his walk on the side of the square. Krömer went toward his own house, while I shut the two doors of my cellar; after which I went home.

This was the tenth of December. It was already very cold. Every night, after five or six o'clock, the roofs and pavements were covered with frost. There was no more noise without, because people kept at home, around their stoves.

I found Sorlé in the kitchen, preparing our supper. The red flame flickered upon the hearth around the sauce-pan. These things are now before my eyes, Fritz—the mother, washing the plates at the stone sink, near the gray window; little Sâfel blowing in his big iron pipe, his cheeks round as an apple, his long curly hair all disordered, and myself sitting on the stool, holding a coal to light my pipe. Yes, it all seems here present!

We said nothing. We were happy in thinking of the spirits of wine that were coming, of the boys who were doing so

well, of the good supper that was cooking. And who would ever have thought, at such a time, that twenty-five days afterward the city would be surrounded by enemies, and shells hissing in the air?

(To be Continued.)

From Bentley's Miscellany.

STRANGE THINGS AMONG US.*

FOR one person that believes, and for two that speak with reserve upon the question of belief in ghosts, there are ten that treat so serious a matter with ridicule, scorn, or contempt. This is not philosophical; but we are not all philosophers, and the world must be taken as it is. A clever French writer—M. Kardec—puts this oft-debated question upon an at once intelligible and fair basis. Concluding that he who believes in God believes in his own soul, and, further, that that soul exists after death, the next question to solve is, can the disembodied spirit communicate with flesh? Why not? says M. Kardec. What is man but an imprisoned soul? Shall not the free spirit talk with the captive, as a free man with a prisoner? Since it is admitted that the soul survives, is it rational to conclude that the affections die? Since the souls are everywhere, is it not natural that the soul that loved us should desire to be near? Since, in life, it directed its own corporal movements, can it not in harmony with another soul, still united with the body, borrow from this living frame the power to render its thoughts intelligible?

The views here expounded will remind the reader of the "Physical Theory of Another Life," by Isaac Taylor, the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," and a writer well known for his remarkable powers of thought, united to great earnestness in the cause of evangelical religion. Mr. Taylor's views admit alike both the power and freedom of action of spiritual existences upon physical principles elaborately evolved, but he does not go so far as to expound the power of language being given to spirits. As to the permanence of the affections in heaven, that is admitted

* *Strange Things Among Us.* By H. Spicer, author of "Old Styles &c." Chapman & Hall.

by the generality of divines as deducible from the evidences of Holy Writ. That the free spirit should be among us, or have the power to visit us, must depend upon a very largely accumulated testimony. Mr. Taylor's theory is in favor of such intercommunication; it is, indeed, more easy to admit the fact than to contradict it. Lastly, that such a disembodied spirit may, when in harmony with another soul still united with the body—that is to say, when a person is in such a condition as is essential to communication with the spirits of the other world—borrow from this living frame the power to render its thoughts intelligible, is not so comprehensible as if it were said that it should, by such a harmony, place the embodied soul in those relations to the disembodied soul, which will enable it to establish a communication between the two—the impression being that that communication is established through the medium of the vocal organs and in the ordinary language of the spiritual and corporeal parties concerned. The necessity for such conditions is the probable reason for the rarity of the phenomenon, and it is a wise arrangement of Providence that it should be so, for the daily affairs of life would be sadly interfered with if exposed to so serious a mental disarrangement as the interference of spiritual existences. Such phenomena are apparently only permissible, or the power is only availed of, when some object is to be gained; such as decorous burial, the manifestation of affection, the correction of error, falsehood, or dishonesty, the punishment of crime, or for some other wise purpose.

M. Kardec, admitting the facts as above, places his opponents upon the horns of this dilemma: That, the being which thinks within us during life cannot think after death. That, if it does, it thinks no more of those it loved. That, if it thinks of them, it does not desire communication. That, though it be everywhere, it cannot be beside us. That, if it be beside us, it cannot communicate its presence. That, owing to its fluid form, it cannot act upon inert substances. That, if it can act upon inert substances, it cannot act upon an intelligible being.

The *modus operandi* of spiritual beings in their communications with em-

bodied spirits has never yet been satisfactorily explained. This is in great part owing to the connection never having been as yet philosophically studied. Such communications have hitherto generally occurred among those who were unprepared, taken by surprise, alarmed, or even disbelievers. Were persons thoroughly imbued with the idea of the possible communication between spiritual and bodily existences, they would feel no more dismay at the extraordinary incident than they would at any other daily occurrence of life. They would then study the mode and manner in which that communication is established, and great additional light would gradually be thrown upon the most mysterious phenomena in nature.

In the mean time, the adversaries of "spiritualism" tell the believers that it rests with them to prove the reality of the manifestations. They do so both by fact and argument. If, after this, they will admit neither the one nor the other—if they deny what other eyes have beheld, because they themselves have not seen it—it is for them to prove that all accumulated evidence is false, that all reasoning on the subject is illogical, and that the facts adduced are impossible. Those who are prepared to do so are likewise prepared to lay down limits to natural or physical agencies, as well as to the power or sufferance of the Creator.

Mr. Spicer has been sincere at—the inevitable mode of argument adopted in discussing this mysterious topic—for the work now before us; and his introduction of discussions upon many of what have been considered by some as modern or renovated modes of manifestation of spirits, as table-turning, spirit-rapping, spirit-writing, and media of all kinds and descriptions, may, to superficial readers, justify, to a certain extent, such a mode of treatment; but the fact is that Mr. Spicer treats the whole subject in a perfectly philosophical spirit: he is neither dogmatical for, or wilfully opposed to, any possible explanation or incidents; he carefully distinguishes the hallucinations of a diseased brain, the morbid quickening of the senses, the effects of impulse and impression, and the cases that defy analysis, from the better-attested cases of intercommunication with the spirits of the departing

or of the departed; and with regard to other less reputable phenomena, he contents himself with pointing out the insufficiency of the modes of explanation hitherto suggested, whilst he neither defends by open argument nor by implication the scenes of folly and profanity to which the practices of so-called "modern spiritualism," which has little or no reference to true "spiritualism," have given rise.

His chief labor has been to accumulate instances, selecting those that are best attested. We will refer at first to examples of intercommunication with departing spirits, of which several remarkable instances are given:

Although (says our author) our ghost-seers, as a rule, are, as has been noted, persons of sensitive and impressionable nature—we have apparent instances to the contrary—and, among the rest, a noticeable one in the person of the gallant Colonel M—, who perished, with a party of his men, in the lamentable burning of a transport, on her way to the Crimea.

M— (with whom the writer was well acquainted) was a man of the coolest nerve, of the most imperturbable self-possession. It was his habit to sit up reading in the chamber of his invalid wife, after the latter had retired to bed.

One night, Mrs. M— having fallen asleep, the door opened, and her maid, Lucy, who had been sent home ill, to the charge of her friends, a few days before, entered the room. Perfectly conscious, as he declared, from the first, that the object he beheld was no longer of this world, the steady soldier fixed his eyes on the apparition, careful only to catch its every movement, and impress the unexpected scene with accuracy on his memory. The figure moved slowly to the side of the bed—gazed with a sad and wistful expression on the sleeper's face—and then, as though reluctantly, died away into the gloom. Colonel M— then awoke his wife, and related what had occurred. Together they noted the precise moment of the vision. It proved to be that at which the poor girl had breathed her last, murmuring her mistress's name.

Here is another, in which the object of the visitation is more manifest:

Having laid it down, hereinbefore, as a wholesome rule, not to lay too much stress upon the well-strung nervous system of our heroes and heroines, it shall be simply stated, on authority of many years' acquaintance, that Mrs. D— possessed a serene, cheerful temper, and a peculiarly calm and steadfast mind.

When, five years since, this lady became a widow, it pleased the brother of her husband to dispute the dispositions of the latter's will—a proceeding the more annoying as the provision made for the widow was already extremely moderate. Ultimately, an appeal was made to chancery. The suit lasted three years, and caused Mrs. D— the utmost vexation and anxiety; when, at length, the law, finding those claims indisputable which should never have been disputed, decided in her favor.

Some short time after this, Mrs. D— was residing in L— Place, Brighton. A friend, Miss F—, usually shared her bedroom. Both were lying awake one morning, about eight o'clock, when Mrs. D—, with some surprise, saw her friend rise up suddenly in bed, clasp her hands, and sink back on the pillow, apparently in a profound sleep. Strange as seemed the movement, it was so evident to Mrs. D— that her friend was really in a tranquil slumber, that she made no effort to disturb her.

A minute had scarcely elapsed, when the door quietly opened, and there seemed to enter a figure which she was convinced was supernatural. She describes her feelings with careful minuteness. Her impressions, as she afterward remembered them, had not the slightest admixture of fear. She was conscious of a reverential awe, such as might well possess the witness of a revelation so far removed from the accepted laws of nature—united with a feeling of intense curiosity as to the object of the apparition.

Gliding through the subdued light, the figure had all the appearance, gait, and manner of her deceased husband; until, passing through the room, and sinking down into an arm-chair that stood nearly opposite her bed, turned slightly aside, the figure presented its profile, and Mrs. D— instantly recognized her connection, and late opponent, Mr. W. D—, at that time residing in the north. No sooner had the mysterious visitor sat down, than he raised his hands clasped, as if in passionate entreaty—but, though the spectral lips appeared to move as in harmony with the gesture, no sound was audible. Three times the hands were lifted in the same earnest manner; then the figure rose, and retired as slowly as it came.

Some nervous reaction followed its disappearance, for Mrs. D—'s maid, appearing a minute or two later, found her mistress trembling violently, and much agitated. Nevertheless, she quickly regained her self-possession, and calmly related what she had witnessed, both to Miss F— and the maid; the former being unable to recall anything unusual, and only knowing that she had fallen asleep again, contrary to her own intention.

The succeeding day was cold and stormy,

and neither of the friends quitted the house. In the evening some neighbors called. As they were taking leave, one of the party suddenly inquired:

"By-the-by, have you had any recent news from the north? A rumor has reached us, I hardly know how, that Mr. W. D— is dangerously ill—some say dying, even—but it is only report—dead."

"He is dead," said Mrs. D—, quietly. "He died this morning at eight o'clock."

"You have a telegram?"

"You shall hear."

And Mrs. D— related her story to her wondering friends.

As quickly as news could reach Brighton, she received intimation of Mr. D—'s death, at the hour of the vision.

A singular and suggestive statement is, that the scene witnessed by Mrs. D— at Brighton, was being enacted in the death-chamber of Mr. W. D—, hundreds of miles distant. His mind wandered somewhat, as the end drew near, but perpetually returned to the subject of the unhappy litigation. Mistaking his sister for Mrs. D—, he addressed to her the most fervent entreaties for pardon, avowing his bitter regret, condemning his own injustice and covetousness, and declaring that he could not die in peace, without her forgiveness. Three times the dying man had raised his hands in the manner she had noticed, and so expired.

The possibility of spiritual appearances being conceded upon the testimony of a vast body of well-attested facts accumulating from the earliest periods at which records are extant, as well from the logical deductions derived from spiritual existence of any kind, it is open to us to admit that while we can understand such spiritual existences becoming visible and manifest to us under certain circumstances, we cannot at the same time so readily admit the spiritual existence of clothes and garments, or, in other words, of things that never had life in them. This part of the phenomena in question is utterly beyond our comprehension. We give, however, a story curiously illustrative of the point in question as differing from what is usually presented in instances of the kind, with the author's remarks upon the bearing of these differences. No little additional interest is imparted to this incident from the parties, although only alluded to by initials, being very generally known—personally so to the reviewer:

One morning, some years since, the lady of a distinguished London physician was in

bed, at her house in P— Street. It was daylight, and she was broad awake. The door opened, but Lady C—, concluding it was her maid entering, did not raise her head, until a remarkable-looking figure, passing between her bed and the window, walked up to the fireplace, when, reflected in the mirror which hung above, Lady C— recognized the features of her step-son, Dr. J. C—, then attached to a foreign embassy. He wore a long night-dress, and carried something on his arm.

"Good heavens! Is that you, J—, and in that dress?" cried Lady C—, in her first surprise.

The figure turned slowly round, and she then became aware that the object he carried was a dead child; the body being swathed round and round in a large Indian scarf of remarkable workmanship, which Lady C— had presented to Mrs. J. C— on the eve of her departure.

As she gazed, the outlines of the figures became indistinct, invisible; vanishing in the gray light, or blending with the familiar objects in the room.

Lady C— neither fainted nor shrieked, nor even rang the bell. She lay back and thought the matter over, resolving to mention it to no one until the return of her husband, then absent in attendance on an illustrious household. His experience would decide whether her physical health offered any solution of the phenomenon. As for its being a dream, it may be taken as an accepted fact that, though nobody is conscious of the act of going to sleep, everybody knows by the sudden change of scenery, by the snapping of the chain of thought, etc., etc., when he has been sleeping.

Very shortly after, Sir J— returned home. On hearing the story, he immediately looked at the tongue that related such wonders, and likewise felt his lady's pulse. Both organs perfect. Of her nerves he had seen proof. Touching veracity, she was truth itself. All his skill could devise nothing better than a recommendation to patience, and to see what came of it. In the mean time, the day and hour were noted down, and the next advices from T— awaited with more than usual interest.

At length they came. Dr. J. C— informed his father that their child, an only one, had died on such a day (that of the apparition), and that his wife, anxious that it should be laid to rest in the land of its birth, had begged that it might be forwarded by the next homeward ship. In due course it arrived, embalmed, but enclosed in a coffin so much larger than was required for the tiny occupant, that the intervening space had to be filled up with clothes, etc., while the Indian scarf had been wound, in many folds, around the child's body.

In faithfully quoting incidents of this nature, not usually provocative of merriment, the mention of some absurd feature—such as the appearance of Dr. J. C—— in a costume which was certainly not that in which he walked abroad, has often tended to discourage serious discussion, and that close pursuit of slight clues which might ultimately reveal the positive action of some fixed law. It would, for example, be interesting, and pertinent to the inquiry, to learn by minute comparison, whether, at the precise instant of the vision, the details of appearance, costume, manner, occupation, etc., were perfectly identical. In the majority of reliable cases, the spectrum is presented under the guise most familiar to the seer—the inference being that the latter's brain had by far the larger share in the production of the image. But in the instance last adduced, this rule did not prevail; the external aspect was *not* familiar. A figure in a night-dress, bearing a poor dead child, might indeed have moved about the house at T——, and no doubt did so, but by something more than imagination and the work of familiar ideas, must Lady C——'s mind have possessed itself of that unlikely image.

It is as though the mind were permitted to project itself for an instant into the actual scene to which it points, and to come back, enriched with direct and true intelligence, yet ignorant of the process by which it had been obtained; a sort of reflex action, in fact somewhat resembling that described by Sir Charles Bell and others, as existing in the corporal frame, in relation to the independent action of the sensational and motor nerves.

The following is one of that class of ghost-stories which are the least encumbered with incredible or impossible accessories, and it derives additional importance from being narrated by a clear-headed man, a sceptic and a disbeliever. It is, in fact, no doubt owing to the very circumstances of the hard philosophic turn of the attestor's mind that we have the details less encumbered with those absurdities which are often added under the influence of terror, or of an excited imagination:

It appears that, the conversation having taken a psychological turn, the elder gentleman had been plainly asked whether or no he believed that spirits could appear. Instead of replying, as had been confidently expected, with a couple of negative monosyllables and a little sarcasm, he made some hesitating answer, and, moreover, betrayed such unwonted agitation, that the questioner hastened to change the subject. He was, however, stopped.

"Nephew," said the old gentleman, earnestly, "you have touched upon a theme very painful to me—more so than you can well understand: still, I am not altogether unwilling to converse upon it; and perhaps the doing so may somewhat lessen the melancholy impression I have conceived from a circumstance that lately befell me. Yes, I will tell it you; but do not interrupt me with either doubts, suggestions, or queries. All this I have already done for myself.

"You know, well enough, that I am not a man given to fancies. I have a dull habit of regarding things as they *are*, not as they may possibly be. I ignore probabilities, and hate hypotheses. The facts of the world I have found numerous enough to deal with, let alone contingencies. I make this confession, not for the sake of argument, but simply to enable you the better to appreciate what I am going to tell.

"You have been long aware of the estrangement between my brother George and myself. It matters not for the cause. Blame, I am afraid, attached to both of us. It will be sufficient to remind you that we parted, ten years ago, in anger; and that, up to the time of his death, last year, we neither saw each other, nor held intercourse of any kind.

"One night, last December, I had gone to bed, as usual, about eleven o'clock, and had, I imagine, fallen asleep at once; for I remembered nothing after getting into bed, till I was awakened by something that seemed to be lying across my feet at the bottom of the bed. Supposing that it was Brush, my dog, who did sometimes gain surreptitious entrance into my room at night, I called to him, and bade him get down.

"As my speaking produced no effect, I sat up to see what it was that had disturbed me. I do not know if you will understand what I mean by seeing in the dark. Let me explain.

"If you go into a totally dark room, where there happens to be a pure white object, you will, after a time, know in what part of the room it is; and, if you are patient, you will soon be able to distinguish it from the other articles. Again, if you are in the dark, and an object of light color is near you, however minute, it will in a few moments become visible. You yourself are in darkness, yet you see. The object of your vision sheds no light on other bodies, however near. It is merely self-illuminating. So it was with me. I could not see the posts of my bed, nor the window, nor my own hand, and yet I saw that a man was lying across my feet, with his face turned toward me!

"I have more than once asked myself how it was I did not conclude him to be a robber. No such idea crossed my mind. I was not alarmed. Still, I made no effort to move, or question the intruder; and it was assuredly

from no superstitious feeling; for the thought of anything preternatural never occurred to me until the figure raised itself up on one arm, and showed me distinctly the countenance of my brother George. Then, I own, I felt awe-stricken—as in the presence of something beyond our comprehension. I knew that the spirit of the dead was before me.

"I had not, as I have said, seen George for ten years. The once familiar face was again before my eyes, showing just the change that period must have made. The faint halo which seemed to encircle the figure made perfectly visible the lines on his face, and the hair streaked with gray. I saw him gaze earnestly on me, and noticed his lips move, as though he strove to speak. At the moment I fell back on my pillow, and darkness shut him from my sight.

"After lying a minute or two to collect myself, I rose, noted the hour, and, for greater certainty, knocked at my servant's door and inquired the time. I did so for the sake of securing additional evidence that I had not been in a dream.

"The precaution was scarcely necessary. I awoke, next morning, with a clear remembrance of all that had transpired; and my first act was to write to my brother, asking him if anything had occurred to him, and (filled, too late, with the love I had before felt for him) asked him to forgive my part in our quarrel, and come and see me.

"Alas! he was past earthly reconciliation. He had, indeed, expired on the night his spirit visited me. And, nephew, at ten minutes before the time I had noted down, George had lifted himself faintly from the pillow, and, supporting his head on his hand, asked for his 'dear brother John.'"

It may be as well to add that Mr. "Hare" (the name by which the friend who supplied this incident desires to be known) furnished the most sufficing verifications of the fact related.

Our notice of Mr. Spicer's work would be very incomplete without an instance of intercommunication with departed as well as with departing spirits:

We arrive now at one of those inexplicable occurrences which, examined to their source, afford us no alternative but to believe either that gentlemen of high character and honourable position have united in the invention and dissemination of a gross falsehood, or that something that may fairly be called preternatural has really and truly been presented to our generation.

For several years past, singular rumors have got abroad, from time to time, relative to an old family-seat near F—, Somersetshire, which, however, despite its reputation, has never, up to the present moment, been without occupants. The circumstance most

frequently associated with the rumors aforesaid, was that, on almost every night, at twelve o'clock, something that was invisible entered a certain corridor at one end, and passed out at the other. It mattered not to the mysterious intruder *who* might be witnesses of the midnight progress. Almost as regularly as night succeeded day, the strange sound recurred, and was precisely that which would have been occasioned by a lady, wearing the high-heeled shoes of a former period, and a full silk dress, sweeping through the corridor. Nothing was ever *seen*—and the impression produced by hearing the approach, the passing, and withdrawal of the visitor with perfect distinctness, while the companion-sense was shut, was described as most extraordinary.

It was but a day or two since, that the brother of the writer chanced to meet at dinner one of the more recent ear-witnesses of this certainly most remarkable phenomenon, and, with the sanction of the latter, the adventure shall be given nearly in his own words.

"I was visiting, about two years ago, at a friend's house, a few miles from F—, when my attention was attracted, one day at dinner, to a conversation that was going on, having reference to the haunted character of B— House, near F—. The subject seemed to interest the speakers so much, that I begged to be informed of the details, and learned that a particular corridor of the mansion in question was, every night, at twelve o'clock, the scene of an occurrence that had hitherto defied all explanation. One of the party had himself been a visitor at B— House, and being sceptical and devoid of fear, requested permission to keep vigil in the haunted gallery. He did so, witnessed the phenomenon, and 'nothing on earth,' he frankly owned, 'would induce me to repeat the experiment.' He then recounted to me certain circumstances, which agreed so nearly with what I myself subsequently witnessed, that it will be better to narrate them from the direct evidence of my own astonished senses.

"My curiosity being greatly increased by the manifest belief accorded by those present to this gentleman's story, I obtained an introduction to the family of B— House, and received from them a ready permission to pass a night, or more, if necessary, in the haunted corridor. I was at full liberty, moreover, to select any companion I chose, for the adventure, and I accordingly invited an old friend, Mr. W. K—, who happened to be shooting in the neighborhood, to accompany me.

"K—, like myself, was disposed to incredulity in such matters; he had never seen anything of the sort before, and was positively assured either that nothing unusual would

occur on the night when two such sentries were on duty, or that we should have no great difficulty in tracing the phenomenon to a fleshly source.

"The family at B— happened at this period to be from home, but authority having been given us to make any arrangements we pleased, K— and I proceeded to the mansion, intending, at all events, to devote two nights to the experiment. It will be seen that *this* part of the plan was not strictly carried out!

"We dined early, at five o'clock, and in order to make certain of the clearness of our heads, drank nothing but a little table-beer. We had then six hours before us; but, resolved to lose no chance, we took up our position at once in the haunted corridor. It was of considerable length, with a door at each extremity, and one or two at the side. My friend K— is a good piquet player, and as our watch was to be a prolonged one, and it was extremely desirable to keep ourselves well on the alert, it was agreed to take some cards with us.

"Combining business with pleasure, we placed our card-table so as completely to barricade the passage; our two chairs exactly filling up the space that remained, so that it would be impossible for any mortal creature to press through without disturbing us. In addition to this, we placed two lighted candles on the ground near the wall, at two or three feet from the table, on the side from which the mysterious footsteps always came. Finally, we placed two revolvers and two life-preservers on the table.

"These precautions taken, we commenced our game, and played with varying success till about eleven o'clock. At that time, growing a little tired of piquet, we changed the game to *écarté*, and played until the house-clock sounded midnight. Mechanically we dropped our cards, and looked along the dim corridor. No sounds, however, followed, and after pausing a minute or two, we resumed the game, which chanced to be near its conclusion.

"I say, it's nonsense sitting up," yawned K—; "this thing never comes, you know, after twelve. What do you say? After this game?"

"I looked at my watch, which I had taken the precaution to set by the church clock, as we entered the village. By this it appeared that the house-clock was fast. It wanted yet three minutes of the hour. Pointing out the mistake to K—, I proposed that we should, by all means, wait another ten minutes.

"The words were not fairly out of my mouth, when the door at the end seemed to open and reclose. This time the cards literally dropped from our hands, for, though nothing could be seen, the conviction was growing, on both our minds, that *something* had

entered. We were soon more fully convinced of it. The silence was broken by a tapping sound, such as would be caused by a light person, wearing high-heeled shoes, quietly coming toward us up the gallery, each step, as it approached, sounding more distinct than the last—exactly, in fact, as would be the case under ordinary circumstances. It was a firm and regular tread—light, yet determined—and it was accompanied by a sound between a sweep, a rustle, and a whistle, not comparable to anything but the brushing of a stiff silken dress against the wall.

"How K— and I looked as the sounds advanced as it were to storm us, I will not pretend to say. I confess I was, for the moment, petrified with amazement, and neither of us, I believe, moved hand or foot. On—on—*on*—came the tap and rustle; they reached the lighted candles on the floor, passed them, not even disturbing the flame, then the tapping ceased, but the invisible silken robe seemed to brush the wall on both sides, on a level with our heads; then the tapping recommenced on the *other* side the table, and so, receding, made its exit at the other door!!

"As for making any use of our revolvers or life-preservers, the idea never once occurred to either of us. There was not even a shadow at which to strike; it was sound alone.

"I feel that any attempt to explain this strange phenomenon at once to my own satisfaction and that of others, would be perfectly futile. I must of necessity content myself with simply narrating the fact as it occurred, and as it had been, and probably may yet be, witnessed by many others, as little predisposed as my friend K— and I to be made the dupe of any human artifice.

"I may mention that, on one occasion, it chanced that a nurse in the family had to pass through the corridor about the hour of twelve, carrying, or rather leading, a little girl *who was deaf and dumb*. As the sounds passed, the child appeared to shrink back in the utmost alarm, struggling and moaning to get away, nor could she ever be induced to enter the corridor again, without evincing the same violent terror."

The only slight correction that we would humbly venture to make in this story is, that the ruffling of the spiritual body may have been mistaken for that of silken garments, but then the power in such a spiritual essence to tap or produce audible sounds is equally incomprehensible in the present state of the inquiry.

And here we must perforce quit this entertaining volume. Mr. Spicer has

added many remarkable instances of the supernatural to those already accumulated, and he has discussed them in a very fair and philosophic spirit, as much opposed to excessive credulity or superstition on the one hand, as it is to superficial denunciation on the other. Much, however, remains to be done ere correct and satisfactory inferences can be drawn from these extraordinary phenomena. It is, in the mean time, something to have taken a step in the right direction.

BALZAC HIS LITERARY LABORS.

HONORE DE BALZAC—a French author of great literary renown—was born in Lanquedoc, May 16, 1799, and died August 18, 1850. The following from the *Dublin University Magazine* is a sketch of some of his literary labors.

He wrote like no ordinary writer; he wrote as all great writers have written and must ever write. Where many men finish, Balzac only really began his work. He was a devotee to that "*limas labor*" upon which Horace lays so much emphasis. He was a long time thinking over a subject, and before he sat down to his desk he had generally clearly conceived in his mind the whole plan of his work—the subject, the plot, the episodes, the digressions, and even the details of scene and points of conversation; and this mental conception was cherished in his memory as a whole, subjected to mental criticism, embellished, polished, filled with marked characters, whose peculiarities he had settled, whose dress was clear to him, and of whose continued influence on the plot and ultimate destiny he would not have to pause for a moment to consider. Consequently, when he began to write, the labor was to a great extent mechanical; his pen travelled over the paper with the swiftness of lightning—he never paused a moment; and people who saw him write, and were ignorant of the previous mental labor he had undergone, used to think him a marvel of rapid conception and ready imagination; but the detail had been labored out carefully, painfully, in his mind for months before.

When the composition was finished, one would imagine that little more

could be left to be done in the way of revision, but with Balzac this was really the commencement of his labor. When he received the proof from the printer he began by annihilating whole chapters or substituting others, changing the place of chapters, rearranging portions of the plot, so that one chapter which had appeared toward the beginning was now placed at the end; characters were replaced and others interpolated; details filled in which involved a considerable amount of new matter; and after an infinite number of minor corrections it was at last sent back to the printers, to be not corrected, but almost wholly recomposed, and that from a manuscript charged with a network of interpolations, obliterations, long lines leading from one point in the page to some marginal references, and other lines crossing and recrossing each other for a similar purpose, to the utter bewilderment of the poor printers, who used to pore over it, spell it out, discover the course of these many lines, and trace them to their termination with the greatest difficulty. There were only a certain number of men in Paris who could "compose" Balzac, and a rule sprang up amongst them that no one should work more than one hour at a time on his copy. "I have had my hour at Balzac" was a common saying in the Paris printing-offices, and the signal for a new victim to take up the copy whilst the other took his hour's rest. Then what is called a "paged" proof was sent him, which with most men would require only the slightest typographical correction; but with Balzac it was a renewal of his labor. Between certain phrases he inserted new sentences, added new words, obliterated others; a line was paraphrased into a page, and the substance of a page compressed into a sentence; one chapter was developed into three; their order was again disturbed, and not unfrequently arranged as they were placed in the first proof; the margin was crowded with a multitude of alterations, and covered with a new network of lines leading to the portion of the sentences to which they applied. It was then returned to the printers to be almost wholly recomposed, and after another—final proof—he allowed it to be struck off.

Not only was this habit a terrible

trial to the printers, but it was a continual expense to his publishers. It cost them forty francs for corrections for every sixteen pages. He was paid by the *Revue de Paris* 250 francs the sheet; and M. Baloz, the editor, one day, alluding to the labor and expense of correction, said;

"Balzac, you will ruin me."

He rejoined, angrily—"I will give up fifty francs per sheet to be free to make what corrections I think proper; so say no more about it, for you know very well that pecuniary discussions are soon settled with me."

Another good practice he had was the keeping a note-book, which he always carried about with him, and in which he recorded, not only the various phenomena that strike a vigilant observer in society, in the streets, in the fields, but the happy thoughts that so frequently occur to the mind under the stimulus of reading, conversation, or in wandering amongst the solitudes of nature. For such emergencies Balzac was always ready. No happy thought ever escaped him; no peculiarity in character or temper or even physical formation ever came before him without being recorded in his note-book, which became a repertoire of materials, natural scenes, domestic discussions, snatches of conversation, happy phrases, elegant thoughts, moral reflections, names, plots, and even apt words. It is to this book that we owe some of the most graphic descriptions of nature and subtle analyses of the human heart ever penned by mortals. He was a true artist; he worked like a galley-slave for his money and his fame, both of which he loved, though we are quite sure he had a true, pure love of his art as well, and to that he fell a victim.

It is of course quite impossible, in the space of a single review, to give a fair idea of the mind of such a voluminous author as Balzac. Amongst so many good things the difficulty of selection is increased, but we hope, by making our selection as varied as possible, to convey some idea of the marvellous anatomy of human nature to be found in this treasure-house of Balzac.

The first work we shall examine is one of the most amusing, and at the same time one of the keenest analyses of a certain phase of domestic life we have

ever found anywhere. The title is, "The Small Miseries of Married Life" (*Les Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale*.) Before proceeding we may remark here a fact we have elsewhere examined more in detail*—that is, the obligation of Thackeray to Balzac. There were not only striking similarities in the styles and conceptions of these two men, but, strange to say, in their careers.

Balzac began his career in the celebrated Quartier Latin, so did Thackeray. Balzac, as we have seen, went into business and failed at the age of twenty-seven. Thackeray at about the same age had the misfortune to lose considerably by speculation. Both men set to work honorably and nobly to retrieve their position. Both labored for ten years without much success, in obscurity and with straitened incomes. Both burst suddenly into fame: Balzac by his "Physiologie du Mariage," and Thackeray by his now classical "Vanity Fair." In twenty years' time, both men were famous and wealthy. No man was more respected and beloved by those who knew him than Thackeray. Balzac, though not much beloved, enjoyed a popularity equalled by few, and was feared even by his enemies. But the most extraordinary coincidence is in their deaths, Balzac dying at fifty, and Thackeray at fifty-two, each somewhat suddenly, and each having an aged mother under his roof to lament his loss.

Thackeray often testified in public to his admiration of Balzac's writings, and his advice to Miss Brontë was to study them. Strange that both the adviser and advised have traces throughout their works of having drunk deeply at the same fountain. The nature of the obligation does not partake of the character of plagiarism. That is a vulgar crime to which writers of Thackeray's or Miss Brontë's stamp have no occasion to descend, nor could they under any circumstances. But it is of the nature of unconscious imitation: that subtle influence which mind exerts on mind. It is the same with literature as with life. From long contemplation of one character we assimilate into our own a portion

* DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, December, 1864. "On the Style of Balzac and Thackeray."

of that character. Revelation lays emphasis upon this great mystery of our being. The continued contemplation of the life of our Divine Master, is urged repeatedly as the only means of attracting his Spirit and becoming like him; so that, as the Apostle says, the consummation of that imitation of Christ from continually contemplating his life, will only be complete "when he shall appear, and we shall be like him." And that consummation will still be the effect of more perfect contemplation, for "*we shall see him as he is.*" Upon this phenomenon is based the absolute necessity of purity in literature, more especially in that class of literature which, appealing to the fancy, is most popular. What more insidious method could the Evil One have devised for instilling sin into the soul than the pages of an impure novel or play. We all know something of the facility by which an impure thought is implanted in the mind and of the difficulty of exorcising it; once the germ is planted it becomes vital, grows, matures, and bears deadly fruit.

The "*Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale*" is an analysis of that phase or life, or rather it is what would be termed in surgical science a *morbid anatomy*. It is an endeavor to trace the rise and development of domestic infelicity, that subtle disease of which a keen eye may detect traces in many a gay, joyous pair, as they flit through the fairy chambers of fashionable life.

"The way of a man with a maid," was a mystery to Solomon, and it remains a mystery even now. Incomprehensible, unaccountable mystery. The way of man with man is tolerably well understood; it is subject to laws which are known, it is characterized by some degree of regularity; ascertain the character of each, and you can predict with tolerable certainty what kind of communion they will hold with each other. But the companionship of man with woman is capricious, varying, inconsistent; his wisdom becomes folly, and sometimes folly appears like wisdom; the atmosphere is very unsettled, now calm, now stormy; the sun shines brilliantly on one day, but to-morrow there will be lightning and tempest. And so this French sage observes, "To know women as I know them, would not be

to know much about them; they do not know themselves, and the Creator, you recollect, was deceived by the only one that he had to govern, and whom he had taken the trouble to create."

MATRIMONIAL ANATOMY.

But we will endeavor to give an outline of this lecture on matrimonial anatomy. It consists of two parts, each containing eighteen chapters, and though necessarily there are allusions to phases of domestic life, to which we English are totally unaccustomed, and some of us happily ignorant, but which strongly characterize the domestic economy of the French, yet there is a great fund of general truth capable of universal application. It commences thus:

"A friend speaks to you of a young lady—good family, well educated, handsome, and three hundred thousand francs safe. It's just the thing you are looking for."

"Generally these accidental meetings are premeditated, and you are soon introduced to the object."

"Your intended will inherit property from a maternal uncle, an old gouty subject, whom she cajoles, humors, flatters, and muffles—in addition there is the fortune of her father to her. Caroline (name of the object) has always adored her uncle; her uncle who dandled her on his knees, her uncle this, her uncle that, her uncle everything, whose property was estimated at two hundred thousand francs. A mathematical calculation ensues in all such cases, such as the following:

	Francs.
Three probable inheritances, . . .	750,000
Your fortune,	250,000
That of your wife,	250,000

"That is the matter of fact of all those hymeneal processions whose choruses dance and feast in white kid gloves, with flower at the button hole, bouquets of orange flowers, gold and silver thread, veils, carriages going to the Mayor's, the church, from the church to the banquet, from the banquet to the dance, and from the dance to the nuptial chamber, amid the tones of the orchestra, and the flatteries of the guests. Meantime the parents sum up the whole matter in

two sentences. The husband's parents say, "Adolphus has done a good business," and the lady's, "Caroline has made an excellent marriage." Adolphus is an only son, and he will have sixty thousand francs income some day or another."

There is a chapter on discoveries which illustrates the following truth:

"Generally a young person does not reveal her true character until after two or three years of marriage. She unconsciously dissimulates her defects during the first rejoicings, the first fêtes she goes into the world to dance, she visits her relations, to parade you there. She becomes suddenly a woman; then she becomes mother, and in that situation, full of joy and suffering, so full of care as to leave no time or opportunity for observation, it is impossible to judge of a wife. You must spend three or four years of intimate life before the period of discoveries. They commence; you fancy you have been deceived, Caroline is deficient in perception, she cannot converse, she is dull and has not tact, you are alarmed, and you begin to feel that you will have to watch and guide her in society, where she will ever peril your self-love. You have already heard her remarks, and noticed how they have been received politely in a silence which scarcely hid the smile; you have felt quite certain that some such conversation as the following took place when your back was turned:

"Poor thing she is—"

"As stupid as a cabbage."

"How ever could a man of his intellect choose her. He should instruct her, or teach her to hold her tongue."

Time rolls on, bringing new knowledge, and revealing new facts.

"You have passed the allegro of bachelorhood and reached the grave andante of a father of a family. Instead of that fine English horse, prancing along the Champs Elysées, you drive a quiet, large Norman animal. Behind you, in that substantial four-wheeled vehicle, are spread out like flowers your wife and her mother, like a large rose with many leaves. They chirp and chatter about you, knowing well that the noise of the wheels prevents your hearing their conversation. On the box there is a pretty nursemaid, and upon her knees your little girl: by

her side is your son, a restless child, whose antics worry his mother and you.

"You have achieved the triumphant idea of taking your family out; you depart in the morning, the admiration of your poorer neighbors, who envy you the privilege of going into the country without undergoing the inconvenience of public vehicles. You have dragged that wretched Norman horse to Vincennes across Paris, from Vincennes to St. Maur, from St. Maur to Charenton, and from Charenton to some small spot which has appeared to the minds of your wife and mother-in-law more beautiful than any other.

"Let us go to Maisons," they cry.

You go to Maisons, which is near Alford, and return by the left bank of the Seine, in the midst of a cloud of dust; the horse can scarcely get along. At this moment little Adolphus becomes restless and cries.

"What is the matter?" says the grandmother.

"I am hungry."

"He is hungry," says the mother to the daughter.

"And how can he help being hungry? It is half-past five, we have been out two hours, and we are only at the barriers."

"Your husband should have let us dine in the country."

"He would rather make his horse go two leagues further and return home," said Caroline.

"The cook would have had her holiday," rejoined the mother-in-law, "but after all Adolphus is right. It is economical to dine at home."

"Adolphus," cried Caroline, stung by the word "economical," "we are going so slow, I feel as though I were sea-sick, and you seem to keep us in the dust as long as possible; my bonnet and dress are spoiled."

"Do you want me to kill the horse?" asked her husband.

"Never mind about the horse, think of your child, who is dying of hunger. It is seven hours since he has taken anything. Whip the horse on, or one would think you valued your horse more than your child."

You are afraid to urge the horse for fear of accident, and you take no notice.

"No," exclaim your wife and her mother, "Adolphus loves to contradict me."

"However, Caroline," said the old lady, maliciously, "*he does what he likes.*"

Nothing annoys you more than to be protected by your mother-in-law. She is hypocritical, enchanted always to see you at issue with her daughter, and with infinite precaution throws oil upon the fire. When you arrive at the Barrier your wife is sulky and says nothing; she will not even look at you, and if you have the misfortune to suggest that it was at her suggestion you undertook the journey, you are assailed with a number of sarcastic phrases.

Your atrocious mother-in-law whispers in your ear, "Bear everything rather than annoy a woman in *her delicate situation.*" You begin to get furious.

When the officer of the Octroi says the usual "Have you anything to declare?" your wife replies, "I declare a great deal of ill temper, and much dust."

She laughs, the man laughs, and you feel inclined to pitch all your family into the river.

You reach home at last, and Caroline is unwell; she cannot attend to her child, who screams all night. It is your fault—you prefer your horse to your children, who die with hunger.

"After all," says your dear mother-in-law, "*men are not mothers.*" As you leave the room you hear her consoling her daughter with these malicious words: "They are all selfish; calm yourself, your father was just like *him.*"

The gradual development of matrimonial infelicity is traced in a masterly manner, all the shoals and quicksands are marked: in fact, the book is a pocket-chart of the matrimonial voyage. We will mention a few such shoals.

He describes a scene where Adolphus takes his wife to a ball: everybody in the house had a hand in dressing her, it is a joint work, and they all admire her as a triumph as she steps out to her carriage, Adolphus being himself nobody.

She mingles in the ball with others, but she finds fifty women more beautiful than she, so that she is obscured and scarcely noticed. When there are

sixty beautiful women in a room, the sentiment of beauty is lost. Your wife becomes a very ordinary person. Her little smile, usually so effective, has no force amongst so many expressions; she is effaced, not asked to dance; others, more fortunate, hypocritically ask her if she is unwell that she does not dance, for they have a repertoire of malice concealed under a show of kindness, enough to make a saint sneer, and chill a demon.

"You, innocent, go and come, and see nothing of what is going on, they have wounded the vanity of your wife, and just at that point you come up and say—

"What is the matter?"

"Order *my* carriage," is the only reply.

This *my* is the *coup d'état* of marriage. For two years she had *the* carriage, the carriage of *monsieur*, our carriage, but now it is *my* carriage.

You order the carriage, and madame enters, in a smothered rage, throws herself in a corner, rolls herself up in her cloak, crosses her hands under her pelisse, sulks, and says nothing.

There is an amusing chapter called The Conjugal Gaddy, which of all flies, gnats, mosquitoes is the most troublesome. Caroline observes suddenly, in the most natural manner, "Madame Deschars had a handsome dress on yesterday."

"Yes, she has very good taste," replies Adolphe, innocently.

"It is her husband who has given it to her," says Caroline, shrugging her shoulders—"a dress of four hundred francs. All husbands do not pay such attention to their wives."

If you bring anything to your wife it is never so good as what M. Deschars gives his wife. If you use an impatient gesture, if an impatient word, you have this sibilant phrase, "M. Deschars never behaves like that. Take M. Deschars for a model." In fine, M. Deschars appears in our household at any moment, and on the slightest pretext. He is a sword of Damocles, or rather a pin, and your vanity is the cushion in which your wife runs it and withdraws it upon a thousand pretexts, and always with terms of endearment most tender and gentle.

After trying various expedients, such

as taking a country house, going frequently to the opera, he resolves at last to allow his wife to do what she pleases, to manage the house and provide what she likes, arrange how she likes, and go where she likes; he establishes the constitutional system for the autocratic, and the results are thus summed up:

For some days the happiness of Adolphe could only be compared to that of the honeymoon; she would invent little cares, little words, and little attentions, *calineries*, and tendernesses. But at the end of a month she began to say, not in word but in action, "It is impossible to please a man."

First epoch.—Everything goes well. Caroline buys little account books to enter her payments, a purse to keep her money, does everything to make Adolphe live as he should, is delighted with his approbation, discovers a multitude of things which are wanted in the house; her ambition is to be mistress of a well-ordered household. Adolphe cannot find a single fault. If he dresses himself, there is nothing wanting. The cosmetiques are carefully renewed and his razors arranged, new braces are supplied for old; a button-hole is never ragged; his slippers are free from holes; his linen is assiduously attended to. At table, all his tastes and caprices are studied and consulted; he grows fat. He has ink in his inkstand and his sponge is always moist. He has never occasion to say, like Louis XIV., "*I have almost had to wait.*" He is even obliged to reprove Caroline for not attending sufficiently to her own wants. She carefully records that reproach.

Second epoch.—The scene changes. Everything is very dear; vegetables are beyond all prices; wood is sold as if it came from abroad; and as to fruits, only princes and bankers can eat them. Adolphe hears Caroline repeatedly whispering to Madame Deschars, "But how do you manage?" and conferences are held before him upon the subject of cooking. Caroline utters such ejaculations as, "Ah, men are happy, they have not the trouble of domestic matters; woman has all the burden." In fine, she is running into debt, but will not acknowledge it, and Adolphe laughs in his beard, foreseeing a catastrophe which will restore him to power.

Third epoch.—Caroline, penetrated with the idea that we should eat simply to live, makes Adolphe's table more like that of an ascetic. His socks have holes, or are burdened by many repairs; his braces are not renewed, his linen is dirty. If he is in a hurry, and wants to dress quickly to keep an appointment, it takes him an hour to find things; but Caroline is always well dressed. She has fine bonnets, velvet slippers, and handsome mantles. She has taken her position, and administers now upon the principle that well-ordered charity begins with one's self. When Adolphe complains of the contrast between himself and her, she replies, "But you scolded me because I bought nothing for myself."

An interchange of pleasantries takes place, and one evening Caroline makes herself most agreeable in order to confess a considerable deficit in her accounts; just as a minister commands tax-paying, and praises the greatness of the country as a preamble to a project to raise more supplies. The result was that the system constitutional was infinitely more expensive than the system monarchic. Adolphe seeks a pretext to bring matters to a crisis, and on one fatal evening utters the terrible phrase, "*When I was a bachelor.*" The words, "When I was a bachelor," are to a woman the equivalent of the "*My dear defunct*" of a widow to a new husband. These two strokes of the tongue make wounds which never heal.

This *coup d'état* brings matters to a crisis, and the monarchical form of administration is restored.

The second part of the book is called the feminine portion. It is the complaint of the wife, and it opens with a chapter called "Husbands of two months," in which we get an amusing report of an actual conversation which took place between two young married ladies in secret; as the topic of conversation of ladies, when they leave the gentlemen at dinner and retire to the drawing-room, has always been a subject of speculation, perhaps this may throw some light upon it. Two young married ladies, friends, have met in those solitudes to be found even in drawing-rooms; the ball has just commenced, they are at the second contre-

danse, but these two have retired to an embrasure near the cool air of the open windows, and thus commence:

"Well, Caroline."

"Well, Stephanie;" and then two sighs blend in one.

"You do not attend to conventionalities now."

"How do you mean?"

"Why do you not come to see me?"

"I am never left alone; in fact, I have hardly time to talk here."

"Ah, if my Adolphe were only to adopt that system."

"You recollect us, Armand and myself, when he paid me what is called—though why, I cannot understand—his 'court'?"

"Yes, I admired him; I thought you were happy; you had found your '*ideal*'—a handsome man, well dressed, with yellow gloves, clipped beard, varnished boots, white linen, and the most exquisite neatness."

"Va! va!"

"In fine, a man as he should be; his voice was of a feminine sweetness, no brusqueness. And what promises of happiness, of liberty! His words were redolent of shawls and lace; you could hear the gallop of horses and the roll of carriages in his voice. Your *corbeille* was of the magnificence of a millionaire. Armand always appeared to me to be a velvet husband; a fur of birds' feathers, in which you were going to enwrap yourself."

"Caroline, he now *takes snuff*."

"Ah, well, mine *smokes*."

"But mine takes it as they say Napoleon did; and I hold snuff in such horror."

"All men have those habits; it is absolutely necessary that they *take something*."

"You have no idea of the sufferings I endure. In the night I am awakened by a sneeze; when I turn in my sleep I come across grains of snuff scattered on the pillow, which make me spring like a mine. That wretch, Armand, is accustomed to such surprises and he never wakes. I find snuff everywhere, and, after all, I have only married a *snuff-box*."

"What is that? It is only a trifling inconvenience, my dear, if your husband is good and generous."

"He is as cold as marble, as regular as an old man; one of those men who say *yes* to everything, and *do* nothing but what they please."

"Say *no* to him."

"I have tried it already."

"Well?"

"He threatened to reduce my allowance to what would be only necessary to do without me."

"Poor Stephanie! he is not a man, but a monster."

"A monster calm and methodical, with a false wig, who every night—"

"What?"

"Has a *glass of water to keep his teeth in*."

"What a trap was your marriage! But Armand is rich."

"But how is it with you?"

"Me! at present I have only a pin which pricks me, but it is insupportable."

"Poor child, you, too, are unhappy. Come, tell me!"

Here they spoke together in whispers, so that it was impossible to hear a word; but the conversation finished thus:

"Is your Adolphe *jealous*?"

"How can he? We seldom part, and that is one of my miseries; I dare not even yawn. I am always acting the character of a loving wife, and it is fatiguing."

"Caroline."

"Well?"

"What will you do?"

"I shall resign myself. What will you?"

"I shall combat the snuff."

This tends to prove that in the fact of personal deceptions, the two sexes are quits with each other.

This chapter is a glimpse of the unseen, and a revelation of the unknowable. It is perfectly natural that in the mutual interchange of ideas between ladies, which we are told takes place when the toilette and the nursery are exhausted, and the natural history of husbands comes upon the *tapis*—a species of comparative anatomy which would be harmless were it not for the charlatanism it is apt to create; the matrimonial charlatanism which prescribes the universal remedy for all evils, forgetting that the treatment which soothes and composes one patient drives another mad. A

lady whose husband is of a phlegmatic temperment can scarcely be a good physician for one who is suffering from the gadfly stings of an ever active, restless companion. Mrs. Noakes advises Mrs. Styles to "show a spirit." On the next occasion the poor woman shows a spirit, and is cruelly used; then follow the stern magistrate, the brutal stubborn husband and the weeping but still forgiving wife, reluctant to punish: scenes which grace our police courts daily; the morbid anatomy of a disease which afflicts all classes, but is only concealed in refined life.

Two letters occur, one from a friend to Caroline, and the reply of Caroline to the friend; these letters sum up their respective matrimonial experiences. That from the friend says:

"After your departure from Paris I married M. de Boulandière, President of the Tribunal. I live with the uncle of my husband, and my mother-in-law. I am rarely alone, and when I go out I am accompanied by my mother-in-law or husband. We receive all the grave people of the village. They play whist at two sous the fish, and I listen to conversations like these—M. de Vitremont is dead; he leaves 290,000 francs. Then ensues a chorus of praises of the dead who had locked up his larder always and heaped up sou on sou."

In allusion to her husband and that of Caroline she says:

"I have bidden adieu to my dreams. I am Madame la Presidente, and resign myself to give my arm to this great M. de la Boulandière for forty years, to live, managed for in every way, and to see two thick eyebrows over two eyes of different colors, in a yellow face which never knows a smile. But you, Caroline, at the age of twenty-seven, with 200,000 francs, have captured and captivated a great man, one of the most intellectual in Paris, one of the two men of talent which our city has produced."

Caroline in her reply gives an analysis of her happiness:

"Adolphe, alas! is a man of letters, and men of letters are not less irritable, nervous, capricious, changeable, and wanton than women. We both love ourselves, to tell the truth. I have saved my husband from a great misery. Far from reaching 20,000 francs per annum,

he has not gained them in the fifteen years he has spent in Paris. We are lodged on a third floor in the Rue Joubert, which costs us 1,200 francs, and we have left about 8,500 francs of income, with which we endeavor to live. I have not more reason to complain of my marriage as an affair of money as an affair of the heart; my self-love suffers, my ambition has foundered. Ah, my dear friend, real talent is a rare flower; it grows spontaneously; no hot-house training will rear it; but Adolphe is a mediocrity tested and known—he has no other chance than to settle himself down to the *utilities* of literature. He was a genius at Viviers, but to be a genius at Paris a man must possess wit and intellect in large doses. I begin to esteem him, for after many falsehoods he has at last acknowledged his position to me. He hopes, like all mediocrities, to attain to some place like an under-librarian, or an editor of a journal. Who knows if he may not yet be nominated *député* for Viviers?"

She concludes with a little malicious triumph over her friend, who is married to an old rich man, with—

"You see, of the two, I, in spite of my deceptions and the little miseries of my life, am better allotted; Adolphe is at least young and charming."

In the answer of her friend she says to Caroline: "I hope the anonymous happiness which you enjoy will continue," and she revenges her old President upon Adolphe's gloomy future.

There are many other points in this book we should have liked to notice, but it is impossible now.

From the Saturday Review.

MARRIAGE AND LONG LIFE.

THE Scotch Registrar-General last year produced some statistics calculated to strike terror into the minds of all thoughtless bachelors. The supposed unwillingness of young men of the present day to enter into the bonds of holy matrimony has withstood gentle sermonizings; they have not, so far as we know, been tempted by the frequent demonstrations of newspaper correspondents that happiness in married life was attainable on three hundred a year. The

charms of clubs, or the terrors of social requirements, or some other considerations, are still too powerful. Matrimony indeed does not threaten to become an obsolete institution, but there has not been that general rush of the celibate into a changed condition which some moralists appeared to advocate. Perhaps, where milder expostulations have been unsuccessful, the stern power of statistics may prove more effectual; there is something appalling about a table of figures which claim all the inexorable certainty of mathematics. People whose bosoms are hardened against all mere sentiment may be brought down by tables of averages and careful statements about decimal fractions. At any rate, Dr. Stark has this year produced a new array of figures destined to enforce the lesson which was inculcated in his previous report. Thus it seems that, from the ages of 20 to 25, twice as many bachelors die out of every thousand alive as of married men. From 25 to 30, only 8·23 married men die in every thousand, and 14·94 unmarried; and from 30 to 35, the numbers are 8·65 and 15·94. Up to this point, and perhaps a little further, the bachelor may indeed remark that the comparison is not quite fair. The men who marry are, to a certain extent, selected lives. There are men with chronic diseases, and confirmed invalids from various causes, who do not marry. There are men of licentious habits who will not marry. The mortality among these classes is, of course, greater than among the more normal, steady-going, and healthy citizens who marry at the usual time. Dr. Stark adds to these classes those who do not marry from want of success in life, but it does not seem perfectly clear that such persons are likely to die sooner than their neighbors. The unsuccessful clergyman, as a rule, marries, and has an indefinite number of children, as the appropriate consolation for his case. Unsuccessful men in other professions very seldom cut their throats or die of melancholy. They may perhaps take to drinking, or fall into other objectionable habits which would bring them under one of the other classes; but, as a rule, we should say that the most annoying thing about the unsuccessful man is his obstinate refusal to do anything except

go on living. However this may be, there is no doubt that the classes who abstain from marriage on account of ill-health or bad morals must unfairly burden the scale of celibacy; and we should expect to find a much heavier rate of mortality amongst young bachelors than amongst young married men, without being thereby justified in any inference against the vitality of bachelors of good constitutions and steady habits. But this comfort will not go far. "Almost all such," says Dr. Stark (meaning apparently the sickly, the licentious, and the unsuccessful), "die out, by the course of nature, before they have attained their fortieth year—none survive their fiftieth year." This seems to be rather a bold statement, especially in regard to the last of the classes mentioned, and we do not know upon what authority it rests. It is evident, however, that as we proceed to later years the influence of this disturbing cause will be diminished, if it is not entirely extinguished. Yet we find that the married men still keep a decided advantage over their rivals. Thus, of a thousand married men from 50 to 55, there die annually 19·54, and 26·34 of an equal number unmarried. From 60 to 65 the numbers are 35·63 to 44·54; from 70 to 75, 81·56 to 102·17; and from 80 to 85, 173·88 to 195·40. Even if we go further, although the numbers are too small to give trustworthy indications, we find that only 9 out of 28 married centenarians died in 1864, and one of the only two existing centenarian bachelors. In this last case, however, it is obvious that the proportion was as nearly preserved as possible, seeing that 9·14ths of a bachelor could not die. So far, then, it seems that the numbers living at every age give similar results. The bachelor's advocate, however, has endeavored to find consolation by a different manipulation of the figures; for, as is well known, figures are the most accommodating of all things to those who can take them by their weak side. If then we take all the bachelor and all the married men, irrespectively of their ages, we find that 24 married men and a half died out of every thousand, and only 18 bachelors. Here the wretched bachelor fancies for a moment that he has got hold of a great fact, and may oppose to the Registrar-General the evidence of his own figures. But Dr. Stark informs

him that this is a mere "statistical paradox," and that "such a summary necessarily leads to a false conclusion." In fact, it depends upon a very simple circumstance. A very much larger proportion of the bachelors than of the married men are, of course, at the younger and healthier ages. Much more than half of the bachelors, for example, are under thirty, whilst much more than half of the married men are over forty. Hence it naturally follows that when we add all the numbers together, the death-rate of the bachelors will appear to be smaller than that of the married men, although at each particular age it is greater. In short, it is not surprising that the whole body of bachelors in the country is more healthy than that of the whole body of married men, because on an average they are far younger. When this "paradox," if it is to be dignified with such a name, is solved, the bachelor must begin to admit that the figures, so far as they go, are against him.

It is, however, evident that the question still requires a great deal of investigation. We may say that Dr. Stark has raised a certain *prima facie* presumption in favor of the connection between long life and marriage. We should, however, require a closer examination in order to eliminate many of the disturbing causes which may entirely vitiate the calculation. To say nothing else, many of the classes whose lives are most precarious naturally contribute chiefly to the bachelor class. There are the military, for example, and the lunatics, neither of whom necessarily die before fifty, to say nothing of the permanent invalids who may surely sometimes survive that age. Indeed it seems, from Dr. Stark's figures, that the rates steadily approximate as the age increases, which may be probably due to the thinning out of some of the classes who are deterred from marriage by the same causes which make their life precarious. Again, it would be necessary to know whether the proportion in which celibacy is common differs amongst different ranks of society; whether, for example, the healthiest classes may happen also to be those in which marriage is commonest. This would, of course, vitiate the results to some extent. In short, a closer inquiry is necessary before we can say

with complete confidence that the lower death-rate amongst married people proves that marriage is conducive to long life, and that it would not be a truer account to say that, on the whole, long-lived people are more apt to marry. This would be a less startling assertion than Dr. Stark's former declaration that bachelorhood was more destructive to life than the most unwholesome trades; and that it is more dangerous not to marry than to live amongst the worst sanitary arrangements.

Supposing, however, that Dr. Stark should succeed in making out his case, what is the moral? He has himself remarked, with due Scotch propriety, that he has confirmed, "after the lapse of several thousand years," one of the first natural laws revealed to man, "It is not good that man should be alone." It is pleasant to see statistics brought in aid of the Bible. Since Mr. Buckle's unfortunate discovery that the same number of people committed suicide and put undirected letters into the post-office every year, the science has rather a bad name. It has been rather less reviled than geology, but has enjoyed a distinct flavor of heterodoxy. All this will now be changed. The clergy will be able, when they have exhausted theological recommendations to leading a moral life, to turn to the pages of the Registrar-General for Scotland, and to promise to their hearers, not merely the advantages of another world, but 19·7 more years of life in this; and there are persons to whom such a purely temporal blessing would, of course, appeal more effectually. There is, indeed, a certain gap in the proof which we should like to see filled up. Dr. Stark can hardly be one of the school—not quite unknown in Scotland—who would interpret the English version literally, and argue that the text did not include the other sex in the term "man." Yet he gives us no tables to prove that married women die at a lower rate than spinsters. At some ages their mortality is said to be greater, as might perhaps be expected; and it is at least desirable that we should know whether the advantages derived from marriage are mutual. Otherwise there would be a certain awkwardness about confirming Scripture by such a one-sided proof, which would seem to imply an

imperfection in the arrangements of Providence. For, if it is a good thing for men to marry because they will then live longer, and if the same reason does not apply to women, we are landed in the conclusion that men should marry and women should not—which, to quote Euclid, is absurd. Let us hope that the figures may be merciful, and may at least prove that women do not shorten their lives by marriage.

If this be satisfactorily arranged, we shall be at last in possession of an additional argument for persuading young men to marry. Perhaps from a Malthusian point of view it might still be possible to pick a hole in it; for the people, as the last English report shows, are already increasing with great rapidity, and if they could be induced at once to marry more and to live longer we should be again in danger of over-population. Omitting this argument, which scarcely applies to the only class likely to be assailable by statistical considerations, we certainly have an extra inducement to marriage—that is, to those who would like to have their life prolonged by 19·7 years. Let us hope that there are no bachelors degraded enough to reply by an inappropriate aspiration for a short life and merry one; for, after all, marriage is one of those things which do not stand in much need either of a statistical, or of any other species of argument, beyond those which human nature supplies; much as, in our opinion, the statement that it is not good for man to be alone might safely be allowed to rest on its own evidence, without the collection of elaborate statistical information from Scotland.

Chambers's Journal.

OUR CHIEF TIME-PIECE LOSING TIME.

A DISTINGUISHED French astronomer, author of one of the most fascinating works on popular astronomy that has hitherto appeared, remarks, that a man would be looked upon as a maniac who should speak of the influence of Jupiter's moons upon the cotton-trade. Yet, as he proceeds to show, there is an easily-traced connection between the ideas which appear at first sight so incongruous. The required link is the determination of terrestrial longitude.

Similarly, what would be thought of an astronomer who, regarding thoughtfully the stately motion of the sidereal system, as exhibited on a magnified, and therefore appreciable, scale by a powerful telescope, should speak of the connection between this movement and the intrinsic worth of a sovereign? The natural thought with most men would be that "too much learning" had made the astronomer mad. Yet, when we come to inquire closely into the question of a sovereign's intrinsic value, we find ourselves led to the diurnal motion of the stars, and that by no very intricate path. For, what is a sovereign? A coin containing so many parts of gold mixed with so many parts of alloy. An ounce, we know, is the weight of such and such a volume of a certain standard substance—that is, so many cubic inches or parts of a cubic inch of that substance. But what is an inch? It is determined, we find, as a certain fraction of the length of a pendulum vibrating seconds in the latitude of London. A second, we know, is a certain portion of a mean solar day, and is practically determined by a reference to what is called a sidereal day—the interval, namely, between the successive passages by the same star of the celestial meridian of any fixed place. This interval is assumed to be constant, and it has indeed been described as the "one constant element" known to astronomers.

We find, then, that there is a connection, and a very important connection, between the motion of the stars and our measures, not merely of value, but of weight, length, volume, and time. In fact, our whole system of weights and measures is founded on the apparent diurnal motion of the sidereal system, that is, on the real diurnal rotation of the earth. We may look on the meridian plane in which the great transit-telescope of the Greenwich Observatory is made to swing, as the gigantic hand of a mighty dial, a hand which, extending outward among the stars, traces out for us, by its motion among them, the exact progress of time, and so gives us the means of weighing, measuring, and valuing terrestrial objects with an exactitude which is at present *beyond* our wants.

The earth, then, is our "chief time-

piece," and it is of the correctness of this giant clock that we are now to speak.

But how can we test a time-piece whose motions we select to regulate every other time-piece? If a man sets his watch every morning by the clock at Westminster, it is clearly impossible for him to test the accuracy of that clock by the motions of his watch. It would, indeed, be possible to detect any gross change of rate; but, for the purpose of illustration, I assume, what is indeed the case, that the clock is very accurate, and therefore that minute errors only are to be looked for even in long intervals of time. And just as the watch set by a clock cannot be made use of to test the clock for small errors, so our best time-pieces cannot be employed to detect slow variations, if any such exist, in the earth's rotation-period.

Sir William Herschel, who early saw the importance of the subject, suggested another method. Some of the planets rotate in such a manner, and bear such distinct marks upon their surface, that it is possible, by a series of observations extending over a long interval of time, to determine the length of their rotation-period within a second or two. Supposing their rotation uniform, we at once obtain an accurate measure of time. Supposing their rotation *not* uniform, we obtain—(1) a hint of the kind of change we are looking for; and (2), by the comparison of two or more planets, the means of guessing how the variation is to be distributed between the observed planets and our own earth.

Unfortunately, it turned out that Jupiter, one of the planets from which Herschel expected most, does *not* afford us exact information—his real surface being always veiled by his dense and vapor-laden atmosphere. Saturn, Venus, and Mercury are similarly circumstanced, and are in other respects unfavorable objects for this sort of observation. Mars only, of all the planets, is really available. Distinctly marked (in telescopes of sufficient power) with continents and oceans, which are rarely concealed by vapors, this planet is in other respects fortunately situated. For it is certain that whatever variations may be taking place in planetary rotations must be due to external agencies. Now,

Saturn and Jupiter have their satellites to influence (perhaps appreciably in long intervals of time) their rotation-movements. Venus and Mercury are near the sun, and are therefore in this respect worse off than the earth, whose rotation is in question. Mars, on the other hand, far removed from the sun, having also no moon, and being of small dimensions (a very important point, be it observed, since the tidal action of the sun depends on the dimensions of a planet), is likely to have a rotation-period all but absolutely constant.

Herschel was rather unfortunate in his observations of Mars. Having obtained a rough approximation from Mars' rotation in an interval of two days—this rough approximation being, as it happened, only thirty-seven seconds in excess of the true period—he proceeded to take three intervals of one month each. This should have given a much better value, but, as it happened, the mean of the values he obtained was forty-six seconds too great. He then took a period of two years, and being misled by the erroneous values he had already obtained, he *missed one rotation*, getting a value two minutes too great. Thirty years ago, two German astronomers, Messrs. Beer and Mädler tried the same problem, and taking a period of seven years, obtained a value which exceeds the true value by only one second. Another German, Kaiser, by combining more observations, obtained a value which is within one-fifteenth of a second of the true value. But a comparison of observations extending over two hundred years has enabled an English calculator to obtain a value which he considers to lie within one-hundredth part of a second of the truth. This value for Mars' rotation-period is 24 hours, 37 minutes, 22.74 seconds.

Here, then, we have a result so accurate, that, *at some future time*, it may serve to test the earth's rotation-period. We have compared the rotation-rate of our test-planet with the earth's rate during the past two hundred years; and therefore, if the earth's rate vary by more than one-hundredth of a second in the next two or three hundred years, we shall—or, rather, our descendants will—begin to have some notion of the change at the end of that time.

But, in the meantime, mankind being impatient, and not willing to leave to a distant posterity any question which can possibly be answered *now*, astronomers have looked around them for information available at once on this interesting point. The search has not been in vain. In fact, we are able to announce, with an approach to positiveness, that our great terrestrial time-piece is actually *losing time*.

In our moon we have a neighbor which has long been in the habit of answering truthfully questions addressed to her by astronomers. Of old, she told Newton about gravitation, and when he doubted, and urged contradictory evidence offered—as men in his time supposed—by the earth, she set him on the right track, so that when in due time the evidence offered by the earth was corrected, Newton was prepared at once to accept and propound the noble theory which rendered his name illustrious. Again, men wished to learn the true shape of the earth, and went hither and thither measuring its globe; but the moon, meanwhile, told the astronomer who remained at home a truer tale. They sought to learn the earth's distance from the sun, and from this and that point they turned their telescopes on Venus in transit; but the moon has set them nearer the truth, and that not by a few miles, but by three millions or more. We shall see that she has had something to say about our great terrestrial time-piece.

One of the great charms of the science of astronomy is, that it enables men to *predict*. At such and such an hour, the astronomer is able to say, a celestial body will occupy such and such a point on the celestial sphere. You direct a telescope toward the point named, and lo! at the given instant the promised orb sweeps across the field of view. Each year there is issued a thick octavo volume crowded with such predictions, three or four years in advance of the events predicted; and these predictions are accepted with as little doubt by astronomers as if they were the records of past events.

But astronomers are not only able to predict—they can also trace back the paths of the celestial bodies, and say: "At such and such a long-past epoch, a

given star or planet occupied such and such a position upon the celestial sphere." But how are they to verify such a statement? It is clear that, in general, they cannot do so. Those who are able to appreciate (or, better, to make use of) the predictions of astronomy, will, indeed, very readily accord a full measure of confidence to calculations of past events. They know that astronomy is justly named the most exact of the sciences, and they can see that there is nothing, in the nature of things, to render retrospection more difficult than prevision. But there are hundreds who have no such experience of the exactness of modern astronomical methods—who have, on the contrary, a vague notion that modern astronomy is merely the successor of systems now exploded; perhaps even that it may one day have to make way in its turn for new methods. And if all other men were willing to accept the calculations of astronomers respecting long-past events, astronomers themselves would be less easily satisfied. Long experience has taught them that the detection of error is the most fruitful source of knowledge; therefore, wherever such a course is possible, they always gladly submit their calculations to the test of observation.

Now, looking backward into the far past, it is only here and there that we see records which afford means of comparison with modern calculations. The planets have swept on in their courses for ages with none to note them. Gradually, observant men began to notice and record the more remarkable phenomena. But such records, made with very insufficient instrumental means, have in general but little actual value. It has been found easy to confirm them without any special regard to accuracy of calculation.

But there is one class of phenomena which no inaccuracy of observation can very greatly affect. A total eclipse of the sun is an occurrence so remarkable, that (1) it can hardly take place without being recorded, and (2) a very rough record will suffice to determine the particular eclipse referred to. Long intervals elapse between successive total eclipses visible at the same place on the earth's surface; and even partial eclipses of noteworthy extent occur but seldom

at any assigned place. Very early, therefore, in the history of modern astronomy, the suggestion was made, that eclipses recorded by ancient astronomers should be calculated retrospectively. An unexpected result rewarded the undertaking; it was found that ancient eclipses could not be fairly accounted for without assigning a slower motion to the moon in long-past ages than she has at present!

Here was a difficulty which long puzzled mathematicians. One after another was foiled by it. Halley, an English mathematician, had detected the difficulty, but no English mathematician was able to grapple with it. Contented with Newton's fame, they had suffered their continental rivals to shoot far ahead in the course he had pointed out. But the best continental mathematicians were defeated. In papers of acknowledged merit, adorned by a variety of new processes, and showing a deep insight into the question at issue, they yet arrived, one and all, at the same conclusion—failure.

Ninety years elapsed before the true explanation was offered by the great mathematician Laplace. A full exposition of his views would be out of place in such a paper as the present, but, briefly, they amount to this:

The moon travels in her orbit, swayed chiefly by the earth's attraction. But the sun, though greatly more distant, owing to the immensity of his mass, plays an important part in guiding our satellite. His influence tends to relieve the moon, in part, from the earth's sway. Thus, she travels in a wider orbit, and with a slower motion, than she would have but for the sun's influence. Now, the earth is not at all times equally distant from the sun, and his influence upon the moon is accordingly variable. In winter, when the earth is nearest to the sun, his influence is greatest. The lunar month, accordingly (as any one may see by referring to an almanac), is longer in winter than in summer. This variation had long been recognized as the moon's "annual equation;" but Laplace was the first to point out that the variation is itself slowly varying. The earth's orbit is slowly changing in shape—becoming more and more nearly circular year by year. As the greater

axis of her orbit is unchanging, it is clear that the actual extent of the orbit is slowly increasing. Thus, the moon is slightly released from the sun's influence year by year, and so brought more and more under the earth's influence. She travels, therefore, continually faster and faster; though the change is indeed but a very minute one—only to be detected in long intervals of time. Also the moon *acceleration*, as the change is termed, is only temporary, and will in due time be replaced by an equally gradual retardation.

When Laplace had calculated the extent of the change due to the cause he had detected, and when it was found that ancient eclipses were now satisfactorily accounted for, it may well be believed that there was triumph in the mathematical camp. But this was not all. Other mathematicians attacked the same problem, and their results agreed so closely that all were convinced that the difficulty was thoroughly vanquished.

A very noteworthy result flowed from Laplace's calculations. Amongst other solutions which had been suggested, was the supposition (supported by no less an authority than Sir Isaac Newton, who lived to see the commencement of the long conflict maintained by mathematicians with this difficulty), that it is not the moon travelling more quickly, but our earth rotating more slowly, which causes the observed discrepancy. Now, it resulted from Laplace's labors—as he was the first to announce—that the period of the earth's rotation has not varied by one-tenth of a second per century in the last two thousand years. The question thus satisfactorily settled, as was supposed, was shelved for more than a quarter of a century. The result, also, which seemed to flow from the discussion—the constancy of the earth's rotation-movement—was accepted; and, as we have seen, our national system of measures was founded upon the assumed constancy of the day's duration.

But mathematicians were premature in their rejoicings. The question has been brought, by the labors of Professor Adams—codiscoverer with Leverrier of the distant Neptune—almost exactly to the point which it occupied a century ago. We are face to face with the very

difficulties—somewhat modified in extent, but not in character—which puzzled Halley, Euler, and Lagrange. It would be an injustice to the memory of Laplace to say that his labors were thrown away. The explanation offered by him is indeed a just one, but it is insufficient. Properly estimated, it removes only half the difficulty which had perplexed mathematicians. It would be quite impossible to present in brief space, and in a form suited to these pages, the views propounded by Adams. What, for instance, would most of our readers learn if we were to tell them that, “when the variability of the eccentricity is taken into account, in integrating the differential equations involved in the problem of the lunar motions—that is, when the eccentricity is made a function of the time—non-periodic or secular terms appear in the expression for the moon’s mean motion—and so on?” Let it suffice to say that Laplace had considered only the effect of the sun in diminishing the earth’s pull on the moon, supposing that the slow variation in the sun’s direct influence on the moon’s motion in her orbit must be self-compensatory in long intervals of time. Adams has shown, on the contrary, that when this variation is closely examined, no such compensation is found to take place; and that the effect of this want of compensation is to diminish, by more than one-half, the effects due to the slow variation examined by Laplace.

These views gave rise at first to considerable controversy. Pontecoulant characterized Adams’ processes as “analytical conjuring tricks;” and Leverrier stood up gallantly in defence of Laplace. The contest swayed hither and thither for a while; but gradually the press or new arrivals on Adams’ side began to prevail. One by one, his antagonists gave way; new processes have confirmed his results, figure for figure; and no doubt now exists, in the mind of any astronomer competent to judge, of the correctness of Adams’ views.

But, side by side with this inquiry, another had been in progress. A crowd of diligent laborers had been searching with close and rigid scrutiny into the circumstances attending ancient eclipses. A new light had been thrown upon this subject by the labors of modern travelers and historians. One remarkable

instance of this may be cited. Mr. Layard has identified the site of Larissa with the modern Nimroud. Now, Xenophon relates that when Larissa was besieged by the Persians, an eclipse of the sun took place, so remarkable in its effects, and therefore undoubtedly total, that the Median defenders of the town threw down their arms, and the city was accordingly captured. And Hansen has shown that a certain estimate of the moon’s motion makes the eclipse which occurred on August 15, 310 B.C., not only *total* but *central* at Nimroud. Some other remarkable eclipses—as the celebrated sunset eclipse (total) at Rome, 399 B.C., the eclipse which enveloped the fleet of Agathocles as he escaped from Syracuse; the famous eclipse of Thales, which interrupted a battle between the Medes and Lydians; and even the partial eclipse which (probably) caused the “going back of the shadow upon the dial of Ahaz”—have all been accounted for satisfactorily by Hansen’s estimate of the moon’s motion; so, also, have nineteen lunar eclipses, recorded in the *Almagest*.

The estimate of Hansen’s which accounts so satisfactorily for solar and lunar eclipses, makes the moon’s rate of motion increase more than twice as fast as it should do according to the calculations of Adams. But before our readers run away with the notion that astronomers have here gone quite astray, it will be well to present, in a simple manner, the extreme minuteness of the discrepancy about which all the coil has been made.

Suppose that, just in front of our moon, a false moon exactly equal to ours, in size and appearance, were to set off with a motion corresponding to the present motion of the moon, save only in one respect—namely, that the false moon’s motion should not be subject to the change we are considering, termed the *acceleration*. Then, one hundred years would elapse before our moon would fairly begin to show in advance. She would, in that time, have brought only one-one-hundred-and-fiftieth part of her breadth from behind the false moon. At the end of another century, she would have gained four times as much; at the end of a third, nine times as much; and so on. She would not fairly have cleared her own breadth in less than twelve

hundred years. But the *whole* of this gain, minute at it is, is not left unaccounted for by our modern astronomical theories. *Half* the gain is explained, the other half remains to be interpreted; in other words, *the moon travels further by about half her own breadth in twelve centuries than she should do according to the lunar theory.*

But in this difficulty, small as it seems, we are not left wholly without resource. We are not only able to say that the discrepancy is probably due to a gradual retardation of the earth's rotation-movement, but we are able to place our finger on a very sufficient cause for such a retardation. One of the most firmly established principles of modern science is this—that where *work is done*, force is, in some way or other, consumed. The *doing of work* may show itself in a variety of ways—in the generation of heat, in the production of light, in the raising of weights, and so on; but in every case, an equivalent force must be expended. If the brakes are applied to a train in motion, intense heat is generated in the substance of the brake; now, the force employed by the brakeman is *not* equivalent to the heat generated. Where, then, is the balance of force expended? We all know that the train's motion is retarded, and this loss of motion represents the requisite expenditure of force. Now, is there any process in nature resembling, in however remote a degree, the application of a brake to check the earth's rotation. There is. The tidal wave which sweeps, twice a day, round the earth, travels in a direction contrary to the earth's motion of rotation. That this wave "does work," no one can doubt who has watched its effects. The mere rise and fall in open ocean may not be strikingly indicative of "work done;" but when we see the behavior of the tidal wave in narrow channels, when we see heavily laden ships swept steadily up our tidal rivers, we cannot but recognize the expenditure of force. Now, where does this force come from? Motion being the great "force-measurer," what motion *suffers* that the tides may *work*? We may securely reply, that the only motion which *can* supply the requisite force is the earth's motion of rotation. There-

fore, it is no idle dream, but a matter of absolute certainty, that, though slowly, still very surely, our terrestrial globe is losing its rotation-movement.

Considered as a time-piece, what are the earth's errors? Suppose, for a moment, that the earth was *timed* and *rated* two thousand years ago, how much has she *lost*, and what is her "rate-error?" She has lost in that interval nearly one hour and a quarter, and she is losing now at the rate of one second in twelve weeks. In other words, the length of a day is now more by about one-eighty-fourth part of a second than it was two thousand years ago. At this rate of a change, our day would merge into a lunar month in the course of thirty-six thousand millions of years. But after a while, the change will take place more slowly, and some trillion or so of years will elapse before the full change is effected.

Distant, however, as is the epoch at which the changes we have been considering will become effective, the subject appears to us to have an interest apart from the mere speculative consideration of the future physical condition of our globe. Instead of the recurrence of ever-varying, closely intermingled cycles of fluctuation, we see, now for the first time, the evidence of cosmical decay—a decay which, in its slow progress, may be but the preparation for renewed genesis—but still, a decay which, so far as the races at present subsisting upon the earth are concerned, must be looked upon as finally and completely destructive.

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From the Saturday Review.

ENGLAND AND THE EUROPEAN REVOLUTION.

THAT England is a country changing every day, and almost every hour, with increasing rapidity, is obvious to every one. In a great many ways this change is unpleasant, and in some ways it is very serious to those who have got hold of the right end of the stick of English life, and consider themselves entitled to a perpetuity of the comfort and respectability to which they were born. There is undoubtedly, when regarded from the point of view of the comfortable classes, a spirit of insubordination and self-

assertion most painfully visible in the lower classes. There is more of bold, outrageous ruffianism in the floating population outside the pale of decent society. There is a foolish, purposeless uppishness in servants, who are always giving warning for nothing and behaving like crushed but spirited beings. Every one aims at a sort of senseless grandeur. Housemaids have given up getting wages, and ask for a "salary"; governesses have given up getting a salary, and ask for a "stipend." The poor are very poor, but it is almost impossible to get any work out of them. A woman who will do a real day's work at sewing or housecleaning is scarcely to be had for love or money. The lower classes are rebellious without thriving, and are corrupted by the insolence of riches in which they do not share. All this has its good-side, we will hope, and merely symbolizes a period of transition, with its inevitable defects and ugliness. At any rate it is unavoidable. It comes from railways, and cheap newspapers, and cheap fiction, and cheap clothes, and the decay of the old territorial system of morality, and the expectation of democratic triumph. As we cannot help or alter it, we are not going to cry over it; but very lately there have appeared symptoms of a new change in English society which are really worth remarking. Hitherto we have been insular in our social difficulties and collisions. Some people always wanted something which the existing Constitution did not give them, but which they conceived they had a right to have because they were Englishmen. It was nothing to them that foreigners had or had not got privileges and advantages, or were poor or rich, happy or unhappy. They wanted to have Englishmen contented in England, and that was enough for them. They hated this or that English institution or class or person. They would get rid of the King, or the Lords, or the clergy. The House of Commons was corrupt, feeble, or prejudiced. All the good things belonged to a few fine people, and this was neither right nor English. But the grievances and the remedies were alike English and local; and even the social revolution going on around us and increasing every year in intensity never made us think of other

countries. The pert maids wanted to slip out of church to show their cheap finery to English eyes, and grand governesses took affront only in English homes and to the annoyance of English families. The poor were becoming more and more alienated from the rich, but it was only to herd together and nurse their misery, and their sadness, and their ill-will, in company. Dissatisfaction meant dissatisfaction with the Government, and was based on the theory that, if some change in government were made, the evil could be mended. Ballot, or Manhood Suffrage, or legislation to the taste of Trade Unions, was to be the cure, and then all would be well.

But recently a new spirit has, according to the unanimous statements of those who know them best, seized on the most energetic and stirring and typical part of the English poor. They are no longer insular and local in their feelings and aspirations. They have become an offset of the great European party of revolution. This is a vast change, and an important one, and alarms even those who are accustomed to think of themselves as popular leaders of opinion. The execution of the Fenians at Manchester has been widely received in England with comments of a new kind. There is not much blame thrown upon the Government. There is nothing like what we ordinarily mean by disloyalty. Full allowance is made for good intentions, for the honesty of the motives which prompted those in authority to distinguish between the murder of Brett and a political crime. But the execution of these men has been taken as a crowning sign that the Government has separated itself, and that all the governing classes have separated themselves, from the cause of European democracy. The English artisans, and others of whom we are speaking, do not particularly like the Irish, and they are capable of seeing, in some sort of dim way, how enormous the practical difficulty would be of letting Irishmen have their independence. But they feel as if the Irish were included in that general brotherhood of suffering and depressed democrats which is to them the noblest thing in Europe, and which they cannot forsake in its adversity. The revolutionary party in Europe has, it must be remembered, its distinct

creed, religious, political, and social. It is a party of action, and to some extent of organization; it has ideas to which it clings fondly, which it thinks sublime, and for which it will fight stoutly. In religion, it sets out with a profound alienation from established religions, which it considers are only made for the rich and the stupidly prosperous. It is not so much irreligious as aloof from religion, and yet piques itself on cultivating some of the nobler feelings which religion pretends, but fails, to develop. In politics, it is for the State or the nation as against foreign conquerors, domestic tyrants, and all persons, good or bad, that it happens to think obnoxious. Socially, it wants the poor man to have the world laid open to him as it is to the rich. Because these views are in some degree false, and are easily travestied and ridiculed, it is supposed that they may be ignored and despised. So they might have been hitherto, under the insignificant penalty of totally failing to understand the Continent, and of taking for ever a serene English view of European politics. But now to despise and to ignore them will be to throw away a means of understanding the country in which we live, and in which we have all that we think worth having. It cannot be a slight thing that we should be brought into collision with a force hitherto outside us, and apart from us, and which can, as we know from the experience of other countries, assume so compact a form, spread itself so widely and so deeply, and become not so much hostile to, as alien from, the whole character and tone of a society like our own.

The governing classes of England may reasonably feel that they did not deserve this. They do not wish to repress, restrain, and crush the lower classes. They have no fanatical religion which they wish to sustain. They do not love the temporal power of the Pope, neither do they hate Garibaldi. It seems hard on them to forget that, when that apostle of revolution came to England, Duchesses struggled to get him to breakfast. Why should the European revolution touch them, and annoy people so well-meaning, so kindly, and so liberal? Ireland is a thorn in their side which they only wish they were rid of. They allow any amount of treason to be talked and written there,

and it is only with some difficulty that they can make up their minds to interfere when thundering American colonels and captains come over and go about stopping cars, and burying rifles ready for action, and making themselves generally disagreeable. It does certainly seem hard that the European revolution should come to us, who have no turn for *coups-d'état*, and artillery in the streets, and deportations to Cayenne. Nor, if it is to come among us, can we suffer ourselves to doubt that we shall have our reward, and that, in a land where the upper classes are in the main just and generous and liberal, the revolution will assume a much milder form and lead to much less alarming consequences than would mark its triumph in France. It is not for nothing that we have got the sentiments of a free country, nourished by the traditions of centuries; and it is not for nothing that we have worked out a religion which, if vague and illogical, is yet the most tolerant, and the most compatible with secular ideas, of any religion in the world. We need not be very much terrified at this revolution, but it is most desirable that we should realize in time its significance. If it is worth noticing that the English Catholics are now represented by Ultramontanes, it is far better worth noticing that our Chartists are now becoming Mazzinians. Ultramontaniam is a sickly plant in England, and Englishmen must totally change, and lose all their characteristic virtues, before they will have anything to do with it. But a fervent democratic spirit replacing religion by a love of justice and brotherhood among nations, alluring by the thought of membership in a noble band, and justifying the self-assertion of English artisans by their association with a great cause, might be almost as powerful in the England of the nineteenth century as Puritanism was in the England of the seventeenth century. The revolution would, indeed, have no change in England if the governing classes had any clear idea how to govern. But there scarcely ever was a time when the wish to govern well was more widely diffused, and the knowledge how to govern well more visibly lacking. In every department of social and intellectual and political activity, there is at this moment a want of pith and energy

and purpose in the governing classes. There is plenty of suggestive thought, but hardly any clear practical thought. Every one shrinks from picturing to himself, and stating simply on paper, what he believes and thinks. That which is called the Government does not know whether to govern or to be governed, whether to cry or to use troops, whether to let deputations talk sedition in a Government office, or to rely on bluster and big legal talk in the hope that rioters may be frightened. In such a state of society it is impossible to say that a revolutionary element in England, an element thinking of Europe more than of this country, and viewing Ireland through the haze of European ideas, might not some day become very serious. It is comfortable, but it is silly, to shut our eyes to the danger, and to repose on platitudes such as that the mass of the people are loyal. If we are wise we shall do more than this; we shall try to take away that standing-ground which the revolution gains from the existence of abuses which are manifest, and we shall also try to establish a governing power with more force and energy than any which we have at present.

Chambers's Journal.

SUN-SPOTS.

It is one of the most suggestive and important truths which science has embodied in the faith of philosophy, that space itself is not more "infinite" than are the sphere, number, and complexity of those unseen influences which affect the condition of the earth both as a planet and as a home and focus of sentient life. Astronomical research has thus before it an absolutely boundless field of discovery, which, in the course of ages, it is invited and encouraged to traverse: yet may we not estimate its progress by the space it embraces, or its completeness by the range of the telescope; for their very haste to mark and note the prominent phenomena of the wide universe has prompted men to overlook the more obscure though powerful influences, which thicken the more closely they surround us, and it surely avails little that the color and place of stars and nebulosities are known, while those multifarious agencies which centre in the sun

and focate in the earth itself, are as yet unacknowledged, except in the infinite variety of their results.

The telescope with its present powers has indeed sketched out a wide region for patient observation and study, to be extended only when optical science shall afford some new, unthought-of contribution to the means and appliances of sight; and astronomers have fitly left off for a time idly recounting the stars, and indulging in vague speculations on what is beyond their ken, for the better purpose of examining minutely those phenomena which lie within the range, though their causes may be beyond the scope of distinct vision. Such agencies have hitherto been too commonly regarded as insignificant in comparison with more brilliant discoveries, but extending research every day gives further proof of their intimate relations to the condition and destiny of our mother-earth.

We might instance the study of the laws of heat, light, magnetism, etc., as affording most important additions and aids to a science of which "astronomy" is an inadequate title; but in this paper we shall confine our attention to certain results of direct observation that promise to demonstrate many remarkable relations between the physical condition of the sun and that of the earth, and which continue to gain increasing interest, not only for astronomers, but for all intelligent men.

Day by day, at the principal observatories in Europe and America, is the appearance of the sun anxiously watched, and the spots which often mottle much of its surface carefully mapped out, and even photographed. And, indeed, their *utility* recommends such observations; for gravitation, as we vaguely understand it, is not the only link which binds our planet to the sun; and we have yet to learn how much the development and present condition of the earth are due to the action of those thermal, magnetic, and chemical influences which we have every reason to believe are intimately involved in its very existence and entire cosmical relations.

Before recounting the results of sun-spot observations, we may remark the difficulty of tracing at a distance of ninety-five millions of miles, and on a

visible disc having a diameter of little more than half a degree, the condition and appearances of a body whose diameter is more than one hundred times, and surface twelve thousand times, greater than those of the earth.

It is more than two centuries and a half since sun-spots were discovered, and known to reappear. The discovery is usually assigned to Galileo, whose first work on the subject—*Epistolæ ad Valserrum de Maculis Solaribus*—is dated 1612; but the claims of the Tuscan artist may in this respect be fairly disputed in favor of Fabricius, whose treatise, *De Maculis in Sole Observatis*, was written at Wittenberg in June, 1611. Harriot, in England, published his observations in December, 1611; and Scheiner, a Jesuit of Ingolstadt, made some important discoveries early in 1612. Even before this time, spots on the sun had been observed by the naked eye, for Kepler is known to have mistaken one for a transit of Mercury.

Nor is to be wondered at that these spots have not unfrequently been distinguished by the eye, when we consider the enormous dimensions of some of them. Pastorff observed one which he found to be 46,000 miles in length, and 27,960 broad; and Mayer, in 1758, saw one whose diameter was upwards of 45,000 miles, having an area greater than thirty times the entire surface of the earth. Now, it may easily be calculated that a circle at the distance of the solar surface, having a diameter of one second of arc, has a diameter of 460 miles, and contains 167,000 square miles; and such an area would form a distinct speck, the smallest that can be seen as such. Yet spots of an area greater than a thousand millions of square miles have been recorded; and these having a diameter of a minute and a half, or about one twenty-secondth that of the solar disc, must have been distinctly visible to all eyes under a clear atmosphere. Even the *nuclei*, or dark central parts, the cavities through which, according to Sir William Herschel, we see the body of the sun laid bare, are sometimes of enormous extent; "so large," says one astronomer, "that the earth could pass clean through such a hole without coming within five thousand miles of either side."

In shape, as in size, these spots are extremely irregular.

The outer portion, at least, of the sun is frequently in a state of commotion, to which the most terrific storm at sea suggests only the faintest possible conception. This appears to be extremely probable, both from the motions of the spots, and from the existence of those *red flames*, which, during a total eclipse, have been observed to project from all sides of the sun sometimes to a height of 40,000 miles. That the photosphere, or external luminous envelope, is in a continual state of undulation, is also indicated by those flashing patches of light called *faculi*, which have been observed in all regions of the sun's disc, giving an unequally shaded appearance to its surface, and producing an impression like that from the waves of the glistening sea.

The spots, however, are entirely confined to a belt of one hundred degrees within fifty degrees north and south of the sun's equator.

A single spot, as it appears under the telescope, consists usually of an irregularly shaped patch of at least three distinctly separated degrees of shading. The central is the darkest, called the *nucleus*. The *umbra* forms a broad indented margin to the *nucleus*; and the *penumbra*, of a still slighter tint, surrounds the whole. Spots are frequently collected in groups; and so many as eighty distinct spots have sometimes been counted in a single group. Some spots appear to have two *nuclei*, and in others this singular change is observed in progress. They become bridged across by an embankment and ridges of the matter of the photosphere, and having a feathered appearance in one direction.

In the neighborhood of spots, and confined within the same limits of latitude, are certain remarkable streaks, brighter than the ordinary surface, which have been named *faculae*. Some of these waves, whatever they may be, have a feathered appearance, and though seldom straight, have been observed to extend 40,000 miles, with a breadth of forty miles. They move in the same direction, and with the same velocity as the spots themselves; and this fact tends strongly to confirm the inference, that the motion and reappearance of the spots indicate

a true and determinate rotation of the solar orb in that direction.

Besides a generally uniform passage, at the rate of about 4,000 miles per hour across the sun's disc, the spots are observed to have certain *proper* motions of their own, which at first sight seem to interfere with their general rotary velocity. Mr. Dawes observed a large spot which revolved round its centre in twelve days; and M. Laugier of Paris calculated the proper motion of certain irregularly moving spots to be (independently of the high velocity due to the solar rotation already referred to) at the rate of 247 miles per hour. Mr. Carrington attributes such proper motion to the tendency of groups of spots to recede from each other.

Spots also change in shape and size, and their duration varies from a few days to three or four months. Some appear to start into existence while you examine the solar disc, and others to fade away. Many are formed and then die out within a single transit, which lasts a fortnight. Others reappear during three revolutions of the sun, though seldom oftener.

The manner of the rise and obliteration of sun-spots is curious, and is the basis of Professor Wilson's original hypothesis of their being actual cavities. When one is being formed, the *umbra* appears before the *penumbra*; and in evanescence, the *nucleus* and *umbra* seem to get filled up irregularly, and crossed by faculose ridges. The *penumbra* is finally encroached upon by darting masses of incandescent matter, and is replaced by the general brightness of the photosphere.

Concerning the nature of these spots, it is a suggestion as old as Maupertuis, that they are masses of the floating unconsumed scum of the incandescent fluid. Lalande supposed them to be protuberances from the interior, standing out from the solar surface like our rock-islands from the sea; but the foreshortening of the nearest edges as they recede toward the sun's eastern limb, disproves this hypothesis; and it is even stated, on good authority, that the great spot of 1719 was seen as a notch on the sun's edge.

The explanation most widely accepted, especially since the time of the elder Herschel, is that they are cavities in the elastic solar atmosphere. This "discovery"

is due to Professor Alexander Wilson of Glasgow, who, in 1774, observed the foreshortening of their nearest edges, and who thence advanced the opinion, that they were holes in the sun's atmosphere, caused by masses of elastic fluid escaping volcanically from the fiery globe underneath, and thus, not only laying bare the sun's surface in the central nucleus, but also, by increasing expansion, causing that widening in their course which might account for the appearance of *umbra* and *penumbra*. Mr. Dawes states, in confirmation of a similar hypothesis, that the inner edges of the *umbra* and *penumbra* appear to be massed and tilted up, as if by the action of elastic gas in escaping from the interior.

A fourth hypothesis, accepted by many eminent physicists, seeks at once to account for the spots, and to explain the genesis of the solar heat—the latter a hitherto unsolved or rather unattempted problem.

Of the existence of countless meteoric stones revolving round the sun, even at a distance of more than ninety millions of miles, we have ample evidence in their periodic appearance in the middle of August and of November, when the path of the earth traverses their belt. Now, it is supposed that such meteorolites, near the sun, within and constituting the "zodiacal light," are continually getting entangled in their perihelion passage in the solar atmosphere; and, that thus being "licked up" by the central attraction out of their *elliptical* paths, they form sun-spots during one or two revolutions, to be finally swallowed up by the all-devouring orb. It is further alleged, consistently with known physical laws, that the light and heat of the sun are maintained by and dependent upon this continual incidence of immense masses of meteoric matter.

Neither our space nor present purpose allows us to discuss the merits of this bold and comprehensive theory, further than, in passing, to satisfy the reader of its feasibility. We find that the spots are confined to the sun's equatorial zone, around which alone meteoric matter revolves in variously inclined planes: their motions, too, are various, and their prevalence periodic, and both these facts are accounted for by this theory. It has

likewise been shown by Secchi of Rome, one of the most eminent cultivators of experimental physics, that the emission of heat is greater from the equatorial belt than from the other parts of the sun's surface; and it has been found that, on an average, those years are the warmest in which a great number of sun-spots are observed. Nor need it be regarded as inconsistent with the nature of things, that even among planets the higher forms of development should be maintained by the destruction of the lower, for the life and growth of every system involves the decay and change of individual forms.

Others, again, consider sun-spots to be analogous to our whirlwinds and cyclonic storms, and allege that, in looking at them, we look down into their rarefied central vortices, which, widening upward toward the surface of the solar atmosphere, present the appearance of cavities. Sir William Herschel, in 1801, accounted for the distinctness with which the umbrae and penumbrae are separated, by supposing that in these we see the rupture of successive strata differing in their densities. Whatever may be the character of such interior envelopes, Arago has satisfactorily proved that the outer photosphere is composed of inflamed gas; for he found that the rays from the sun's edge, which leave it at a small angle, are *not* polarized, as would be the case if they proceeded from either solid or liquid surfaces; whereas the light from inflamed gas is always in a natural condition at all angles of emission.

With regard to the direction and rate of motion of solar spots, it has been found that they move from west to east in conformity with the direction of the planets, and that the sun's equatorial plane thus indicated is inclined at an angle of seven degrees nine minutes to that of the ecliptic.

Owing to certain proper motions among themselves, the *time* of revolution of different spots is subject to slight variations; yet we may fairly infer that the sun revolves on its own axis in $25\frac{1}{2}$ days. Galileo, in 1612, found that a certain spot returned in 28 days; Fabricius, in his *Dialogus*, gives $27\frac{1}{2}$ days; and Scheiner, in 1630, estimated the period at 27 days. These are *rough* ob-

servations, so we may allow two days for the earth's progress in the same direction as the spots during their revolution, and regard these three observations as giving respectively 26, $25\frac{1}{2}$, and 25 days as the sidereal period of the sun's revolution. The following are periods of revolutions assigned by eminent astronomers, that have been carefully deduced from numerous observations: Lalande gives 25.42 days; Delambre, 25.01; Cassini, 25.59; Boehm, 25.32; Laugier, 25.34.

Spots are seldom seen at the sun's equator, and never in the circumpolar regions: they usually occupy belts in each hemisphere between the parallels of ten degrees and twenty degrees of heliographical latitude. Mr. Carrington, who recently published elaborate results of eleven years' observations, has shown that the spots near the equator revolve in a shorter time than those of higher latitudes, and that this retardation of angular motion is subject to a law more or less definite. His formula gives 24.98 days as the sidereal period of rotation at the sun's equator, and 26.57 days at latitude thirty degrees, beyond which very few spots have been noticed in either hemisphere. Sir John Herschel considers it reasonable to suppose that the body of the sun rotates with a velocity equal to that of its photosphere at the equator—that is, in 25 days, and that the different rates of movement thus indicated in different regions of the solar atmosphere, together with known differences in temperature, are results from that general state of disturbance indicated by the proper motions of the spots and other phenomena. The same philosopher attributes the differences in the periods of the spots, and of the same spot in successive transits, to the different velocity of rotation proper to higher latitudes, and to the effects of the proper motion of a spot in altering its latitude. Thus, he says, the fact that a spot in 1857 was observed to revolve four times in periods of 25.46, 25.67, 25.83, and 26.23 days, is to be explained by the force of its proper motion driving it into higher latitudes.

Some of the most interesting facts regarding sun-spots relate to the periodicity of their prevalence. The region of

spots is at times speckled all over for two or three days continuously; in other years, no spots are to be seen for many days. While we write, only one small spot appears on the solar disc, appearing under the telescope of the size of a pin-head; but in 1860, spots were seen every day, and in great numbers. And in the year 1870-71, any person, with the aid of a good field-glass, properly screened, will be able to see some of the spots which will then mottle the face of the sun. We are able to make such a prediction in accordance with a law announced in 1843 by Professor Schwabe of Dessau. He made spot-observations from 1826 to 1860 on about 300 days in each year; and found that, in the years 1833, 1843, 1844, and 1856, there were, on fully half the days of observation, no spots on the solar disc, and few at any time during these years—not more than thirty groups in all. But in each of the years 1828, 1838, 1848, and 1859-60, there were about 300 groups—the sun being always spotted. This observed recurrence at intervals of about *eleven* years of a *maximum* and intervening *minimum* number of spots as indicating periodic seasons of solar disturbance, or *activity*, as it has been called, was fully tested by Professor Wolf of Zürich, who examined all recorded sun-spot observations from the time of Galileo downwards. For he has shown that, for the last 254 years, the *maxima* and *minima* of sun-spots have each, with little variation, recurred at intervals of eleven one-fifth years; and that the minimum disturbance is not precisely in the middle of the period between any two *maxima*, but in the sixth or seventh year of that eleven-year space. Thus, while the number of spots reached a maximum in 1859-60, it will decrease till 1866-67, and then increase till 1870-71.

Again, the degree of maxima and minima variations is subject to a marked increase at periods of fifty-six years—a fluctuation undoubtedly due, as Mr. Carrington suggests, to the action of the planets in certain positions, especially of Jupiter, on that belt of matter called the zodiacal light; and it is indeed to be regretted that the proposal of Major Jacob, to establish an observatory at Purandhur, in India, for simultaneous observations of sun-spots and the zodiacal light has never

been carried out. It was observed, and, we think, demonstrated, by General Sabine, that the fluctuations, in corresponding periods, of the amount of variation of the earth's magnetism, are at least due to the same causes which produce the double variation we have mentioned in sun-spottedness; and we have every reason to hope that the daily photographs of both phenomena which are regularly taken at Kew, will lead to important developments in the science of magnetism.

Those induced currents of electricity in the upper and rarer strata of the atmosphere that are known as *auroræ*, have long been known to accompany certain earth-currents affecting our telegraphy, and certain states of the weather affecting our most intimate every-day interests; and it is a most remarkable fact that the numbers of auroræ and sun-spots increase and diminish together.

But, before accepting as a fixed result in this splendid field of inquiry that the sun's influence is maintained and regulated by the waste and wear of that planetary system which it appears to sustain, we must await further research to trace more clearly the coördinate changes of the earth and sun, and be satisfied the while that thus, and through many other unthought-of media, is our present condition governed by influences which involve our destiny, and life and death perpetually harmonized.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

IN connection with the fine portrait at the head of this number of the Eclectic, engraved for the purpose, we place on our pages a brief biographical sketch of the original.

Fitz-Greene Halleck was born in Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1795. His mother, Mary Eliot, of Guilford, was a descendant of John Eliot, the "Apostle of the Indians." At the age of eighteen he became a clerk in the banking-house of Jacob Barker, in New York, in which employment he remained many years. He was also, as he informs us in one of his poetic epistles, "in the cotton trade and sugar-line." For a long period previous to the death of John Jacob Astor he was engaged in his business affairs, and was named by him one of the origi-

nal trustees of the Astor Library, which he held till his death, which occurred at Guilford, his native town, November 19, 1867, at the ripe age of seventy-two years. Mr. Halleck has lived retired chiefly for the last twenty years, only occasionally coming to the city; but always pleased with the society of his old friends.

The following is from the pen of William Cullen Bryant, the veteran editor of the *Evening Post*, the well and widely-known poet, and the early friend of Mr. Halleck. It will be more valued coming from such a source, so appreciative of his character as a man, and of his talents as a poet. Mr. Bryant says:

"Mr. Halleck began to write verses in his boyhood. The earliest piece which he thought worthy to appear in his collected poems, the lines to 'Twilight,' appeared in the *Evening Post* so long ago as 1818, and the 'Croaker' papers, by Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake, appeared in our Journal the following summer. 'Fanny,' his longest poem, was written in 1819. In 1822-3 he visited Europe, and in 1827 published an edition of his poems. Several editions have appeared since.

"Mr. Halleck was by no means a voluminous author, but the poems he wrote have long been favorites with the public. He possessed a peculiar vein or humor, exceedingly airy and graceful, and his versification is one of uncommon sweetness and melody. He delighted in rapid transitions from gay to grave, and again in unexpected returns from the grave to the ludicrous. Yet when the mood was on him he was capable or strains inspired with the highest poetic enthusiasm. There is not in the language a finer martial poem than his 'Marco Bozzaris.' His verses addressed to a poet's daughter are as charming as such verses could well be; and his 'Red Jacket,' a poem occasioned by the death of the Indian chief of that name, is, aside from the touches of his characteristic humor, which it contains, a poem of ro-

bust and manly vigor, worthy to be placed beside anything of its kind in our literature.

"Mr. Halleck was personally a most agreeable man, and one of the pleasantest companions in the world. He was an unwearied reader, and used to say that he could think of no more pleasant life than would be afforded by a large library and abundant leisure. He was acquainted with several modern languages. He studied Portuguese that he might read Camoens in the original, whose 'Lusiad' has lost all of its simplicity and much of its narrative interest in Mickle's diffuse translation. His conversation was entertaining, pointed to a degree which made it almost epigrammatic, and enlivened with anecdotes, which he related with a conciseness and spirit that would have satisfied even Samuel Rogers."

On the death of JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, September, 1820. This touching effusion, from the pen of Mr. Halleck, may well serve for his own

REQUIEM OR DIRGE.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep;
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

POETRY.

DIRGE OF SUMMER.

ALL in the arms of Autumn lying,
Fading flowers round her sighing,
Summer sick and sad is dying.

Now no more shall she be seen,
In the evening's deep serene,
Weaving garlands white and green!

Fold her in a winding-sheet,
Woven all of blossoms meet,
For the shroud of maiden sweet.

Crimson rose and lily white—
All she had of best and bright,
Long have vanished from the light!

Gather Autumn's palest flowers,
Dank with Autumn's softest showers—
Bring them to her leafless bowers.

Then through Winter's icy gloom,
She shall rest as in a tomb
Sheeted snow shall shroud her bloom—

Shroud her bloom, but not forever;
Mortals die, but seasons never.
When the chains of Winter sever,

Spring shall wake her up again,
Lead her forth to hill and plain,
Over willing hearts to reign.

THE GUESTS OF THE HEART.

SOFT falls through the gathering twilight
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle
The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar, in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells
Come borne on the wind of the Autumn,
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain;
As the voices of sentinels mingle
In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,
The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time:
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings,
To take all its wanderers home;
Or, afar in the regions of fancy,
Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the fire-light—
The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart—
Deserted, I should not be lonely;
There still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O evening of Autumn!
Your rain and your shadows may fall;
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all.

—Chambers's Journal.

FAMILY MUSIC.

BESIDE the window I sit alone,
And I watch as the stars come out,
I catch the sweetness of Lucy's tone,
And the mirth of the chorus' shout:
I listen and look on the solemn night,
Whilst they stand singing beneath the light.

Lucy looks just like an early rose
(Somebody else is thinking so),
And every day more fair she grows
(Somebody will not say me no),
And she sings like a bird whose heart is blessed
(And Somebody thinks of building a nest!)

And now she chooses another tune,
One that was often sung by me:—
I do not think that these nights in June
Are half so fine as they used to be,
Or 'tis colder watching the solemn night,
Than standing singing beneath the light.

Lucy, you sing like a silver bell,
Your face is fresh as a morning flower—
Why should you think of the sores which swell
When leaves fall fast in the autumn bower?
Rather gather your buds and sing your song,
Their perfume and echo will linger long.

I'm gray and grave—and 'tis quite time, too—
I go at leisure along my ways;
But I know how life appears to you,
I know the words that Somebody says:
As old songs are sweet, and old words true,
So there's one old story that's always new!

There is a grave that you do not know,
 A drawer in my desk that you've never seen.
 A page in my life that I never show,
 A love in my heart that is always green:
 Sing out the old song! I fear not the pain,
 I sang it once—Lucy, sing it again!

ISABELLA FVTH.

—Good Words.

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD.

If the butterfly courted the bee,
 And the owl the porcupine;
 If churches were built in the sea;
 And three times one was nine;
 If the pony rode his master;
 If the buttercups ate the cows;
 If the cat had the dire disaster
 To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
 If mamma, sir, sold the baby
 To a gipsy for half a-crown!
 If a gentleman, sir, was a lady—
 The world would be Upside Down!
 If any or all of these wonders
 Should ever come about,
 I should not consider them blunders,
 For I should be Inside Out!

THE RIVER OF TIME.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
 As it runs through the realms of tears,
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
 And a broad'ning sweep, and a surge sublime,
 That blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
 And the summers like buds between,
 And the year is the sheaf—so they come and they
 go,
 On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
 As it glides through the shadow and sheen.

There's a musical Isle on the river of Time,
 Where the softest of airs are playing;
 There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,
 And a song as sweet as vesper chime,
 When the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is the Long Ago,
 And we bury our treasures there;
 There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
 There are heaps of dust, but we love them so!
 There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
 And a part of an infant's prayer;
 There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
 There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
 And the garment that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy
 shore
 By the mirage is lifted in air;
 And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
 Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,
 When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed Isle,
 All the days of our life till night—
 When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closed to slumber a while,
 May our "greenwood" of soul be in sight.

COMING HOME.

O BROTHERS and sisters, growing old,
 Do you all remember yet
 That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,
 Where once our household met?
 Do you know how we used to come from school,
 Through the summer's pleasant heat;
 With the yellow fennel's golden dust
 On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
 We loitered by the way;
 And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
 And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deep'ning shadow's fall,
 That told of the coming night,
 We climbed to the top of the last long hill,
 And saw our home in sight!

And, brothers and sisters, older now
 Than she whose life is o'er,
 Do you think of the mother's loving face,
 That looked from the open door?

Alas! for the changing things of time;
 That home in the dust is low;
 And that loving smile was hid from us,
 In the darkness, long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
 From which our weary eyes
 Can almost look on that home that shines
 Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
 Still let us move as one,
 Always together keeping step,
 Till the march of life is done:

For that mother, who waited for us here,
 Wearing a smile so sweet,
 Now waits on the hills of paradise
 For her children's coming feet!

I WONDER WHY!

I WONDER why, when wild winds cry,
 And rain drips from the eaves,
 And before the rising tempest fly
 The last few fluttering leaves;
 There bursts a tune of merry June
 Upon my inner ear,
 Warm odors pass through the deep rich grass,
 And the blackbird whistles clear!
 I wonder why!

I wonder why, when night winds sigh,
 And the city rests in shade,
 And its living souls in slumber lie,
 And glare and tumult fade;

Far from the town on a clovered down,
With short, fine grass to tread,
'Mid gorse and gray stone I wander alone,
And larks carol overhead!
I wonder why!

Do I wonder why when you and I
Are parted by many a mile,
And between us tireless streams go by,
Woods whisper and pastures smile;
In whatever way, by night or day,
You come to eye or ear,
You are no surprise to my gladdened eyes,
And the words of your song ring clear?
Do I wonder why?

A. F. C. K.

SONNET—TENNYSON.

THERE are three things beneath the blessed skies
For which I live—black eyes and brown and
blue:

I hold them all most dear: but O, black eyes,
I live and die and only die for you!
Of late such eyes looked at me—while I mused
At sunset underneath a shadowy plane
In old Bayona, nigh the southern sea—
From a half-open lattice looked at me.
I saw no more, only those eyes, confused
And dazzled to the heart with glorious pain.

It is singular that this charming sonnet should not
have appeared in the volume of 1833, then prepar-
ing for the press.

MY DREAM.

A SLENDER form, a girlish face,
Blue eyes, and golden hair;
Sweet lips, dear lips! and sunny smiles,
A vision angel fair!
Oh, gentle eyes! oh, cruel eyes!
Why will you haunt me so?
Filled with the old sweet tenderness;
The love of long ago.

A merry laugh, a pleasant voice,
Sweet chimes, like silver bells;
Old music unforgotten still,
Around me rings and swells.
Oh, wooing voice! oh, cruel voice!
Why will you haunt me so?
Speaking the old sweet tenderness,
The love of long ago.

An angel form, a blessed face,
A picture, fading never!
The anguish of a vanished hope,
That clings to me for ever.
Oh, blessed dream! oh, cruel dream!
Why will you haunt me so?
Sad with the old sweet tenderness,
The love of long ago.

MOONLIGHT AND DARKNESS.

LIGHTS upon the water dancing,
Eyes beneath the moonlight glancing,
Words spoken low;
Filled my heart with tender fancying
Long, long ago.

Clouds above a dark sea bending,
Sighs with sad sea-breezes blending
Words wild with woe,
All my heart with fears were rending
Long, long ago.

Years that brought with them estranging,
Hopes and fancies all deranging,
Hearts altered so;
Love, like life, for ever changing,
Since long ago.

L. G.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Sheldon & Company, the well-known publishers at No. 498 Broadway, send us the *Memoir of Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D.D.* By Rev. A. R. Van Nest, D.D., 1867, pp. 446, neatly executed by pen and printer. Dr. Bethune was our personal friend for many years, and we welcome this interesting memoir of him. He was a burning and a shining light, and his praise was in many churches. His eloquent words in the pulpit and upon the platform before many assemblies, have delighted the ears, instructed the minds, and warmed the hearts of multitudes in this land. He was well and widely known, and being dead yet speaks in his published writings and discourses, and now in this permanent volume ably prepared by the pen of affection. It is a good book, well charged with practical wisdom and night-burning thoughts, which should be read and remembered by all who revere his memory.

Sheldon & Company send us also "*A Parting Word*," by Newman Hall, a neat little volume of almost 100 pages, which thousands who hung on his eloquent lips during his late visit to this country will be glad to get, and instructed to read.

Ticknor & Fields, the eminent Boston publishers, whose beautifully-executed books are read everywhere, send us "*The Uncommercial Traveller*," the last volume of the Diamond Edition of the complete works of Mr. Charles Dickens. This volume, the publishers inform us, contains various interesting papers "not included in any other American Edition," which we are sure will secure the attention of the reading public.

Ticknor & Fields also send us *Child Pictures* from Dickens. With illustrations by S. Kytingo, Jr. Chapters which Mr. Dickens says, in a note, were compiled for American children, from his various works, "with my free consent." These stories are beautifully illustrated, which comprise the most popular themes of this popular author, such as Little Nell, The Marchioness, Paul Florence, The Fat Boy, etc., belonging to this imaginary family. For sale by Sheldon & Co.

M. W. Dodd, publisher of many good books, sends us *The Clifford Household*. By S. F. Moore.

"We whose law is love, seem less
By what we do, than what we are."

The book presents a rich table of contents, suggestive of many valuable thoughts.

Mr. Dodd also sends *Elsie Dinmore*. By Martha Farquharson, author of various works. This well-told story is more especially interesting to little folks—the younger portions of community—as well as full-grown children who are fond of children's food. Mr. Dodd, we believe, never publishes books injurious to the minds and hearts of his readers.

M. W. Dodd also sends us *The Little Fox*, or the story of Captain Sir F. L. McClintock's Arctic Expedition. Written for the young. By S. T. C. Which will interest and instruct little readers in the customs of the people in high northern latitudes, as well as give them some lessons in natural history.

Samaritan Text-Book.—Orientalists will doubtless be interested in a little hand-book of thirty-four pages, under this title, purporting to contain the principal words in the Samaritan version of the Pentateuch, written by Robert Young, Esq., and received by us from the publishers, George Adam Young & Co., Edinburgh. Mr. Young has paid great attention to the study of Scripture texts, as is shown by his new translation of the Scriptures, and by numerous other textual, linguistic, and expository publications. In a "Supplement to the Bible," consisting of fifty-five pages, he has collected a number of more literal renderings of passages in the New Testament, derived from an examination of the original when compared with the common version and with his own new translation. Among the works written by him we find the "Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism," in thirteen languages; also a "Dictionary and Concordance," containing every word in the Hebrew Scriptures, with all its prefixes and affixes, and references to every passage in which those occur, to which is added the Septuagint rendering of the words.—*Am. Lit. Gazette*.

The first volume of a work which will possess a thrilling interest for many, "*Los Mystères de Constantinople*," is announced as ready by a Constantinople paper. We have had "*Mysteries of London*" *usque ad nauseam*, and "*Mysteries of Paris*" too. It is to be hoped that "*Mysteries of Constantinople*" will reveal realities, and not the mere imaginative pictures of the "literary book-maker."

SCIENCE.

Self-recording Barometer.—A self-recording barometer, which has been termed Barometrograph, has been invented by M. Brequet. It is designed to furnish diagrams, every six hours, of the pressure of the atmosphere. It consists of four metallic boxes, the upper and lower of which are curved: these are vacuum-boxes, and are, in some measure, a modification of the aneroid barometer. The registration is made by a revolving cylinder, which is wound by clock-work, and is covered with a paper on which lamp-black has been deposited. On this paper a lever from the barometer makes its traces as the wheel revolves.

Electricity.—Professor Newmann, of Königsberg, who has been working upon the subject of the action of electricity on white blood-corpuscles, has pointed out some very remarkable facts. He finds

that under the influence of strong induced currents the white corpuscles of the frog swell out, their walls become quite smooth, and a clear space is left between the wall and the granular nucleus in the interior. The molecules in the cell commence, too, to exhibit rapid movements.

Muscles of the Eye.—M. C. Sappey has published in the *Comptes Rendus* a paper on the unstripped muscles of the eye. Up to the present, he has described only the muscles of the eyelid. He intends to describe, also, the ciliary muscle, which is thought to be employed in adapting the eye's focus to vision at different distances.

Cross-breed Cotton.—In experimenting on the artificial fertilization of the different forms of the cotton-plant, M. Balsamino has obtained varieties which seem to deserve the attention of those interested in cotton-growing. By producing a cross-breed between two varieties possessing peculiarly valuable but different properties, he has obtained plants whose fibre is of a quality such as no variety has yet exhibited. The principle of artificial selection, as in this instance, might, we doubt not, be made far more applicable to commercial objects than it is at present. This discovery of M. Balsamino's, like one or two others which have preceded it, points to a fair field for investigation calculated to lead to valuable practical results.

The Human Heart.—A German physiologist has pointed out that in crabs the heart is supplied with a nerve which regulates its movements just as the pneumogastric nerve in man influences the human heart.

Silurian System.—M. Barrande, the celebrated geologist, has just issued four new volumes of his treatise on the Silurian System of Bohemia. They include descriptions of the fossil remains belonging to the orders Cephalopoda and Pteropoda.

Salt Manure.—In a paper published in the *Comptes Rendus*, M. Velter suggests that for certain soils farmers will find common salt a much more valuable manure than is generally believed. He considers that salt is especially useful in earths which contain a large proportion of organic matter. In these it is first transformed into carbonate, and ultimately into nitrate of soda.

Small-Pox.—Concerning the prevention of small-pox in large towns, Dr. Druitt suggests that in future all "casual paupers" who possess no sufficient vaccination mark, should be vaccinated on admission to the nightly refuge.

Spontaneous Generation.—It is rumored that the Professorship of Chemistry in the Faculty of Science at Paris, lately vacated by M. Dumas, will be given to M. Pasteur, the great opponent of spontaneous generation.

New Meteorological Instrument.—Prof. De la Rive, of Geneva, Switzerland, has invented an instrument for determining the transparency of the atmosphere. It consists of a double telescope with a single eye-piece, by which two objects at known distances may be compared. Thus the effect of the stratum of air between them may be noted. The inventor thinks that a measure of transparency may be of great importance in a sanitary point of view. He agrees with Pasteur, who supposes that the light, dry fog which sometimes intercepts the light is caused by myriads of organic germs floating near the earth, which become transparent when saturated with moisture, and are swept to the earth by heavy rains. Vail-

lant, however, believes that the haze sometimes seen in fine weather is the effect of variations in the density of the atmosphere; for reflected light, passing through such a medium, would not give a distinct impression of distant objects.

A Swiss Observatory.—At Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, is an observatory organized on an extensive scale, and possessing the very finest instruments. Besides purely scientific results, it renders immense service to the chronometer manufacturers by enabling them to produce watches which are every day becoming more perfect as time-keepers. This is important to the branch of industry in question, which can only exist by constant improvement. Prizes have been instituted for the most perfect watches and chronometers.

New Treatment in Cases of Amputation.—Dr. Maisonneuve, surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, Paris, read a paper before the French Academy on the advantages of a continuous method of aspiration in the healing of great amputations. The liquids exuding from the surface of the wound coming in contact with the air, poisonous putrefaction ensues. To arrest this action, Dr. Maisonneuve, after dressing the wound with lint saturated with antiseptic liquids, brings into use his aspiratory apparatus, which consists of a sort of a burette of india-rubber furnished with a tube of the same substance, a flask of three or four litres capacity, and an air-pump which exhausts by means of a flexible tube. By the use of this apparatus he removes the principal cause of danger from amputations.

The Exhibition Building.—The framework of the Paris Exhibition building, which is about to be sold, weighs 21,000,000 pounds. In the whole there are 6,000,000 rivets, for the placing of which 15,000,000 holes had to be punched.

A very instructive Report has been published showing the number of deaths in England in 1865, and the several causes of mortality. The total number was 490,909. 184,877 died from local diseases, that is, inflammation and functional disorders, disease of the heart and digestive organs, and bronchitis. This last disease has greatly increased; it slew 21,528 in 1856, 32,346 in 1860, and in 1865 advanced to 36,428. Softening of the brain also shows a marked increase; the deaths therefrom in 1865 were 1051 males, and 627 females; and among nervous diseases were 26,722 deaths of children from convulsions. Zymotic diseases, epidemic and contagious, rank next, and the number of deaths under this head was 113,948. Intemperance cut off 437 persons, and *delirium tremens* 612. Then come constitutional diseases—phthisis, gout, dropy, cancer, and diabetes, with 83,504 deaths; then the fourth class, developmental diseases, with 77,806 deaths; and fifthly, 17,374 deaths by violence, of which number 15,232 were owing to accident or negligence. In addition to the tables, the Report contains important statements: that dysentery and typhoid fever are probably propagated through air or water—that tubercular diseases are communicable by inoculation—that the presence of phthisis in the armies of Europe is probably due in part to the inhalation of expectorated tubercular matter, dried, broken up into dust, and floating in the air or close barracks. The increase in the number of deaths from gout deserves consideration. Gout affects some of the ablest men in England, and it

is suggested that there is perhaps some connection between the phosphorus abounding in the brain and the excess of phosphoric acid in the blood. From this brief summary, it will be seen that the death Report for 1865 is well worth study.

A Burning Well.—While some artisans were engaged in making borings for an artesian well at Narbonne, the water rushed forth with great violence, and soon burst into flame. The flame, which arises from the combustion of carburetted hydrogen, is reddish and smoky, and does not emit a smell either of bitumen or sulphuretted hydrogen. The "sinking" for the spring was made on the left branch of the Aude, in a plain situate about two metres above the sea-level, and composed of alluvial mud. The alluvial mud extends to a depth of six metres; then follow tertiary limestones and marls, with the remains of marine shells. At the depth of 70 metres, the spring containing the inflammable gas was met with.

High Rock, Congress Spring.—This spring, the most remarkable of all at Saratoga for the variety and extent of its mineral properties, was first known to the white man, and visited by Sir William Johnson, in 1767, just one hundred years ago. Its analysis shows fifteen mineral ingredients, which, as a remedy for human ills, doubtless surpass all the provisions of nature. We do a service to the invalid by calling his attention to this admirable provision, which he can obtain and have sent to any address, by directing to High Rock, Congress Spring, Saratoga Co.

The Coagulation of the Blood.—With a degree of moral courage which we fear few of our savans would venture to show, Dr. Richardson has withdrawn his theory of the coagulation of the blood. At the meeting of the British Association he announced that recent research showed the ammonia hypothesis to be no longer tenable, and he therefore begged to withdraw it. Experiments, which he had lately made on the influence of extremes of heat and cold on albuminous and fibrinous fluids, have shown to him that the process of coagulation in these fluids is due to a communication of caloric force to them, and to a physical or molecular change determined by the condition of their constituent water. Thus all substances which possess the power of holding blood in the fluid condition, through fixed alkalies, various soluble salts, and volatile alkali, in every respect act after the manner of cold. They render latent so much heat, and in the absence of that heat the fibrine remains fluid. In the opposite sense, every substance which combines with water and produces condensation, with liberation of heat, quickens coagulation. The direct effects of heat and cold illustrate the same truth, and upon these facts turn the differences of coagulation in animals of different temperatures. Those of our philosophers who work for reputation alone (not a few), may think a recantation like that of Dr. Richardson's rather a perilous proceeding. To some small minds it may seem so. We venture to believe, however, that the step Dr. Richardson has taken redounds in the highest manner to his credit, and we believe that it will only add another honor to a name which has always been associated with that honest pursuit of science which results from an earnest desire to discover truth.

The Relation of Cow-pox to Small-pox.—The report which M. Dancet presented to the French Academy of Medicine contains the following conclusions: 1. Cow-pox and small-pox are two distinct maladies. 2. Cow-pox does not predispose the patient to any affection. 3. There is no relation between typhoid fever and small-pox. 4. The vaccine matter, after a time, loses its anti-variolic properties. 5. The vaccine matter is a better preventive of the small-pox than the variolous matter. 6. Vaccine matter should be renewed. 7. Predisposition to small-pox is greater among the young and aged than among the middle-aged. 8. Revaccination is essential. 9. Even those who have had small-pox should be vaccinated. 10. In passing through the organism, the vaccine matter borrows certain of the matters from the constitution; vaccination, therefore, from arm to arm may be objectionable. 11. The febrile state is unfavorable to the satisfactory action of the vaccine matter.—*Vide L'Institut.*

Botany at the British Museum.—The Annual Report shows that the officials in the Botanical Department have certainly not been idle during the past twelve months. The addition of specimens to the Museum amounts to several thousands; and of microscopic slides of *Diatomaceae* no less than 5,000 have been purchased. In fact, the whole of the valuable collection of the late Dr. Greville and the late Dr. Gregory are now to be seen in the British Museum.

How the Earth's Rotation affects Gunners.—Some may be found to doubt that the movement of the earth affects the direction of a ball expelled from a cannon; nevertheless, the fact is correct. In the *Astronomical Register* Mr. Kincaid says that a simple illustration of this effect may be made by attaching to the same axis two wheels of different diameters, so that both shall rotate together. If the one have a diameter of 3 feet and the other of 1 foot, it is evident that any point on the circumference of the larger will, during a revolution, move through three times as much space as a similar point on the periphery of the lesser circle, and will therefore move with three times the velocity. The figure of the earth may be considered as made up of an infinite number of such wheels, diminishing in size from the equator to the poles, and all revolving in 24 hours. Now, if a gun be fired from the equator in the direction of the meridian, which is obviously that of maximum deviation, at an object nearer the pole, it is plain that that object, being situated on a smaller circle than the gun, but revolving in the same interval of time, will not move, during the flight of the projectile, through less space eastwards than the shot, which will have imparted to it the greater velocity of the larger circle from which it started, and the latter will therefore tend to strike eastwards from its butt.—*Astronomical Register.*

Human Life.—The average duration of human life in this country is greater than that of any other nation. Taking 100,000 persons here for a basis, they show that while over 14,000 of that number die the first year after birth, not 27,000 have died during the first five years, and that over one-half of them are alive at the age of forty-six.

A person at ten years of age may calculate upon living 47 years; a person at twenty, 41 years; one of thirty, 35 years; of forty, 28 years; of fifty,

22 years; and of sixty, 15½ years. Infancy and old age approximate in the rate of mortality. The first year of life nearly 15 per cent. die; at 80 years of age 12 per cent.; and at 90 years, 25 per cent. die within the year of all who have reached those ages respectively. Of the supposed 100,000 born at the same time, 70,075 are found to be surviving twelve years thereafter, and of those survivors less than one-half of one per cent. die at the age of 12. At the age of 25 the mortality is one per cent.

For the whole United States, the population being 31,443,321, the deaths were found to be less than 400,000. The rate of mortality would give a percentage of 1.2727 for the whole population, white and black, and of 1.2000 for the whites alone. This would show six deaths yearly for every 500 whites. A very low rate of mortality, indeed, and one, we imagine, not exceeded by that of any other country in the world.

Velocity.—The speed of our ocean steamers in crossing the Atlantic rarely exceeds 11 miles per hour; the speed of river steamers is from 14 to 24 miles per hour; of a race-horse from 29 to 30; of a bird, 50 to 60; of a high wind, 20, and of a hurricane, 80 miles; of sound, 804; of mechanical force in air, 750; of the earth around the sun, 68,000; of light, as demonstrated by Foucault's apparatus, 690,000,000 miles; and yet this inconceivable speed is little more than half the velocity of static electricity, which latter Wheatstone has shown to be 1,040,000,000 miles an hour. If the earth were a cannon-ball, shot at the sun from its present distance, and with the velocity it now travels, and if, simultaneous with the explosion, a telegram were sent to the solar inhabitants, the electricity would pass the intervening space of 95,000,000 miles, and the message be received in five minutes; the earth would be soon coming towards them after the lapse of eight minutes; the inhabitants would have nearly two months to prepare for the shock, which would be received over ten years before they heard the explosion.

Norway.—Imagine a huge table-land, rising 3,000 to 6,000 feet sheer above the sea—one vast rock, in fact, bleak and barren, covered with snow, swept with rain, frozen in winter, sodden in summer—the home of a few reindeer and Lapps, and you have Norway proper, nine-tenths of the Norway that is shown on the map.

Polar Continent.—The *Honolulu Advertiser* publishes an account of the discovery of land, hitherto unknown, in the Arctic Ocean, by Captain Long of the whale-ship Nile. It is thought this territory will prove to be the Polar Continent so long sought after. The past season has been the mildest which has been experienced by the oldest whalers, and Captain Long was able to reach latitude 73° 30'. He examined the land attentively along the entire southern coast, which he sketched. It appears to be quite elevated, and has a mountain near the centre, about longitude 180°, resembling an extinct volcano, and estimated to be about 3,000 feet high. Captain Long named the country Urongell's Land, after a Russian explorer. The western point of the coast, in latitude 70° 46' north, longitude 78° 30' east, he named Cape Thomas, after the seaman who discovered it. The Nile sailed several days along the coast, and approached within fifteen miles of the shore. The lower part of the land was free from snow, and appeared to be covered with

vegetation. It was impossible to tell how far the land extended northward. Ranges of mountains could be seen until they were lost in the distance.

Sulphur Mountains.—The following description of the sulphur mountains of Iceland is full of interest: "These large hills are a very wonderful sight. They are of various colors, a variety of mixtures of red and yellow. From their sides are emitted numerous jets of steam, and masses of bright yellow sulphur are strowed all around them. At the foot on the eastern side are the mud-geysers—huge caldrons of blue mud in different states of solution. Some bubble and spurt like filthy water; others are so gross that they can scarcely heave the massive bubbles to the surface. They are the centres of broken and dilapidated cones, raised by their own sputterings. The highest part of their cones, which was that part toward the mountains, was about three feet. They are, however, continually changing in shape; and I observed that these portions of the cones themselves was (*sic*) different from what they were when I visited them in 1861. All around the soil was very treacherous, consisting of hot mud with a covering of sulphur about an inch in thickness, which in most places was about sufficient to bear a man's weight. When this crust was broken, steam issued forth, strongly impregnated with sulphur. The clouds of steam, the roaring, the spluttering, and the splashing of these loathsome pits, the sickening smell and the desolate country, had somewhat of an awe-inspiring effect." Mr. Shepherd gives some instructive details of the habits of the Icelandic birds, and he has given some happy sketches of Icelandic scenery, which have been chromo-lithographed in Hanhart's best style.

Hurricanes and Earthquakes.—There has been a singular succession of hurricanes, cyclones, or typhoons of late throughout the world, accompanied with earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. By the terrible cyclone which recently occurred in Bengal, 1,000 lives have been lost at Calcutta alone, 30,000 native huts destroyed in the suburbs alone of that city, and 600 native boats and numerous ships destroyed in its vicinity. The crops of rice, jute, etc., in Bengal, too, have been sadly injured. Since the hurricane took place at St. Thomas', two earthquakes have occurred there, and it is believed that there was an earthquake during the hurricane. There have, within a short time, been more than one volcanic eruption in the ocean, and Vesuvius is in a highly active state. The recent severe gale in England is said to have been really a cyclone quite similar in its nature to that which has just passed over India. Professor Brande describes these destructive storms as follows: "Rotatory storms, or whirlwinds, occur in the tropical seas of China, the West Indies, and round Mauritius, but never on the equator. Their diameter is generally about 200 or 300 miles, but sometimes exceeds even 500. The centre of the vortex [which is always calm] travels at a rate varying from two to thirty miles an hour. These storms are preceded by a singular stillness of atmosphere and a rapid fall of the barometer. They are, perhaps, most destructive of all storms." The question is an interesting and an important one, whether there be any essential connection between hurricanes and earthquakes. It is not the first

time their occurrence has been simultaneous, or nearly so.—*English paper.*

Depths of the Sea.—A French journal says that the sounding of the transatlantic cable have enabled comparisons to be made of the depths of the different seas. Generally speaking, they are not of any great depths in the neighborhood of continents. Thus the Baltic, between Germany and Sweden, is only 120 feet deep, and the Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, 130 feet. The greatest depth of the channel between France and England does not exceed 200 feet, while to the south-west of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than 2,000 feet. The seas of the south of Europe are much deeper than those of the interior. In the narrowest parts of the Straits of Gibraltar, the depth is only 1,000 feet, while a little more to the east it is 3,000 feet. At 250 miles south of Nantucket (south of Cape Cod), no bottom was found at 7,000 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern Sea. To the west of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000 feet have been measured, and to the west of St. Helena, 27,000. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 35,000 feet.

VARIETIES.

Flowers of Palestine.—That land of sacred memories has not lost all its primeval fertility and beauty, though barbarism and violence have destroyed many of its ancient cities and laid waste its fair fields. We stood gazing last spring from our window in early morning, when the old celestial sun came up from behind the mountains of Judea in all its ancient splendor, and as we rode many miles over the plains of Sharon, the rose of Sharon and beautiful flowers in vast variety carpeted the ground and called to mind the graphic description of a modern author, where he says, alluding to its floral luxuriance and beauty:

"It is the wild flowers of a land that outlive its devastations—it is these that outlive the disasters or the extermination of its people—it is these that outlive misrule, and that survive the desolations of war. It is these 'witnesses for God'—low of stature as they are, and bright, and gay, and odoriferous—that, because they are infructuous, are spared by marauding bands. These gems of the plain and of the hillside outlast the loftiest trees of a country. They live on to witness the disappearance of gigantic forests: they live to see the extinction of the cedar, and of the palm, and of the ilex, and of the terebinth, and of the olive, and of the acacia, and of the vine, and of the fig-tree, and of the myrtle. They live to see fulfilled, in themselves, the word, 'every high thing shall be brought low, and the humble shall rejoice.' So has it been in Palestine. Once it was a land of dense timber growths, and of frequent graceful clusters of smaller trees, and of orchards, and of vineyards, which retains now only here and there a remnant of these adornments. Meanwhile the alluvial plains of the land, and its hillsides, are gay every spring with the embroidery of flowers—the resplendent crocus, the scented hyacinth, the anemone, the narcissus, the daffodil, the florid poppy, and the ranunculus, the tulip, the lily, and the rose. These jewels of the spring morning—

these children of the dew—bedded as they are in spontaneous profusion upon soft cushions of heather and divans of sweet thyme—invite millions of bees, and of the most showy of the insect orders—flowers, perfumes, butterflies, birds of song, all things bumble and beautiful, here flourish and are safe—for man seldom intrudes upon the smiling wilderness!

"Nevertheless, skirting the flowery plains of Palestine, in a few spots, there are yet to be found secluded glades in which the cypress and the acacia maintain the rights of their order to live; and where, as of old, 'the birds sing among the branches.' And so live still, on spots, the fruit-bearing trees—the apricot, the peach, the pear, the plum, the fig, the orange, the citron, the date, the melon, the tamarisk, and—noblest of all fruits—the grape, 'that maketh glad man's heart.' All still exist, as if in demonstration of what God has heretofore done for this sample land of all lands, and may do again."

Terrible Earthquakes.—The British agent thus writes:

"ST. THOMAS, NOV. 21.

"From the afternoon of the 18th there has been a succession of earthquakes; the shocks estimated at between 80 and 90, of which six or seven lasted for minutes. Of the buildings, scarcely one is left that is not cracked down and rendered useless and unsafe. On the 18th the sea rose like a wall, and it was feared that the island would be swept. The loss of life, as far as ascertained, does not exceed 50, but the destruction to property is immense, and places the damages of the hurricane in insignificance. The consulate office, store, and other places are fearfully damaged, and there has been considerable injury to the few ships in port."

In the town and harbor of St. Thomas, the fright, consternation, and damage were perfectly paralyzing. Scarcely a stone or brick structure has escaped destruction or great damage. Sides and gables of houses are thrown down, roofs have fallen in, and all weak mason-work is cracked and damaged. The inhabitants rushed from their stores, offices, and houses in thousands, with horror and affright depicted on every countenance, rushing madly and wildly for the supposed safest places, while the earth trembled, vibrated, and upheaved with a horribly distracting, roaring, grumbling noise. Above the town rose the dust from the cracked, torn, and destroyed mason-work.

Ten minutes after the first great shock, another smart earthquake took place; and in about five minutes more there came from the sea toward the south-east a most horrifying, roaring noise, and soon it was seen to be the great sea-roller which follows heavy earthquakes. No words can describe the horror of the inhabitants at the sight of this third calamity. First, the great hurricane of October 20; second, the earthquake; and now the tearing and roaring into the harbor of the Caribbean Sea itself, with a vast frontage towering some 50 feet above the level. Every man, woman, and child who, up to that moment, had bowed their heads tremblingly, affrightedly, and sorrowfully to the decrees of the Almighty, turned their backs at the approach of the last terrible visitation and fled to the mountains—up, up the hills in thousands, panting, breathless, giving all up but their young ones, their aged, and their sick, who were seized and carried in all sorts of ways at great

risks, and as far as possible from the angry sea. As the water rushed in, ship after ship dashed ashore and against each other. The beautiful iron wharf of the Liverpool Steam Company was swept in a moment away as if it had never existed. Two American men-of-war steamships spun round the harbor in a dead calm as if they were in a vortex, one of them (the *De Soto*) being repeatedly driven aground, and floated off again, receiving great injury to her bottom; ships afloat lay up high and dry—ships which had been driven high and dry by the hurricane sent afloat; the great iron dock, some time totally submerged, then showing 20 feet of its side exposed. The people in the small-boats afloat at their usual harbor work rowed for the shore; but few escaped, and many lives were lost. The Royal Mail Company's tug steamer *Ichen* was swallowed up, and two engineers lost. The divers at work saving cargo out of the sunken steamer *Columbian* had their diving apparatus swept away. The sea rushed against the town and wharves, into the stores along the streets and passages, destroying and damaging almost the whole of the valuable stocks of merchandise, provisions, ironmongery, etc., in the whole of the stores.

The United States navy consists of 238 vessels, carrying 1869 guns. At present in use there are 103 vessels, carrying 898 guns, and manned by 11,900 men. During the past year the naval fleet has been reduced by 40 vessels and 480 guns. Nearly all the vessels in the navy are propelled by steam, 49 of them are armor-plated, and 6 armor-plated vessels are now being built.

Novels.—Anthony Trollope, whose speech at the Dickens Dinner was interrupted by cries of "Assez, assez!" from the lips of another well-known author, made the wild statement that novels nowadays were as virtuous and cleanly as they ever were. Surely this may be doubted. When Walter Scott and G. P. R. James were the first favorites, and Miss Edgeworth and Jane Austen eagerly read; when Maxwell wrote "Stories of Waterloo," Charles Lever jumped his brave heroes over squares of infantry, and Captain Marryat made us walk the quarter-deck, and peep into the midshipmen's mess, surely the purity of novels was not to be doubted. Adventures they had, but the whole of their plot did not concern the tender passion of love and the savage desire of murder. Their novels always ended with a marriage; ours begin with a divorce. Mr. Trollope, who has personally assured the writer that he has not time to read popular literature, must have spoken from a reflex of his own wordy, prozy, and pure productions. Not only are novels scrofulous enough, but magazine-papers have caught the infection. Tainted are they, and of vice they smack somewhat.—*Saturday Review.*

The Manetho Chronology.—Unger's treatise on the chronology of Manetho is a work of immense research, and interesting even to the uninitiated into the mysteries of Egyptian archeology. He is decidedly an advocate for a long chronology, placing the era of Menes two thousand years before the date assigned by Bunsen—a striking illustration of the uncertainty of the subject.

Epistles of the Popes.—An edition of the epistles of the Popes, from St. Hilary to Pelagius II., is, as the learned editor justly remarks, a work of much importance for the history both of doctrine and

of ecclesiastical law. His labors would appear to have received much encouragement from the authorities of the Vatican, and he is able to assert that his edition will be found a great improvement upon its predecessors. Although the oldest of these epistles are as early as the middle of the fifth century, the mediæval style of thought and diction is already fully developed in them. Nothing can be more complete than their divorce from the classical spirit.

The Austrian Clergy.—The Austrian clergy list includes 1 patriarch, 4 primates, 11 archbishops, 68 bishops, 12,863 priests, and 539 clerical professors. There are also 720 monasteries, with 69 abbots, 45 provincials, 6,754 priests, 645 monks, 240 novices, and 1,917 lay brothers. The convents are 298 in number, with 5,198 nuns. The total revenues of the church amount to 19,639,718 florins.

The German papers announce the death of a man who was so devoted an admirer of Cervantes that he spent nearly the whole of his life and a considerable fortune in collecting every edition of "Don Quixote" which has been published in Europe since its first appearance. There were found in the library of this curious bibliomaniac 400 editions of "Don Quixote" in the Spanish language, 168 in French, 200 in English, 87 in Portuguese, 96 in Italian, 70 in German, 4 in Russian, 4 in Greek, 8 in Polish, 6 in Danish, 18 in Swedish, and 6 in Latin.

Bunyan Hall.—The far-famed allegory of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* has been beautifully illustrated in the form of a magnificent panorama, at Bunyan Hall, Union Square, in this city. The artistic skill, and the beautiful paintings prepared for the panorama, are worthy of high praise, and deserve the commendation and patronage of the public. We have rarely seen anything of the kind more attractive, impressive, and instructive for all classes in the community.

Home Gymnasium.—Physical health, physical training, physical exercise, are very important matters for human comfort and well-being. For want of this the man of sedentary life and habits becomes an invalid, breaks down in health, and sinks to a premature grave. Similar results occur among business men, among young men, young ladies, and many valuable lives and healths are sacrificed and lost to families and friends for want of proper care of physical exercise. We call attention to the advertisement at the end of this number. The Home Gymnasium is admirable for the purpose. It is portable, can easily be put up and taken down. Its influence is worth ten times its cost. See the advertisement.

Cathedral of the Assumption, Moscow.—Rev. Dr. G. P. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, preached the annual sermon before the American Board, at Buffalo. We have received the annual report of this august board and the published discourse. Dr. Thompson closes it in the following graphic language: Upon the shortest day of the year I stood within the Cathedral of the Assumption at Moscow, the most sacred sanctuary of the Greek Church. In local associations this is even more impressive than St. Peter's, while its dimensions are more easily mastered, and the unity of its effect is neither lost in vastness nor broken by side-chapels that dispute the preëminence of sanctity and riches,

Here the Chief Patriarch has his seat. Here all former Patriarchs lie buried. Here is the holy chrism which, reproduced like the oil of the widow of Sarepta, is applied in baptism to every child born within the pale of the Greek Church throughout the Empire. Here every Emperor of Russia for four hundred years has taken the oath and received the sacrament of coronation. Here Byzantine art has decorated the walls, pillars, and ceiling, with the whole history of the Gospel and the Church, in gold and enamel; while imperial magnificence and passionate devotion have lavished upon altars, shrines, and pictures

"The wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Barbaric pearl and gold."

The service was majestically intoned by a celebrant who looked the very king of priests; and splendid choral responses rolled their deep-voiced bass under the spray of boys' voices, richer than organ or lute. At the close of the Litany, when the golden gates of the *Iconostasis** swung open, and the Holy of Holies appeared glittering with gems and wreathed with incense, the sunlight stole in through the domes, heightening the effect of candles, till all the jewels were ablaze, and the four walls, gilded and painted from floor to roof, were resplendent as an apocalyptic vision;—on the altar-screen the Eternal Father, the Virgin and the Son, with patriarchs, prophets, angels, and apostles, in gold and brilliants; on the right wall the seven holy Councils; on the left the story of the Virgin's life; on the pillars the canonized martyrs; in front the last judgment,—all history represented as related to Christ: the cathedral one grand and solemn *Te Deum*, the goodly Fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, the glorious company of the apostles praising the King of glory, who will come to be our Judge. Of a sudden the sun kindled the halo around the infant Saviour upon the Altar-screen, and for an instant all the light of the Cathedral was beaming from his face. It seemed to say, This brilliancy of color, gold, and jewels is not light; there is no warmth in these walls, no life-power in this ritual; Life only can give light; and "I AM COME THAT YE MIGHT HAVE LIFE."

Dr. Underhill's Orono Point Vineyard.—We do a useful service to the public—to all invalids who are benefited by the use of the purest and best wines that are grown in this or any country. Dr. Underhill is a benefactor of his country and his race, in this regard. His long years of experience and eminent skill in the production of pure wines and most delicious grapes, are above praise. His extensive vineyards are well and widely known, and full worthy of extensive patronage. The pure wine, so useful for medical and communion purposes, is furnished by Dr. Underhill, perfectly free from all foreign substances, and of mature age, and can be relied on by the careful physician for the purposes for which he needs it.

* The *Iconostasis* is a screen covered with sacred pictures which shuts off the *Bema* or Sanctuary from the congregation.

[For an engraving of the Kremlin of Moscow, the great central fortress of Russia, enclosing this Cathedral, with full description, see the *ECLECTIC* for Dec., 1865.—EDITOR OF *ECLECTIC*.]

The depot for the sale of these fine wines is at No. 744 Broadway, New York.

Prince de Metternich recently went back to carry the Grand Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa to Prince Napoleon. The Emperor's cousin immediately put it on, and went to the Elysée to thank the French Emperor. "I am the more touched with this distinction," said the Prince, "that I have positively done nothing to merit it." "Receive it," his Majesty answered, "as a souvenir of a journey which has been a source of great satisfaction to me."

An *English halfpenny*, of the reign of George I., dated 1719, was found recently by Mr. Allen Roberts, of Pottstown, Pa. It was discovered wedged in the crevice of a rock in the little creek that runs along the eastern part of the borough. When and how this little copper coin, which started on its travels nearly a century and a half ago, reached the place where it was picked up, is of course not known.

It is claimed for a certain ring, lately bequeathed to his daughter by a knight who died at Teignmouth, that it was once the property of the Queen of Sheba, who gave it to Solomon. It was taken from Jerusalem by Titus, brought to Rome and was given by Clement VIII. to Wolsey. From him it passed to the monks of Leicester Abbey, and thence into private hands on the dissolution of the monasteries. It is added that the fortunate owner of this ancient relic is a ward in chancery.

A statute was inaugurated two days back at Rotterdam, to the memory of Count van Hogendorp, the statesman who went to England to offer the Crown of the Low Countries to William of Orange, son of the Stadtholder, William I. The King of Holland, the Prince of Orange, the Ministers, and the principal personages of the kingdom were present at the ceremony, which was presided over by the Burgomaster of the place.

A country lawyer who was the happy father of ten tall girls, averaging about six feet in height, often boasted that he had sixty feet of daughters.

If going uncovered indicates a reverent spirit, as is claimed in some countries, many of our ladies in fashionable circles are patters of reverence. They are head and shoulders in advance of the world in general.

Mouldy Substances in Rooms.—It has long been known that the presence of moulds in rooms is highly injurious to human health; under certain conditions of dampness and bad ventilation, it is no uncommon thing to see mildew run over a large expanse of whitewashed wall or ceiling. If this mould occur in a living room, and it be not destroyed, it frequently brings on a complication of painful symptoms in the human patient, or, in other words, the membranes and tissues of the body are known to offer a fitting habitat for the plant, and it is transferred from the original objects to the human frame. A weak solution of hypochlorite of lime has recently been recommended as a destroyer of moulds in rooms, and as their growth is both common and rapid in this country in damp and ill-ventilated situations, the remedy is worth a trial.—*Builder*.

Dickens.—The *London Review* says: "Charles Dickens is a messenger of peace between two countries; he will lay down happily, 'tis no idle

boast of his, a third cable between that land whose hearty alliance we most covet, and this large-burdened, staggering, overworked noble old land of ours, dear mother England. Lord Lytton was the chairman, an altogether inefficient chairman, too, save for his name. One who never gave any heartiness to his personification, and who threw a lurid air of sham over the whole proceedings, although underneath there lay an immeasurable depth of feeling."

The *Review* quotes from the *Birmingham Daily Post*, calling it "an admirably clever picture of the noble chairman, because there is real truth in it."

"Let me say unreservedly, that of all the dull, prosy chairmen ever put into a chair, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is the worst. Of course I know this is heresy to start with. People talk of the respect due to genius, and that sort of thing. Respect to fiddlesticks! If genius can't drive a coach and six, it should not risk other people's necks; if it cannot talk after dinner, it should not bore intelligent people who can. Here was a great intellectual gathering—men of brains, presided over by a man of brains, who was as tedious an old foggy as ever twaddled at a tea-table, who had learned off a high-fluting speech by heart, which he delivered with false emphasis, with ridiculous, even grotesque and ludicrous gesture, in an altogether comical and more than painfully tedious manner. Vestrymen, however, must not think his tediousness was like unto theirs. He was not vulgar, nor common, nor foolish, but quite otherwise. His speech was that of a Don Quixote, and he himself looked as the immortal Don might have looked if he had been woke suddenly in the night, and called on to address the College of Salamanca. His eyes, awake with wonder, their orbits not yet settled, and at cross purposes; his eyebrows elevated and awry, his—well, his hair—tumbled; his face, like to a monument of genius, with the inscription very much effaced; but, withal, his air, manner, gesture, that of a ludicrous dandy exquisite, man of honour and genius, grown old, fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, and only to be pitied because it strives to keep up its appearance of youth, and to be what it is not."

"As for Mr. Dickens' speech, which was in its way a masterpiece, my impression at the time was that it was learned by heart and not impromptu, and that the emotion he showed he kept purposely down, so that he might recollect his lesson. The opening sentences, 'exquisitely constructed,' says our previously quoted friend, 'were intended to express profound emotion, and the great author was too obviously repeating a lesson—too certainly drawing on his memory to produce the effect.' Yet every word told, and one or two had the old ring. The row after dinner, the heart-burnings, jealousies, the fierce love and admiration for their chief, the subservience to sham yet hate of sham, has not been depicted anywhere. Here were the true rulers of men, and only two literary lords among them. Here was not one living genius, but twenty, and no Prince of Wales or man of State to be at the gathering."

I have always thanked God, says an old philosopher, that I was not born a woman, deeming her the bestower rather than the enjoyer of happiness—the flower-crowned sacrifice offered up to the human lord of the creation.



ENGRAVED FOR THE ELECTRIC BY FENNIE & GUNN, N.Y.

VAN DYKE PARTING FROM RUBENS.

